Outdoor America

JULY
1929

Price
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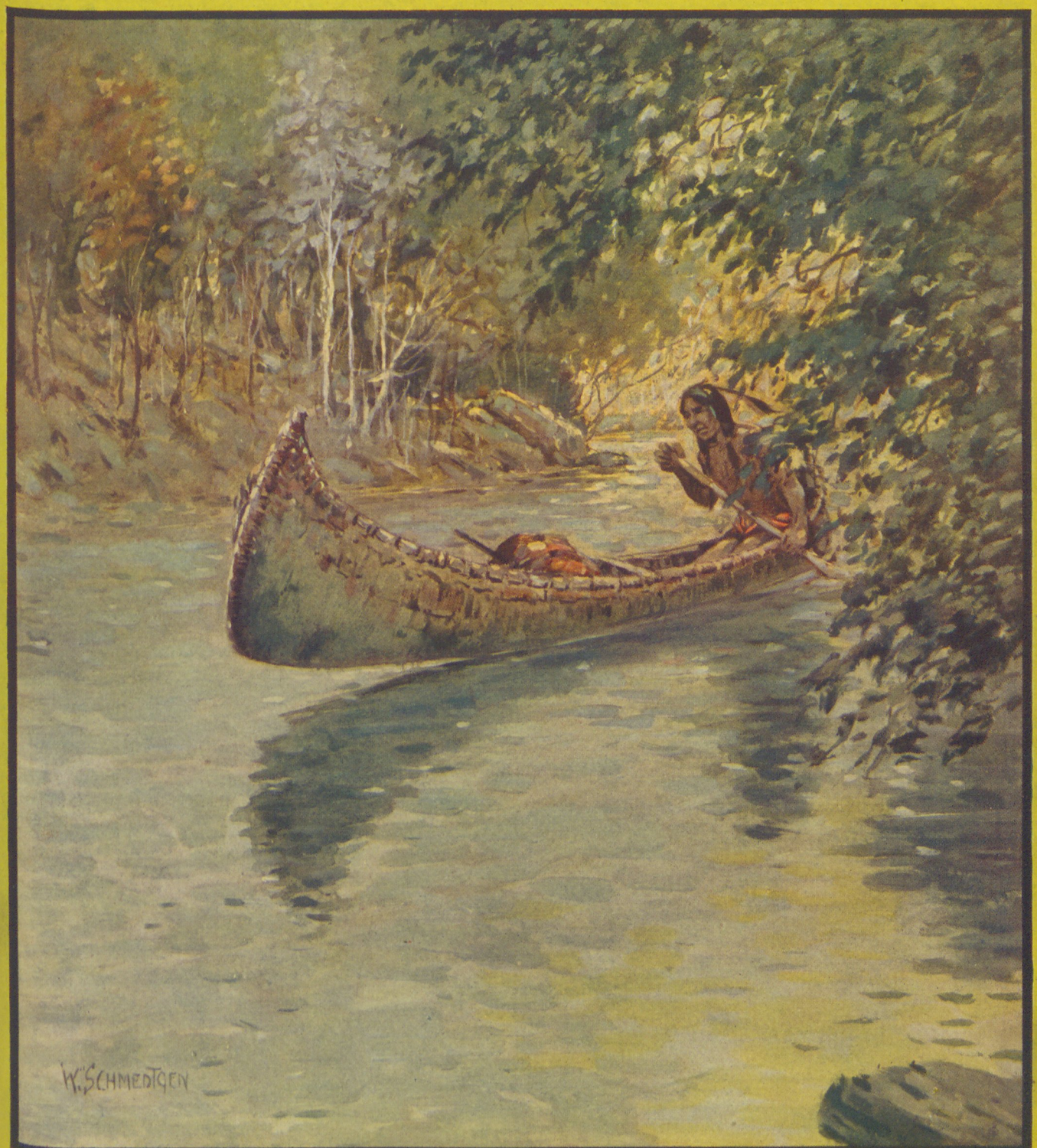
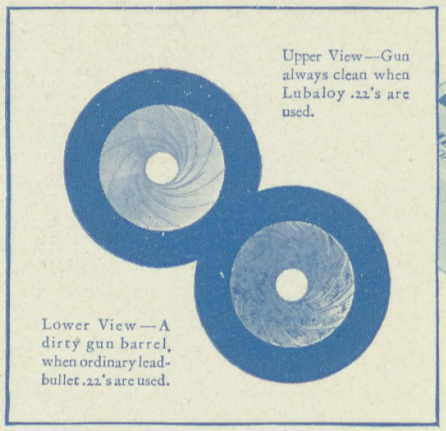
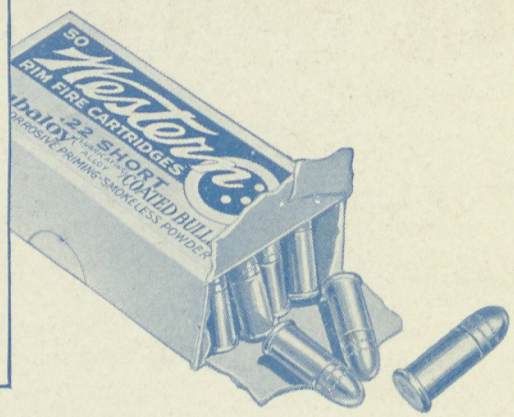
DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE



EDWARD BRANCH LYMAN — KENNETH LOCKWOOD
PORTER WITTICH — JOHN HELD, JR.


Upper View—Gun always clean when Lubaloy .22's are used.
Lower View—A dirty gun barrel, when ordinary lead-bullet .22's are used.



"Bullets of Gold"

Keep Your Gun Free From Rust

by Shooting these Bright, Clean Lubaloy .22 Cartridges

It's so easy to keep your rifle free from rust, pitting and corrosion, now that Western experts have perfected cartridges that make gun cleaning unnecessary. Western *Lubaloy* .22's keep your rifle bright and clean. They are loaded with smokeless powder and special non-corrosive priming.

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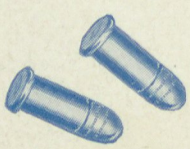

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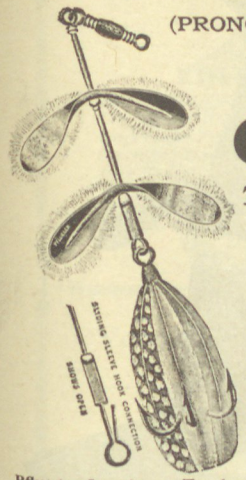

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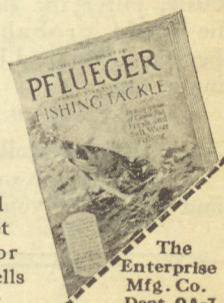

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HE CAN'T READ A WORD OF IT!

THIS little chap is holding a copy of *Outdoor America* in his hands just as though he were reading it with the greatest interest and not missing a line. The fact is that he's doing it because a patient photographer persuaded him to by telling him to look at the little birdie—which is cleverly hidden inside the magazine so you can't see it. Having made this startling and frank disclosure, worthy of any tabloid newspaper, let us proceed with our story. . .

* * *

OUR story is that (A) some day this little fellow is going to be able to read *Outdoor America,* and undoubtedly is going to do it, and that (B) this magazine is right now doing more for him than it is for you, or for anybody else who is old enough to read, or old enough to hunt, fish, camp, or in any other way enjoy the outdoors.

* * *

IT'S sort of ironical, when you think it over, that the magazine should be working so hard for a tiny fellow who can't even read it, and who has to be bribed by a clever photographer to even so much as hold it up in front of his face. He doesn't appreciate it, and if we were to sneak his bank off the top of the piano and by inserting a kitchen knife in the slot, and shaking assiduously, pilfer the subscription price, he would probably yell to high heaven. And he'd be justified in doing it, too.

* * *

WE'RE not collecting from him even though we are serving him, and we're sure you agree with us in this. The fact is, we're busy fighting those who want to shake down his bank—they don't want his money, but they want something worth more than money: his future life in the outdoors. And when you come right down to it, that's money. Because it's health.

* * *

OUTDOOR AMERICA is doing everything within its power to safeguard the outdoors so this little chap can enjoy it and profit from it later. It is fighting for the youth of America—and the tinier the youth, the more he is going to reap the benefit, because this magazine and the Izaak Walton League are doing more each year to build an outdoors worth speaking about, and to save what we now have. The benefits will come later, because although you can plant a tree in a hurry, it grows in its own good time.

* * *

SOMEBODY has got to pay for the work we're doing for this youngster. He can't do it. (Shaking down his bank is, we agree, out of the question.) You've got to do it. You can do it by subscribing for this magazine, or by subscribing for someone else, or by sending us the names of those whom you think would like it, so we can show it to them.

THOSE who subscribe to this magazine are not simply helping out a kid. They can read. And we give them something to read: we give them the best outdoor magazine of all, with stories and articles and pictures by the best talent in the outdoor field. In other words, we offer full value in the magazine itself, and we offer a premium in addition. That premium is the future outdoor life of this young man. We think this is the best premium offered by any magazine in America. And, incidentally, this premium includes what we are doing today to help *your own* sport.

* * *

WE took up so much space telling our story that there's no room for a coupon. But won't you write down, on a slip of paper, the names of your outdoor friends who might like to have a sample copy of *Outdoor America?* We'll send them each one, and tell them you asked us to.

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Owned and Published by
The IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE of AMERICA
Founded by WILL H. DILG
549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. Tel. Central 5550

CHAS. P. CATLIN, *Business Manager*
549 W. Randolph St., Chicago
A. J. STOCKER, *Eastern Manager*,
342 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

**Issued Monthly, Single Copy 25c
Subscription rate $3.00 per year in the U. S. Canada, Cuba and Mexico, 50c additional postage. Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage.** Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume VII — **July, 1929** — **Number 12**

CONTENTS

Cover . . . . . *Painting by William Schmedtgen*
Frontispiece . . . . . *Etching by W. H. W. Bicknell*
Bear-Baiting at Banff . . . . . *Edward Branch Lyman* 5
Drawings by John Held, Jr.
Brownies—Darn 'Em! . . . . . *Kenneth Lockwood* 8
Photographs by the Author
Lo! The Patient Angler . . . . . *John C. Cosseboom* 10
A Story Out of the Hills . . . . . *Porter Wittich* 12
Humanity and Birds . . . . . *Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson* 14
Drawings by George Herter and E. F. DeVois
Papa Forgot the Saltcellar . . . . . *Myrtle Elder* 16
Drawings by Ferd Himme
Bringin' 'Em In Alive . . . . . *Byrd Raikes Fuqua* 18
Editorial 21
Fish for Everybody . . . . . *Hon. Henry O'Malley* 22
Photographs by D. Warren Boyer and H. Armstrong Roberts
Let's Talk It Over 25
What's Happening in Conservation . . . . . *Seth Gordon* 26
Living . . . . . *Fred H. Doellner* 28
Lone Star State Steps to Front . . . . . *Will J. Tucker* 29
Give the Kiddies a Chance . . . . . *"Brad"* 30
Ely, Minn., Chapter Releases Elk in Superior National Forest . . . . . *Ray Hoefler* 31
Waltonian Activities 32
California Waltonians Recognized . . . . . *D. L. Vasbinder* 32
What's What and How . . . . . *Seth Gordon* 36
The Sunshine Special Comes North . . . . . *Lafe Hoskins* 37
Trips Afield with Boys . . . . . *Judge George W. Wood* 38
The Angler's Notebook . . . . . *O. W. Smith* 40
Scientific Angling . . . . . *Edited by Frederick J. Lane* 46
Outboard Motors and Small Boats . . . . . *Paul Burress* 48
Camping Department 54
Murdo Gibson's Letter From the Wilderness . . . . . *Murdo Gibson* 60
Gun Rack and Game Fields . . . . . *Alec Mermod* 64
Revolver Shooting . . . . . *Bob Limbert* 66
Outdoor Literature . . . . . *Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose* 69
Your Dog and Mine . . . . . *Ozark Ripley* 70

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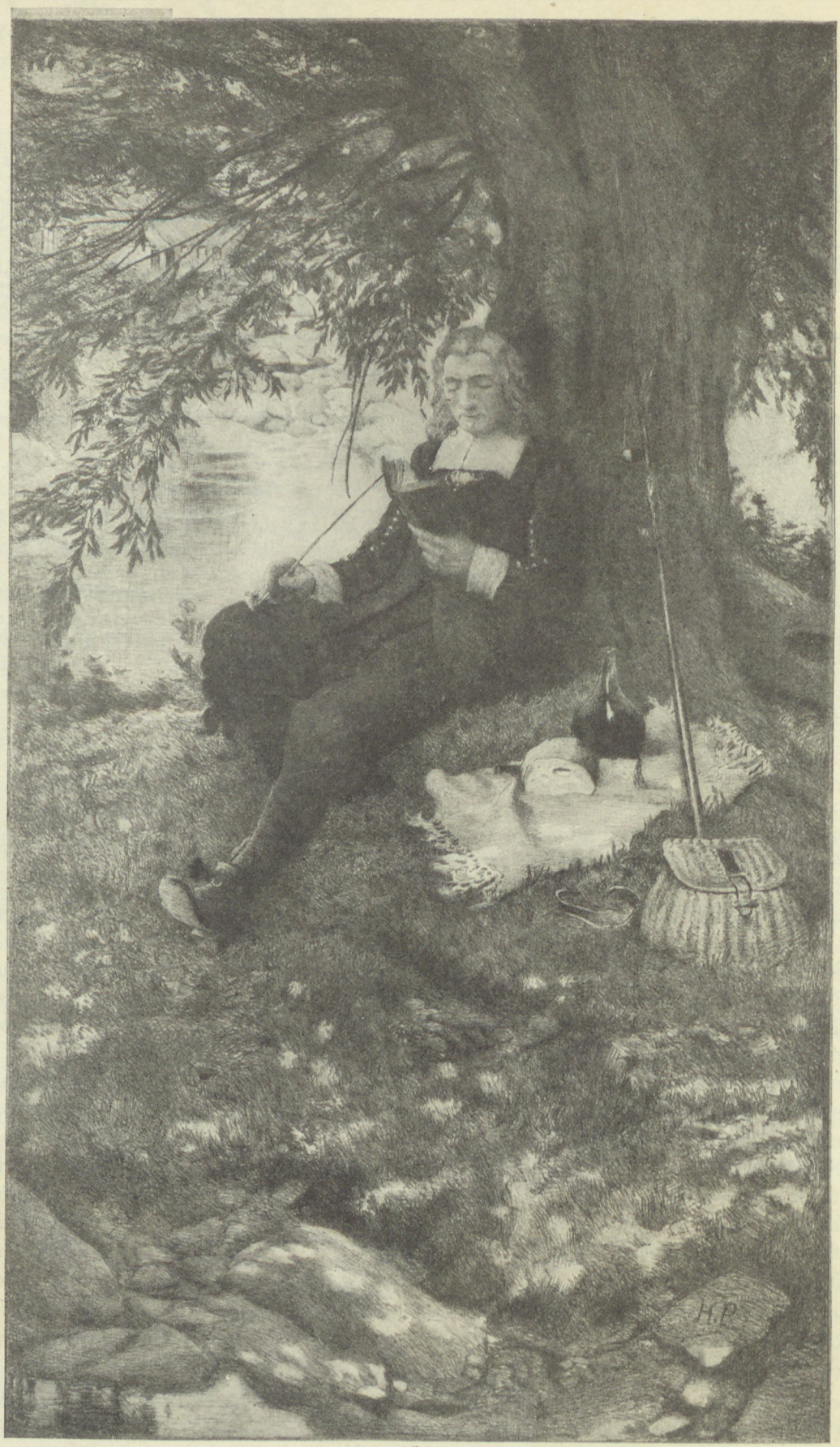

— W.H.W. Bicknell sc.

Howard Pyle

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Bear-Baiting at Banff

The Elevating Adventure of Two New Yorkers

By
EDWARD BRANCH LYMAN

Drawings by John Held, Jr.

TO meet a bear in Wall Street, or through the bars at the Zoo, is a couple of things. Quite another is to meet a female of the species in the woods high up above the already high Banff in the Canadian Rockies, as we did, especially if you are out for a day's climb armed only with a few hardboiled eggs and venison sandwiches, a hip thermos and a small movie camera.

No Emily Post of the Grizzlies has confided for tourists the etiquette of that situation, nor has the pet Greenwich Village psychologist presented a dependable formula. Should one lift one's hat to Mrs. Bruin, give her the mental once-over for inhibitions and prohibitions, and then deferentially, tactfully inquire in animalized esperanto: "Pleased to meet you, Madam. And how are the dear little cubs? We do hope they are well and not too lonely in your absence. Please be assured that we are not cubnappers."

On this matter of form I sought advice from my companion, my wife, as the big mamma bear, simultaneously sighted by us a moment before, ambled towards us, like a fur-camouflaged tanker, through the underbrush between the densely crowded, sky-scraping trees. The response to my seemingly not unnatural inquiry suggested the desirability of action rather than of Chesterfieldian speculations.

I had recalled in a flash, when I first noticed the approaching denizen of the deep woods, that I had read in a guide book, now seemingly ages ago, back at the hotel, now seemingly millions of miles distant, that most of the wild bear thereabouts were comparatively harmless, and seldom attacked human beings except during the cubbing season, and that even then the human mortality in that locality was not excessive.

A shudder went through me as I realized more keenly than ever before how my educational opportunities had been neglected in the days of my youth. Why, oh why, I asked myself, had I not concentrated upon the fauna and the flora, or whatever it is that informs one of the habits of wild animals. I would have known when is the cub producing season. Something seemed to tell me that it is in the glad springtime, so redolent with new life. Springtime! —and that was an August day.

And yet, I pondered, there might be no standardized cubbing time. So far as I knew this fond parent might be out foraging on behalf of a strictly fresh Fall batch, or brood, or litter, or flock, or whatever a bear's fledglings are called. And she might be suspicious of New Yorkers. I was about to enquire of my better half about that also, when I noticed with interest that Mrs. Bruin was making excellent headway. Her approach, even I, a novice, recognized as technically admirable, even in the pending crisis. There was something impressive in its inevitability. The larger the creature loomed the more inscrutable she seemed to be—like the well-known Sphinx.

The companion of my fast ebbing life, now trembling in the balance; my own knees, too, feeling a bit weakened, probably from the long climb and the altitude, indicated rather tersely that there are occasions in life like that present one when action can advantageously be taken without prolonged deliberation. The same thought had occurred to me just as I was noticing what funny small ears the bear had—much like a Teddy Bear. I was about to ask my wife if that is characteristic of the tribe, or race, or clan, or whatever it is that bears as a group constitute.

She, however, had flown my protecting arms, from one of which she had torn the sleeve of my new mountain-climbing sweater, carefully selected in New York for the purpose, but now perchance to become my shroud. Standing somewhat aloof, she was waving the green sleeve, a bit hysterically, it seemed to me, for one of her passive nature, in the general direction of the ever-nearing rodent, or ruminant, or hibernator. And she was calling out, in her ingratiating contralto: "Shoo! shoo! shoo!"

Just then the term "bear-baiting" jumped up from the unconscious realm of my well-stimulated mind. I wondered what bait customarily is used for bear. Could it be possible that the most effective bear-bait is hardboiled eggs and venison sandwiches and that, with the contents of my knapsack, I had been luring the far-scenting quadruped into our proximity, or worse, and that now she was about to swallow bait, hook and all? Perhaps, I thought in another of the few remaining flashes likely to be granted to me, if I removed the bait from my knapsack and spread it temptingly

"—could it be possible that the most effective bear-bait is hardboiled eggs and venison sandwiches—"

on the near-by stump, Mrs. Bruin might tarry for lunch. Then we could consider more carefully our dilemma and formulate a practicable plan for escape from the impending doom, or climax, or denouement, or whatever it is that terminates such sad tragedies of the forest deeps.

I already had considered and rejected the method used by a snake charmer as depicted in colors in a full-page picture in the American Geographic Magazine with which I had beguiled myself on the Transcontinental Limited of the C. P. R., my return ticket on which now seemed to be of rapidly decreasing utility. The more I thought of it the more strongly I was of the opinion that if we should seat ourselves there on the ground, very composedly, with folded legs, like the gifted Hindoo, to fascinate Madam Bruin with our charming eyes, we would be at a slight strategic disadvantage should she not yield, as hoped, to our persistent, unchanging gaze.

The bear meanwhile had not tarried. She evidently had not been beset with doubts as to proper procedure. As a basis for determining the time elapsed and likely to elapse before the final eventualities, I had tried to estimate the distance at which I first discerned her mauve form, and that which remained between us. I had found, however, that owing to the sun-flecking on the low brush and the criss-crossings of the shadows of the densely-grown trees, distances were almost as difficult to estimate as on the ocean where the landman is notoriously a dub in gauging them. The remaining distance I knew must be comparatively short, for the sounds of snapping twigs and of small branches increased perceptibly in volume.

The continued admonitions or requests of the companion of my fate—"Shoo! shoo!"—had no appreciable deterrent influence upon the fur-bearing female. So I suggested that the sound of the human voice, however musical, might attract the bear's attention to us, if perchance the creature had, as seemed not impossible, been concentrating all the while upon something quite foreign to tourists, and the two specimens who happened to be in the direct path of whatever errand she might have set out to accomplish. "Don't shoo—but shoo—oot!" I jested.

The humor, if any, of my suggestion was at that moment evidently wasted, although later, in her convalescence, my wife suddenly went into hysterics over it, much to the alarm of all at her bedside.

But I have detoured. According to Canadian laws, bear in certain districts and seasons may only be shot humanely, that is, filmed. Quick as a flashlight the thought entered my head—"Maybe the clicking of the movie camera will astound, or frighten, or give pause to the already too near creature." This seemed like a last chance before, if it should fail, the film came over our eyes.

I turned to confide to my wife my proposed premortem coup d'etat, or finale, or stroke, or whatever is termed the last desperate attempt one makes to unhinge the jaws of death. To my disappointment and increasing amazement I found that she was not visible. Shortly, however, attracted by a coo-cooing on high, I turned my gaze upward, and there, perched in the tip-top of a pine, about fifty feet above the already high mountain-side, and waving to me, was the apple, or shall I say pine-apple, of my eye—safe for the moment, at least, from the ferocious creature now drawing close to me.

Urgent signs and signals made by my wife seemed to indicate that in her opinion she had found a probable solution of the problem which had been perplexing us both. The tree-tops looked good to me, though somewhat remote. God! that I were safely at Times Square again!!

I recalled how my ancestors, who had come to the good old U. S. A. in Mayflower Annex No. 3, had fought fearlessly the beasts of field and wood. One of them, brave spirit that he was, had wrestled with and finally choked to death a great bear, although losing his right arm in the affray.

But I felt I was in no mood, or physical upkeep, to indulge in a wrestling match with a mighty bear, there in the Banff forest. Yet something had to be done. Quick as a flash,

"—maybe the clicking of the movie camera will astound, or frighten, or give pause to the already too near creature—"

acting upon an earlier thought, I opened my knapsack and spread on the stump the eight hard-boiled eggs and, with pangs, the ten venison sandwiches.

Glancing up, just as I had finished arranging the luncheon on the stump, in the most approved Ladies Home Journal pattern, I saw the bear's eager snout parting some heavy foliage just ahead. I could almost feel the hot breath in my face. With a leap and a bound, and possibly another leap, I attained the base of a tall pine tree, thanking my stars that in college I had had the foresight to specialize in the sprint and the broad jump.

Up the tree I started, soon regretting that I had not added rope-climbing to my athletic specialties. But up and up I went, ascending first about twenty feet of bare trunk, aided in adhering thereto by the sticky gum which I noticed was exuding from blisterlike swellings.

Reaching ultimately the identical elevation attained by my partner in her at least temporary salvation on an adjoining tree, and throwing a kiss to her, I looked downward to enjoy vicariously the egg and venison luncheon for which I had anticipated more personal uses. It was still there, daintily spread on the tree stump.

"Oh, what a superb view!" sang out my lofty companion, her artistic temperament getting the better of her predicaments past and present, and of her sadly torn knickerbockers. "This outlook is worth it all. That must be Lake Louise over there. I think I can see the poets all around the rim writing their daily dozen. Isn't this heavenly!"

"But where in Hades is the bear?" I urged.

Mrs. Bruin certainly was not at the foot of either of our trees, nor climbing up, licking her chops anticipatingly, as I supposed she might be. Soon we discerned her far down the slope, proceeding with accelerated speed through a less heavily wooded area, directly in the wake of an unsuspecting tourist, dolled up, so it seemed to us in our disarray, in all the latest mountain-climbing togs, topped with a brilliantly checkered cap, with a crimson visor.

"And only to think," came from the adjoining tree-top, "merely the cap will remain as a means of identification—in some deep, bloody recess of the forest.

"But," she added, "that will be enough."

"—'oh, what a superb view,' sang out my lofty companion. 'Isn't this heavenly!' "

We were both somewhat devitalized when at dusk we reached Banff Springs Hotel, from which that early morning we had set forth with glee, and with the eggs and sandwiches, for which somehow we had found little enthusiasm at our reunion around the stump, after we descended from our respective tree-tops.

We dined lightly in our room. My better half was calm, but semi-retired early, only to find herself soon the center of an informal reception. For the news of our survival had spread like a forest fire through the little group in whose midst we had so lately despaired of ever being again. The little matter of the crimson-visored tourist we had not mentioned to each other. Nor did we introduce the subject to our congratulating friends. Our thoughts lay too deep for words.

It was while thus in a delightfully convalescent state that my wife had the sudden collapse which took the form of hysteria, during which, between spasms of the most heartrending laughter, she kept shrieking, "Don't shoo—just shoo—oot." There followed a rush for sedatives. One inspired person, however, quickly administered scotch and soda, a prescription which proved to be efficacious—and popular.

The next day began with another shock. As we strolled out on the sun porch we came full upon the gentleman with the crimson visor. His voice rang cheerily as we heard him saying to a fellow tourist:

"It was a beautiful specimen. I got a number of close-ups of her, and am anxiously waiting for the films to be developed. There she stood on her haunches, not a dozen feet away, almost smiling at me. Oh, yes, the bear are harmless as kittens, although in the spring it might be different. Cubbing time, you know."

Visions of the Sea

By ANNA SHATTUCK PALMER

I HAVE visions of the sea today
Thru shimmering waves of sweltering heat
That quivering o'er the great plains sweep and beat
On, on unceasingly. Some far grey bay
Withdrawing in the trailing mist, dim-wrapped,
Damp sands and tang of salty air; the waves
High dashing as the sea its slow mark 'graves
On tumbled rocks by white foam briefly capped.
And dreams of infinite, deep-sparkling blue
White dipping sails and stately ships outbound
While from the shining sands the lilting sound
Of youthful tones and lisping tides softly
Uprises. Alas! That no visions can endue
The desert-born with the beauty of the sea.

Brownies—Darn 'Em!

By
KENNETH F. LOCKWOOD

Photographs by the Author

A creel of Catskill brownies.

OF all the episodes in my long career as an angler that which stands out most prominently is, I think, my first trip after the brown trout of the Catskills. The occasion was not made memorable by great good luck, however. On the contrary, I remember it so clearly because of the fact—still mighty puzzling to me—that in ten days of constant fishing on a wonderful stream I took exactly three trout to show for my untiring efforts. True, they were of good size, measuring nineteen-and-a-half inches, eighteen-and-a-half and fourteen-and-a-half respectively (all taken in one day), but the satisfaction they brought couldn't entirely heal the wounds left on me by the scorn of their brethren. Then and there I swore some day I'd get even.

Fourteen years have passed and I am still trying. Now and then, when Lady Fortune has been kind, I have managed to put a few credit marks on the slate, but Salmo Fario still thumbs his nose at me with impunity the greater part of the time. (This, by the way, no longer deeply chagrins me because I have observed he accords the same treatment to anglers vastly more skilful than I.)

In all those years I have reached only one conclusion regarding the brownie and his ways, and it is this: Alongside of him the Missouri army mule is the most tractable, dependable, affable and understandable of all earth's dumb creatures.

I could cite innumerable instances to bear me out in that opinion, but let me give only a couple. One of them has to do with the matter of so-called conditions. I defy any man to correctly define conditions when it comes to angling for brown trout. In three successive years my best luck with the dry fly came on days when the weather was beastly. The best take in the entire fourteen years was on the worst day I can recall ever having been astream—and that is "going some."

During the night preceding that day we had had a terrific storm and the stream rose more than a foot. The rain was still falling when dawn came, a terrific icy wind blew out of the Northeast and the water was about the hue of chocolate. The idea of fishing was preposterous, but about 11 o'clock I left camp and headed for a flat a mile or so above, which, I figured, was the only place where I could enter the water. I didn't even take my creel, because I hadn't the slightest idea I'd get a fish.

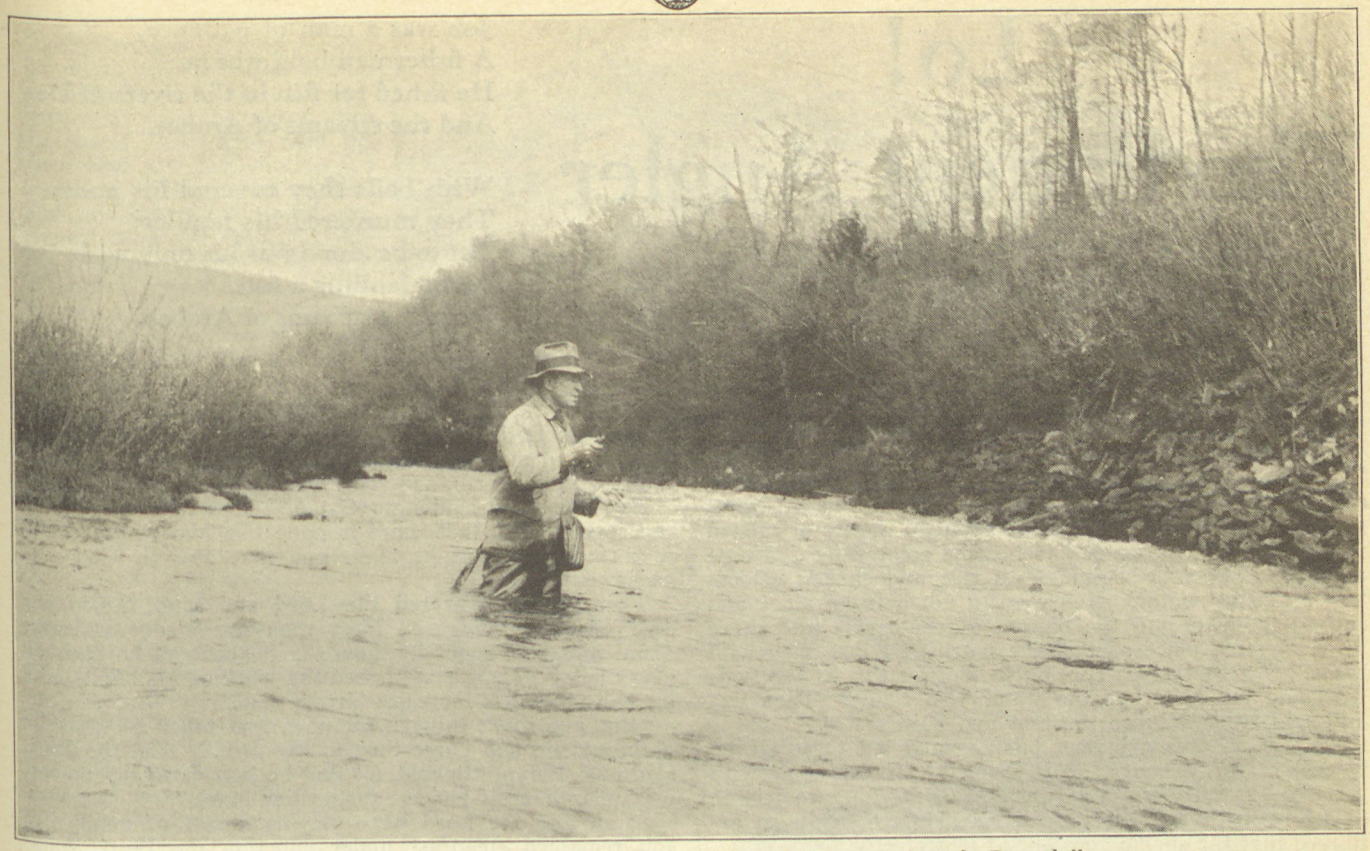
The late Lou Darling, prince of dry fly anglers on the Esopus in the Catskills.

Arrived at the flat, I found I could wade into the lower end of it, where the water ordinarily is only a few inches deep. There I tied on a couple of wet flies, one of which was a Coachman, and, to my great surprise, in a very few minutes I took three brownies between eleven and twelve inches in length each. With these strung on a willow twig, boyhood fashion, I hastened back to camp to prove to my companion the fish were feeding. At that, however, I couldn't induce him to get a move on until about two o'clock, after we'd had a hearty luncheon.

At that hour we returned to the flat, where his lack of interest immediately departed. And no wonder! Everywhere in that stretch trout were feeding on the surface, and from that minute until darkness came we indulged in a veritable orgy of hooking, netting and releasing trout. My companion used a Light Cahill, dry, while I harpooned 'em with a Fanwing Royal Coachman, No. 8. I think they would have taken any fly that floated, for that matter. We took them on long casts and on short casts, close in to the banks and in mid-stream—anyhow and anywhere. But even the excitement of such fast fishing couldn't warm our hands and bodies, chilled through by the frigid wind that drove a cutting rain ahead of it.

Three times since then I have been out when conditions seemed exactly as they were on that record-breaking day, yet history failed to come within a mile of repeating. Just the same, I am still inclined to think the brownie likes his weather bad. Which opinion, I quite realize, may be contradicted on my very next trip.

The second incident I want to cite occurred on this very same stream while three of us were camping there. It pivoted around a certain large boulder, not far from camp, on one side of which the current



Art Neu, last of the "Dog-Catchers" on the job in the Dugway along the Beaverkill.

had worn a hole that by all rules of the game should have been the haunt of the largest brown trout in the neighborhood. Morning and evening for a week one or another of us and sometimes all three, in turn, cast it as carefully as we knew how, but never was there the slightest proof that a fish lurked in it.

In the beginning we made a joke of the business and somebody would say, as we trooped out from camp in the morning, "Well, I'm going down to prove to you there's a big fish at the big rock," or something of that sort. But by and by we began to lose sight of the humor of the situation. Art was the first to demonstrate the fact.

"I'm going to try it once more," he said, one morning, "and I'm going to stay there all day, if necessary. If there's nothing doing, I'm through with it."

But he wasn't; he couldn't resist trying it every time he passed any more than Carl and I could. It was simply impossible to pass it up, even after a week of futile effort. There just had to be a trout there!

There was one morning of that first week when conditions were such that had we been on the job we might have discovered whether or not a fish tenanted the hole. It was the first really pleasant morning of the trip. For three days we had been having cold, windy and rainy weather, with only the briefest intervals of sunshine, but this day dawned warm—so warm that I was awakened about seven o'clock by the heat in the tent.

Less regardful of my duties as cook than of the prospect for good fishing, I rustled breakfast as rapidly as I could and by dint of much effort managed to rouse my companions, who were past-masters of the art of sleeping under any and all conditions. Once awake, they needed no further urging and flew through the meal and the subsequent chores to the tune of enthusiastic prophecies that at last the weather had changed.

My own duties having lapsed with the cooking, I hustled into my waders and, with pleas to them to hurry up, headed for a stretch of water just below camp which, under proper conditions, usually yielded good fish.

On my first glance at the pool I saw three simultaneous rises and as I tied on a dry Light Cahill I yelled back to the boys to "get a move on." Then, forgetting everything but the business at hand, I dived in.

The gods were good and on the proverbial first cast I hooked a twelve-incher. A minute later I missed another good one, then basketed one of eleven inches. Excitement was running high!

Along the bank came Art and Carl, hooking on their creels as they ran, crying, "What're they taking?" and "How are they coming?" in a manner that showed real interest. Plunging in side by side they stretched their lines and almost immediately Art hooked a good one while Carl had a smashing rise he missed by an inch. It was enough! There was no consultation—not even a look between them. Actuated by a common impulse, they headed toward the big rock in the dim distance.

I stayed behind to try for Carl's fish—and got him. Another followed in quick time and then came another miss. Off an outjutting bit of driftwood tangled in willow roots I saw what seemed to be a big fellow feeding and, disregarding the smaller fry rising above and below me, I waded toward him for better casting distance. I don't believe I'd gone ten feet when out of the North swept a blast of near-zero wind. Instantly, definitely the fish quit feeding. During the entire remainder of the day we hadn't a rise. But the tragedy of it all was that Art and Carl were still a hundred yards from the rock when the frigid breeze hit them!

For another week conditions varied but little from those which had prevailed. Every day was cold and usually a high wind made casting hard labor. Now and then we would have an hour or two when things picked up a little and we were able to get enough trout to eat, but the fishing was away below par all the time. Never was there a really good hatch of naturals and we worked for such fish as we took.

Came a morning like most of those that had preceded it. The outlook was so discouraging it was eleven o'clock before we left camp for the foot of a large flat downstream along the banks of which we sometimes found good fish.

By one-thirty I had worked up to the head of the stretch and my companions were out of sight around a bend above. My creel was empty, because our camp limit was ten inches and the few fish I had taken were under that length.

I was at the foot of a riff. The maximum depth of the pool roundabout me, if pool it could be called, was probably two feet, the bed of the stream being covered with big rocks in all sorts of positions. As I *(Continued on page 74)*

Lo!
The Patient Angler

By

JOHN C. COSSEBOOM

Job was a man of patience,
A fisherman bold was he.
He fished for fish in the rivers of Uz
And the streams of Arabee.

With boils they covered his body;
They murdered his familee;
But to be alone was his only wish
When landing a fish
From the streams of Arabee.

—J. C. C.

A COLD and rainy day on the Intervale. The southeast wind blew slantingly down the river. The rain came in sweeping showers that lodged the timothy in great swaths and lashed the river into white caps. We had cast over the pools twice and raised several salmon all of which either came about to the fly or missed it altogether. The water had become colored by this time and the river was beginning to rise and salmon seldom take in rising water. Henry cut a notch in an alder and shoved it down into the bottom of the river near shore in a sheltered place so that the notch was just even with the surface of the water. By looking at this at intervals we could tell how fast the water was rising. Then wet and cold we went into the tent and built a fire.

This is no ordinary tent, but a grand old tepee eleven feet high and fourteen feet in diameter. It is put up with three poles and there is an opening at the top two feet in diameter, with an automatic smoke hood over it, so arranged that the smoke goes out of it perfectly.

When a fire is built in the center of this tepee on a cold and rainy day, it is the most comfortable and comforting tent ever made and I have used them all.

Mike had split some dry beech and birch wood and we soon had a fire burning brightly. The heat from the fire reflected down the slanting sides of the tent. There is no comfort equal to lying in a warm tepee and listening to the wind and rain beat against the sides of it.

We lay around the fire, Duncan, Henry, Mike, myself and the Old Timer. We talked of salmon fishing. We spoke of the many times it was necessary to cast over certain salmon before they became interested in the fly. Mike said, "Yes, it takes the patience of Job to become a salmon fisherman." At this the Old Timer spoke. "I have heard that expression many times and I have often wondered how many know the story of Job and his patience." Then turning to Mike he said, "If you will keep the fire going I will tell you the story. I know considerable about it, because whenever I lost my temper and smashed things up when a boy, my father punished me by making me commit to memory whole passages from the book of Job:

Job was the most righteous and richest man in all the land of Uz. I don't know much about Uz but suppose it was a part of the ancient Biblical country. He had three thousand camels, seven thousand sheep, five hundred yoke of oxen, five hundred she asses and a very great household. He had seven sons and three daughters. He also had a wife, presumably the mother of the seven sons and the three daughters, although she is not mentioned among his riches. His sons and daughters were always visiting back and forth and feasting in each other's houses. After each feast Job would offer burnt offerings for them all, for fear some of his sons might have sinned without his knowledge. Job's was a mighty happy and prosperous family.

Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them.

—the most comfortable and comforting tent ever made.

And the Lord said unto Satan, "Whence comest thou?" Then Satan answered the Lord and said, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

And the Lord said unto Satan, "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil?"

Then Satan answered the Lord and said, "Does Job fear God for nought? Hast thou not made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance has increased in the land.

"But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face." And the Lord said unto Satan, "Behold, all that he hath is in thy power, only upon himself put not forth thine hand."

Satan and the Lord were playing a sort of game. If Job remained steadfast under affliction the Lord would win. If Job got angry and cursed God then Satan would win. In either case Job was the goat.

Things then began to happen to Job. The Sabeans raided his place, killed the servants and carried away all his oxen and she asses. A fire came down and burned up his sheep. The Chaldeans fell upon the camels and carried them away. A great wind blew down the house in which his seven sons and three daughters were feasting and killed them all. Then Job arose and rent his mantle and shaved his head and fell down upon the ground and worshiped. He said, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." If he had not said that I wonder what our ministers would do for a text when they come to preach funeral sermons. In all this Job sinned not nor charged God foolishly. The Lord won at the first trial of Job.

Again there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them to present himself before the Lord.

And the Lord said unto Satan, "Hast thou considered my servant Job, how he still holdest fast his integrity, although thou movedst me against him, to destroy him without cause?"

And Satan answered the Lord and said, "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. But put forth thine hand now, and touch his bone and flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face."

And the Lord said unto Satan, "Behold he is in thine hand; but save his life."

So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown.

And he took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal; and he sat down among the ashes.

It is mighty unpleasant to sit down among the ashes and have boils all over you. Job expected comfort and sympathy from his wife but she advised him to curse God and die. Job

told her that she talked like a foolish woman. He said that he didn't expect to have only good happen to him. He expected to take the bitter with the sweet. His wife went off in a huff and left him to his suffering. Job was still patient and probably would have continued to be if he had had only his boils to contend with. But his three friends, when they heard of all the evil that was come upon him, came to mourn with him and comfort him. They were Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite. These three friends came, sprinkled dust upon their heads and sat down with Job upon the ground and for seven days and seven nights they looked at him but did not speak a word. Just imagine that. Poor Job, covered with boils and ashes, his wife advising him to die, and these three buzzards, covered with dust, and with crocodile tears streaming down their faces, sitting around and looking at him seven days and seven nights without speaking! Job stood it as long as he could, then he lifted up his voice and cursed the day he was born. He did nothing violent, just poured out his grief and prayed for an end to his sufferings. Then his three friends took turns in speaking. They told him how wicked he must have been for God to afflict him so. They admitted that he had covered up his sins pretty well but that nothing was hidden from God. They said they had noticed that a good man was never so afflicted. Job said he had done nothing to deserve such affliction and that they were wrong to accuse him. Then they argued he must have done some terrible things for God to take away all his possessions and afflict him from head to foot with boils. They said he might have known his sins would find him out. They allowed he was getting exactly what he deserved and that they had always suspected he was a hypocrite. Job said he was an upright man and could not understand why God should treat him so cruelly. Then his three friends told him he ought to be ashamed to speak so about God. Job said he wished they would go away and leave him alone.

—Satan put out his foot, Job tripped over it and sat down on the beach stones with a crash.

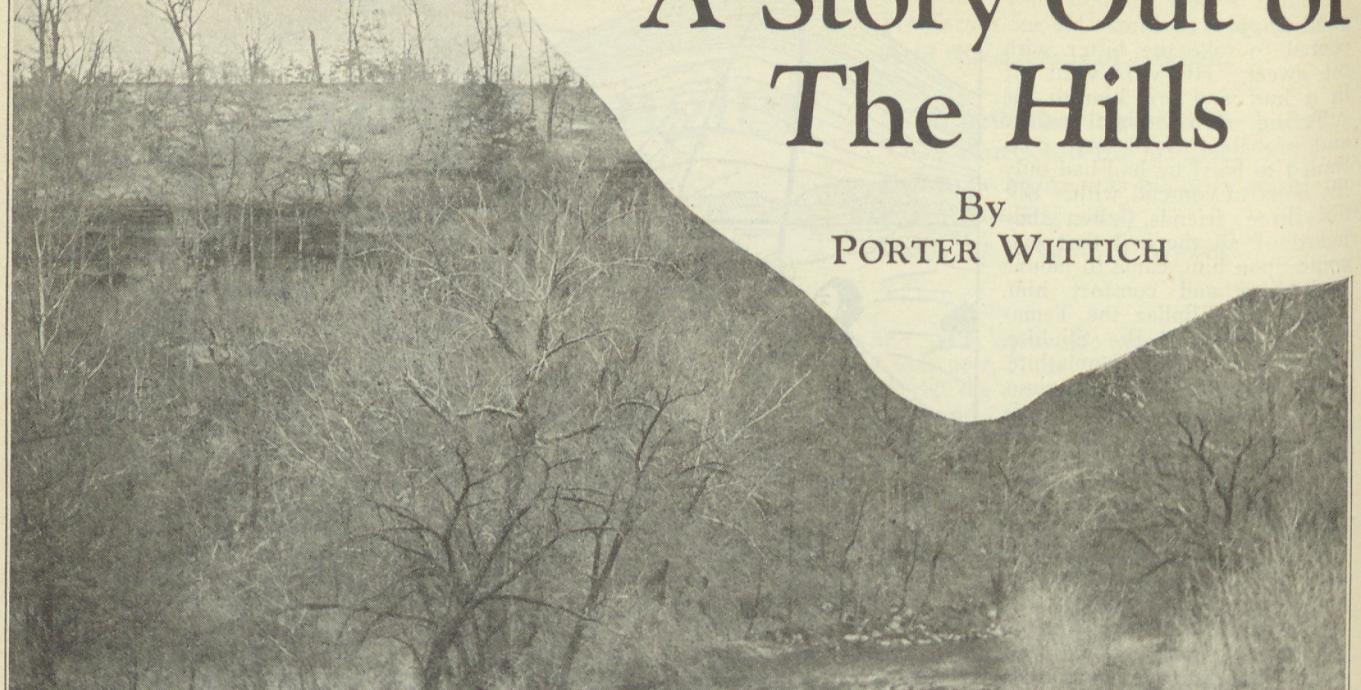
Now it seems that a young man by the name of Elihu had joined them. I do not know when. He was a Buzite of the kindred of Ram. In this day and generation he would be known as a conceited ass. He swelled up, put himself in the place of God and held forth upon the sin of complaining under affliction. While Elihu was still talking God himself spoke to Job out of a whirlwind. He told Job that he, God, was all powerful and that it was foolish to contend against him. Job admitted this and asked forgiveness for his complaints.

Then God restored Job to health and his former estate. He gave him twice as many camels, sheep and she asses as he had before his affliction. He also gave him seven sons, and three daughters to take the places of those that were killed, and the daughters of Job were the fairest of women in all the land of Uz. These ten extra children may shed light upon the advice Job's wife gave him during his affliction. So Job remained steadfast and established a reputation for patience that stands alone even to this day. The Lord won and Satan was put to shame. But Job could not have remained steadfast had he not trained himself in his youth to be a fisherman.

Now he took up the art again and became as famous for his skill as a fisherman as for his patience. He studied all the rivers around and about Uz until he knew every pool in them. Whenever his wife complained of so many children and scolded about so much work looking after the maid servants, Job would quietly steal away with his rod and gear to find peace beside some quiet pool. Here

(Continued on page 53)

—he fished with the patience of Job.



A Story Out of The Hills

By
PORTER WITTICH

A CITY fellow leaves the Valley of the James knowing he has been places. He has heard marvelous tales under the gleam of Ozark stars. He has learned plenty if he has stayed long enough with those stiff-bearded Missourians on the ridges of that bass stream which splits its way for ninety miles or more through hills and hollows to Lake Taneycomo.

He has been treated rough by a country which is beautiful, but hard-boiled, too. Its suns and its streams are hard-boiled. And those who live within its boundaries are hard-boiled. A city fellow lives a week with those James river natives with tales of the hillsmen ringing in his ears, and he leaves for home with the tales as vivid as when they first were told. For those farmers and woodchoppers and boatmen have the art of story telling, and when they spin yarns the yarns stay spun.

Those natives get a city fellow—and they know one a mile down stream—when he comes into that land of theirs and they teach him things. Many things. How to noodle fish, trap cats, find wild honey, chew tobacco and where the best corn is made and the easiest way to drink it. Those things among others.

Then they get him cornered, at meal time, on a float, in the midst of a fight with a bass, and tell him stories. Stories spun about an Indian maiden who leaped into the James from the towering bluff two miles down stream; stories about big-mouth bass, too strong for a 16-pound line; stories about feuds, in which whole families were wiped out; stories about straight flushes involving fortunes, or at least everything a man owned.

I was a city fellow who wore shoes and combed his hair. I was told these stories and I swallowed the most of them.

However, as a finishing touch, the natives unwound a story which even I, uninitiated city fellow, refused to believe. But the tale had possibilities, and six months later it was to cause my return to that land of backwoods Missouri. In the dead of winter. On a silly mission. But I went back.

Stars, a fire and a summer night can do wonders to a story. Stars, a fire and a summer night give background, and with a bearded native boatman to supply the facts, you might as well put down as true the story he tells. You may not believe it in the original, but ever so often in the future you will see the stars above and feel the summer night and smell the fire, and the story-teller's words will come back to you. They came back to me. They came back as forcefully as any words ever I heard spoken. That is why I went back. That and my curiosity.

We were sitting at night in the soft sand of a bar which strayed into the swirls of a stream. The summer stars flashed on the water and the August air was cooled by darkness after a scorching day. A hundred mingling voices of the forest came out of the trees, and I said something about the clearness of the noises. Slim, as good a guide as ever plowed through rapids, said it was caused by the river air.

"You'd be surprised at some of the things you can hear in this country," said Slim, and before I could tell him I already had heard plenty in the short time I had been there, he continued: "Guess you never heard 'bout the Bear Den quail? Reckon as that takes the prize.

"It was in November, some years back, on as clear a day as you'll find, when ever'body in the valley heard the dad-blamest rumble come out of Bear Den hollow. No 'un knew just what to make of it, and some of the women folks got mighty scared, I'm sayin'. One of us went up for a look-see and of all the quail that was a flyin' round in that hollow the likes of which ain't never been seen. The biggest covey of quail ever seen in these parts, and there's some big 'uns, was scatted over a half-acre, the birds a flyin' ever such way. An' hoverin' over 'em (Slim was good and excited by that time)

was th' dad-blamest biggest hawk any man ever saw. Swoopin' and swoopin' at them birds. The hawk got scared off and the rumble stopped, but that just goes to show how far and how clear sound carries up and down this here valley."

"That just goes to show what some people'll believe," I said.

But Slim allowed it was the truth and he "seen 'em himself and there's plenty of others did too. There's hunters as tried to kill them, but I never as yet heard of any feathers fallin', although there's been a sight of shootin' going on in them hills in the last four years." That ended his story.

It was strange the way Slim's story stayed with me. It at first remained hidden somewhere in my sub-consciousness, but in October it took root, sprouted and came out for retrospection. By November it was in full growth. In December I left again for the James. It may have been I wanted to test my marksmanship, a marksmanship not much at its best; it may have been I took the first opportunity for a week's vacation. It may have been either or both of those reasons, but I think personally it was Slim's story.

With me when I went back to the hills was Bus.

With me on the wintry day I pulled up on the far side of the James was Bus. Dan Shelley, and he is known throughout the James river country as one of the best cooks in the Ozarks, a cook who can prepare rabbit in five different and delicious dishes, to say nothing of quail, greeted us from the door of Bear Den lodge, which looks over the James from a rocky knoll on the east bank. Seclusion gives it charm and it serves as a popular fishing resort in summer. But in winter it looked forlorn and deserted.

Shelley had heard of the quail we mentioned, and he gave us adequate directions. "Follow the old wagon road over the top of the hill toward Rhodes' place and you'll see plenty. Can't miss it. Over the ridge and three fences to the south. There's quail enough in them hills," he added, "to feed a city. But they're hard to hit. They flush like thunder and fly like lightning, and I don't think you'll have any luck." He was frank at any rate.

Bus, at the last minute, decided to remain in camp until afternoon, and I was forced to go alone. I found the imprints of what at one time must have been a wagon road, but appearing to be long disbanded and forgotten, creeping along the ridge of a heavily-forested hill. To the right was a hollow, and at the bottom a small stream made slow progress toward the James. To the left was a wide expanse of hill and hollow as far as the eye could reach.

Intent upon following the dim markings of the forgotten road, I was halted midway along the ridge to find myself in the center of one of the largest and certainly the noisiest covey of quail it was ever my privilege to behold.

From the left and right the birds criss-crossed, shooting down to the lazy creek at the bottom of the hollow to the right, leaving me with my gun shouldered, dumfounded and helpless.

That was my introduction to the quail the natives had termed phantoms.

I proceeded slowly down the rather treacherous north incline, to reappear some ten minutes later on the edge of the ice-ribbed water below. I pushed through the brush along the edge of the creek which was scarcely more than a trickle.

A speeding, frightened bird darted from behind a ledge at the right, followed the water down its twisting course for some fifty feet to give me a fleeting target before it turned sharply to the right to disappear over the range of hills to the south, while my lone shot echoed like a volley of heavy artillery through the fastness of the hollow.

A half-dozen or more rose a few steps on, zig-zagged in a bewildering manner through the stark trees and gave me a crack at the tail-ender as it trailed the others up the slope. With no more success, however, than I had had before.

The remainder of the covey were bunched, and the birds took out through a small opening while I shot twice in rapid succession at the leader and then took a luck shot at the vanishing bunch.

I was perturbed. Five shots should have produced something, even to a hunter forced by location to do his hunting without a dog; even in a wilderness where shooting was difficult. And I was faced with a climb up a hillside which looked even steeper than the one I had just descended.

If the trip down was treacherous, the upward climb was disheartening. Springs, seeping from the flint, had formed into icy coverings over huge boulders, which I circled, taking me many steps out of my route.

I do not choose to go into detail concerning the many other shots I took on the south ridge. They too, were misses. Cunning in their habits, surprising in their flush, swift in their getaway and impossible to hit in their flight, those quail have survived I do not know how long in that region of hills and hollows.

The hours I spent in flushing the birds, the three hours in which I fired shot after shot in their whirring wake, are not tabulated as a hunter would like them. They were hours of climbing to the tops of rugged hills and sinking into the shadows of the valleys below. They were hours of tramping, flushing, shooting, missing and tramping again, pushing forward always in an unfamiliar country, surrounded by unfamiliar landmarks and shooting at quail which flew in an unfamiliar manner.

By ones and twos the birds escaped me. I felt I was engaged in a one-man fight, outnumbered 30 to 1 by a bevy of birds which had in their makeup a strange and potent power of resisting lead. The incessant tramping had tired me, the many misses had discouraged me, and the quail were now a quarter of a mile away safely quartered on a ridge.

Had I known what fate decreed, I would have gone back to the lodge; but I could not sense what was in store, and so again I went into the valley where the shadows were and climbed back to the top of the north ridge where were hidden the quail I couldn't hit.

I then completely lost the quail. Where they had been in such numbers, there were none.

Suddenly a hawk swooped out of the north and flew parallel with the hill, turning and banking with the wind. And the hawk was able to do what I was not. Half-way from the bottom of the hill the quail flushed.

I watched them as they rose, and I beheld them as they came my way, for all the world like feathered shrapnel.

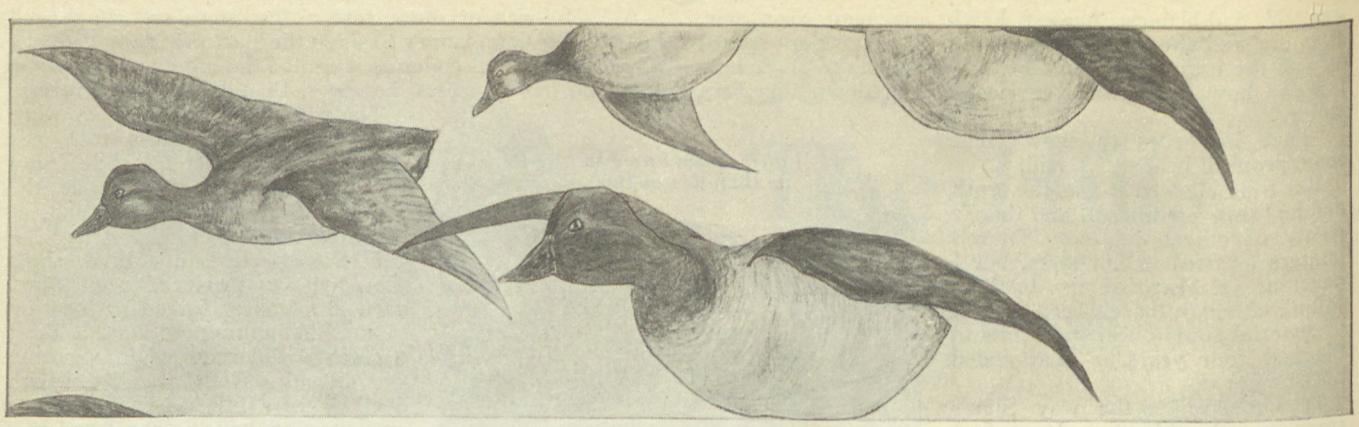
Dan Shelley is the best cook in the hills.

My hitherto powerless gun was thrown to my shoulder, ready for action, ready to strike them down, one by one, in a maze of feathers, as they shot past and to send them dropping like rocks in the smoke. I trained my barrel on the bird in front, sailing through the trees, wings cupped, in an erratic and undetermined course. I fired.

The bird dropped half way to the ground, and for the first time since I started I felt the genuine heart-throb of a hunter who sends his shot home. But the bird did not drop. Apparently it had no intention of dropping. It righted itself and skimmed along the top of the brush to disappear.

Recovering, which under the circumstances was hard for me to do, I sent a second shot at the streak of brown feathers which grazed the trees to my

(Continued on page 75)



"When the autumn comes and the ducks begin to fly."

Humanity and Birds

By T. GILBERT PEARSON

President, National Association of Audubon Societies

Drawings by George Herter and E. F. DeVois

THERE has been a very close relation between humanity and birds for a very long period of time, and that connection has resulted rather disastrously for the birds in a great many periods of time, from the neolithic age on down.

We owe a great deal to the birds for food, the good things that we eat. Some years ago I made an investigation in New York and found 400 men feeding their families on the ducks and geese that they sold in market—not that we approve of people selling ducks in market. But, nevertheless, they went to feed people in those times.

Do you realize that all the squabs we have, of all the different varieties of pigeons, were bred from a wild pigeon found in Western Europe? All the fowl, all the chickens, of all the countries of the world presumably came from the red jungle fowl of India. The account of the story is that in 1519 some great birds were found scratching around the jackals of the Mexican Indians. They were very toothsome and some of them were taken back to Spain. They were then transferred to France. Our forefathers brought them back here. For some reason the word got around in Europe that they had come from the land of the Sultan, and they were called the turkey. But it is America's great Thanksgiving gift to the world.

The Boers in their treks northward in South Africa depended on the birds and wild animals. Over large areas of Siberia, people depended almost wholly upon the ptarmigan in certain seasons of the year for their food supply. So we owe a great deal to the birds in a gastronomic sort of way.

When the autumn comes and the ducks begin to fly, you look out the casement window and catch sight of a gander leading his flock southward. There is many a man in this country who becomes restless. Some evening that desk lid comes down, and with his kit and outfit and gun he takes the night express for the lakes of the north woods, and he will hunt the wild fowl, or he will hunt deer or moose, or even to the far north, the sheep or the caribou. He may hunt two, three or four weeks, doing a tremendous amount of physical exercise he would never think of doing at home.

At the end of that time he will return. He may have secured some game; he may not. But fresh red blood corpuscles are surging through his veins and that desk lid comes up with a bang, and he is able to sit down there and do mighty things for humanity.

The longevity of man in this country has increased because there is some game to call men afield and give them healthful and happy exercise. So we owe a great deal to the game, to the birds of the country, as an incentive for men to take healthful field sports.

Birds are extremely valuable as the destroyers of noxious insects. One-tenth of the entire products grown by man are destroyed by insects every year, and wild birds are one of the natural checks for keeping them from becoming too numerous.

A bird's heart beats more than twice as fast as the human heart. The temperature of a bird's blood is over 100 degrees. It is, therefore, a simple biological fact that a bird must have a tremendous amount of food in order to keep driving that little engine that is within it, and it is a wonderful engine.

The little ruby-throated humming birds about your flowers this summer will disappear from the garden when the summer begins to wane. They will whiz southward until they come to the coast country of Louisiana or Mississippi. They fly among the flowers to gather the nectar or a few insects. Some evening they will rise and head southward, and out over the tumbling waters of the old gray gulf they will direct their flight. Never for an instant do the wings cease beating until they have reached the shores of Yucatan or Honduras. One moment's hesitation and the hungry waves would eat up their weary bodies.

Here is a little bird weighing less than one-tenth of an ounce, that will twice a year make a journey of from 700 to 900 miles. I once asked one of our famous American aviators how far one of our large bombing planes could fly if we loaded it for action and it rose from the earth and flew as far in proportion to its weight as the humming bird when it goes from Louisiana to Honduras.

After some figuring, he replied that such a plane, without landing, would circle the earth 133,000 times. Birds must eat a lot to keep their engine going.

A gentleman in Massachusetts was impressed with the rapidity with which some old robins fed their babies, and he decided that he would give those babies

a square meal one day. Like certain other children, they never seemed to be satisfied. He got two boys to dig him a large supply of earthworms, and one morning at dawn he began to feed the robins. He weighed them, and then he weighed his supply of earthworms from time to time. He would get a saucerful of nice juicy worms and see how many ounces they weighed and then feed them to the robins. It was eat, eat, eat—perfectly frightful. He found that between daylight and dark those young robins ate worms to the extent of their own weight and 65 percent over.

We owe a great deal to the birds because of what they do to make our lives bright. There are worlds of people in this and certain other countries to whom the idea of killing a bird is abhorrent. The women are not Dianas; the men do not care for sport, but they love the living bird, and they have as much right to the living bird as has the man who wants to kill it to eat or to kill it for sport.

We in this country believe that the wild life belongs to the people as a whole. We believe that every group of people has certain rights to the wild bird life, and there is a tremendous sentiment about birds. I do not mean maudlin sentimentality. I mean this: On shipboard on one occasion a lady had just been served the soup and was looking at the menu and gave a scream. I hastened to see what was in the soup, but her eyes were riveted on the menu. She had discovered the word "partridge" written thereon. Then I received a dissertation on the cruelty of killing partridges; it was perfectly terrible to kill a partridge. Yet that lady, half an hour later, was stuffed so full of lamb chops that she could hardly wiggle. It probably did not hurt that partridge to die any more than it did the mild-eyed lamb which she was enjoying with such gastric rapture. That is sentimentality.

But I mean the sentiment that causes a lady to go to her telephone in the morning and call up a friend and say, "Jennie, those little wrens that were in my yard last year are back. One is singing this blessed moment. I want you to see it." It is the same sort of sentiment that causes the gentleman in Chicago, as he runs his car into the garage, to say to his neighbor, "Have you heard any robins? I heard one this morning." It is an interest in the living bird.

Sentiment, after all, is really the thing that makes this old world go round. I have driven out along the North Shore Drive in Chicago and have seen miles and miles and miles of beautiful homes. Every house represents the love of some man for some woman. Hark back to your college days. Don't you remember, it was the love of a fair face that launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Ilium?

Down in Havana Harbor I saw a misshapen mass sticking out of the water. There came a time when the government sunk caissons around and raised it. One day, with flags flying and bands playing, the remains of the old battleship Maine were carried far out to sea and given a burial such as a battleship should have. With some divers and a little dynamiting the wreck of the Maine might have been removed. The people of the country did not want it removed that way. Sentiment is one of the greatest things in all this world.

I think one reason people are so much in love with and interested in birds—and interest has tremendously grown during the past twenty-seven years in which I have been devoting my entire time to the subject of conservation and wild life study—is that they see a certain human kind of action in the activities of birds.

I recall, as a boy, becoming interested in a pair of sparrow hawks that had a nest down in the glen in front of my father's home. In the winter they roosted under the eaves of the schoolhouse which stood nearby. They had a nest in an old dead pine stump down in the more or less open woods. I learned to know them. They were there about all the time. I called the old male "Dick" just for fun. You could tell him from the female by the colors.

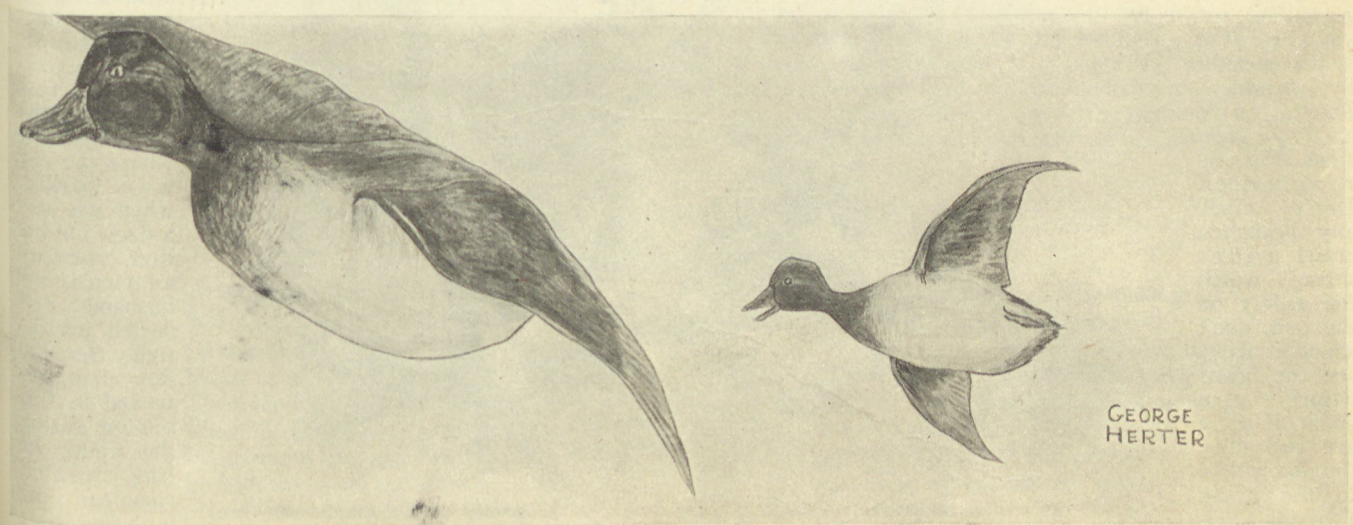
The first time I remember having seen Dick was when he came early one spring morning out over the orange grove, circling and calling; he would dip 75, 80 or 100 feet, then climb the invisible ladder of the air back towards the clouds, calling continually. I saw him alight on the dead tree at the side of the rice field. I saw what all the excitement was about, for there sat a lady sparrow hawk. She removed herself from the dead tree. But the next morning the same maneuvers were gone through until finally I saw him fly up there with a little striped lizard, and she took it.

The nest was down in the old stump. There was a boy in the community who climbed up and took four eggs, blew out the contents and put them in his collection. Nineteen days later he climbed up and found a second set of eggs. I shall not tell you who that boy was. There is not a law in this broad land that requires a man to incriminate himself!

Then the third set was laid, and that time some little striped, checked sparrow hawks were reared. They roosted under the eaves of the schoolhouse, and the male was always suspicious. You couldn't get close enough to him to shoot him, but the female was more trustful.

One day a boy—another boy—coming along, saw her sitting on the fence stake. There was a stick nearby. He was a typical American boy who is today a useful man. He reached for the stick, and with all his might, threw it at the bird. Unfortunately, she started to fly and the

(Continued on page 59)



Papa Forgot the Saltcellar

By

MYRTLE ELDER

Drawings by Ferd Himme

IT was quite a few years ago when I married an out-of-doors man, an ardent Waltonian, one of the kind who thought a stuffed duck or a cured fish head was about the best decoration for the living room. I had plenty of inklings of what would be expected, but still I had it figured wrong. I thought, of course, it would be hunting or fishing one week, and the next, perhaps a dinner down town and a show afterward.

I wasn't in the halter long before I found that my husband's idea of a banquet was bacon and eggs over a fire of sticks and part of the time he even tried to wriggle out of that, taking a cold lunch from home, for fear some poor fish or fowl might escape.

One of my first experiences, because both comedy and tragedy were involved, still sticks in my memory. My spouse and companion had been out the first day of the deer season but for reasons I fail to remember had come home with only one day of hunting behind him.

He had the usual alibi, had shot a deer, it had run across a clearing and disappeared, no snow, so impossible to track it. Along toward the tag end of the season, he had a chance to go again, but could find no one to go with him. Would I go along? It was finally decided that I was to go, but with this reservation, that we return in time for a bridge party to which I had been invited.

It was a great hunt but all we got was the hunting. However I got a big thrill out of it in unexpected ways. The tales they tell around the fireside sometimes don't happen just that way in the woods or on the water. Very seldom does "luck strike double," but to use a wood's expression, "fox paws" often do.

We drove by auto down Highway 13, along the south shore of Lake Superior. We were to get lodgings at Cornucopia and hunt off the Keystone clearing near there. All the way of that seventy mile drive and far into the night after we arrived, I was given my instructions. I learned them by heart and still remember many of them.

"Remember you are hunting deer—one chance is all you get, so don't be tempted by rabbits, grouse or squirrels. Walk stealthily, pussyfoot, and every few steps stop and reconnoiter. Don't crack any branches, crawl under them, watch the safety on the gun, don't shoot at flags, see the horns before you shoot, if there are two deer, the doe will be in the lead (gallant fellows, these bucks when their hide is in danger). Don't try a head shot as the target is too small, don't raise a gun to aim while the deer is looking in your direction, if you are on a stand and hear a deer coming from behind, remain perfectly still, let the deer pass and shoot it after it has gone by. Don't forget to take the safety off the gun before you shoot. Keep your head and don't get the buck trembles." There were many others, even to instructions for bleeding and dressing, all of which were wasted because I am sure I could never have shot at one of the beautiful creatures.

For two days we hunted steadily from before daylight until the shadows waned, my part in the stalking consisting mainly in taking a likely stand, at a place near where deer trails crossed or overlooking a ravine. My husband would take a circle of a half mile or so around my stand with the hope that if he started a deer, it might come by me. But each time he returned to report that the deer were not using this part of the woods.

It was uncanny to me how he was able to find me again with nothing but a small Marble compass pinned to his mackinaw. I had one too, but it meant less than nothing to me. Once I strayed a few feet from the allotted spot and if I hadn't spied a couple of pine squirrels, which I knew had been playing around it, I never would have gotten back.

My instructor thought it was an ideal country for deer, it was a mixture of green timber, slashings and second-growth, with plenty of grass in the old logging roads. Never in my life have I experienced such feelings and had such a play of emotions as when standing motionless watching those deer paths. At times the woods would be as still as a sepulchre, then the rustle of a big-eared deer mouse in a nearby log would startle me frightfully. At other times the timber would be noisy with woodpeckers, jays and squirrels. When I imagined I heard a deer coming, I shook like a leaf and my heart almost stopped beating.

"With visions of venison, I clapped my hands over my ears for I had been shot over before."

Came the last day and things began to break better right from the start. We planned to hunt that morning near Bark Creek, and we had barely left the main highway where the car was parked, when we saw a flag. On his first scout around, my husband reported positively that the deer had returned to this section during the night, he had heard some in the brush but

without actually seeing them. However, the morning was to turn out as luckless as the rest. Once I heard a shot which put me on the qui vive. My husband had taken a parting shot at a flag and had hoped the buck would come my way.

We met at noon on the bank of Bark Creek, picked out a sunny spot a few yards away from the ravine and sat on the grass to eat our lunch. A fairly well defined runway crossed the tote road not ten feet from where we were sitting. We were both facing in the same direction and had nearly finished lunch when I heard something approaching from the rear. I could distinctly hear the pad of feet upon the leaves, I whispered to the husband, "Keep still, a deer is coming up the runway." He listened hard but whispered back that I must have imagined it, that he heard nothing.

"I told him I knew positively that it wasn't buck fever, for that couldn't happen to an old timer such as he."

It is hard for a male hunter to give a mere woman credit for any woods sense, the pad—pad—pad on the leaves was getting plainer every second and I kept giving him the "be quiet" signal. He stood it as long as he could, then twisted his body to look. Before he had finished with the turn and had made a quick reach for his gun, there was a crash in the brush like a team of runaway horses.

My hero deftly picked up the rifle and it seemed to swing that half circle and to shoulder in an instant of time. With visions of venison, I clapped my hands over my ears, for I had been shot over before. A strange thing happened, instead of the bursting roar and echo of the high-powered hunting rifle, a little fumbling at the stock with his trigger hand and with a gesture of sorrowful resignation, the gun was laid on the grass as the sound of the crashes through the brush gradually faded out. I looked askance and received the reply that if he lived to be an old man, he believed he would never see a finer buck nor a better spread of horns, broadside and a perfect shot too, less than twenty-five feet away.

It all happened in the jerk of a lamb's tail or buck's tail in this instance. (I have understood that a buck in mortal danger, clears himself with the first few jumps before he flags.) I hadn't even seen the deer.

And why didn't my hunter husband shoot? He did pull the trigger but had to cock the gun afterward. Had he reversed the operation, there would have been venison in the woods. By this time it took all my womanly will power to keep from laughing out loud but the tradition of our sex made me try hard to cheer him up. I told him that I knew he loved God's beautiful creatures and hated to slay them. His only response was, "In a pinch we could have driven the bus right to the spot, and loaded the deer without the grief of a long carry."

It was time to pull stakes for we were two miles from the auto, a long ride was before us and clothes to be changed before the party. I had enjoyed the hunt surprisingly more than I had anticipated. My senses of hearing, seeing, feeling and anticipation had been whetted to a keen edge. Small game and the hardier birds and animals which inhabit this section the year round were fairly plentiful. There were snowshoe rabbits, partridge (ruff grouse), pine squirrels, great woodpeckers, weasels, chickadees and others.

The car had been packed in the morning so we were all ready to start, the weather had begun to harden a little and as we were driving a touring car, the ride back to Duluth was invigorating. I did my best to make the trip home pleasant and to cheer up my companion, as he was somewhat downcast. Perhaps it was due to the monotonous hum of the motor, for he seemed to have trouble hearing what I said and hardly appreciated the alibis I tried to invent.

I assured him I knew positively that it wasn't the buck fever for that couldn't happen to an old timer such as he. I suggested that perhaps the shape of his ears might have had something to do with it. Maybe his hearing was better fore than aft. Or was he trying to help the cause of conservation by leaving breeding stock in the woods? But how did he account for not drawing back the trigger? But he was tame, all the fight had been taken out of him and a grouchy admission that it takes a wise hunter to follow his own advice was the only rise I could get.

To clear the situation, I finally agreed to take all the blame, for in packing the lunch that morning I had forgotten to include the salt shaker.

So, girls, if you have a wild husband who must have game on the table during the season and you want to tame him, my advice would be—go into the woods with him once in a while. They are almost certain to pull a good one before night. You won't have to go often with the best of them. Don't do it though unless you are prepared to stick with it, for like a drug, it is easy to form the habit.

Now on a winter's evening, when we have a couple in for bridge, and my Papa starts to put over a fast one that is intended to expose my pet weakness, all I have to do, to avoid embarrassment, is to rivet him with a tender look and glance with that "might have been" expression upon the just ordinary antlers above the mantel.

Try it sometime and you will benefit many ways.

The Waltonian's Prayer

By Frank L. Bailey

GOD of the Universe—supreme,
God of the forest and the stream,
Creator of the earth and skies,
Maker of all beneath that lies;
Thou, the One and Great Creator,
Thou, the One Great Conservator
Hast created lake and stream
Unpolluted, sweet and clean—
Placed within them for our taking
Finny children of Thy making;
In the forest, marsh and dell
Furred and feathered children dwell;
Make us, we pray, Thy warning heed
To take not one more than we need
Of these lives of Thy creation
For our health and recreation;
This we ask, and ask again—
Help us to be men. Amen.

Bringin' 'Em In Alive

By

BYRD RAIKES FUQUA

Mrs. Fuqua is an experienced big game huntress. She has been an expert shot since she was twelve and shot her first moose when she was fifteen. She was a protegée of the late Dall De Weese, noted trophy collector and was a companion of that great hunter on his last elk hunt in Colorado.

HURRAH! for the Red, White and "Blooey"—as the boys say. Trailed, chased, tree'd, snared, roped, hobbled and shipped to the St. Louis Zoo for the boys and girls of my old home town—one Mountain Lion, caught alive in the Colorado Rockies.

This is the way it happened. You see the town of Glenwood Springs, Colorado, took a notion to celebrate and give a lion hunt and sent out 150 invitations. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Jonas, the well known big game hunters of Denver, invited me to go along with them, and having never attended such an affair, I went.

Everybody that had ever pulled a gun in the woods was there, it seemed. To my dismay I found that I was supposed to stay in town, while the male hunters went out into the hills!

I got hold of Verne Caldwell, head guide in the affair, and with my head ranger, Lee Dillon, we wasted no time in moving our outfit out into the hills, for we wanted to cop the prize for the first lion killed. Other hunters asked to join my party and I consented, but they were the worst tenderfeet I ever saw. The guide and I had something in common when we made them jump caverns and slide on all fours down the slick mountain sides. They didn't know a deer track from a coyote, and the fact that they had gotten a poor old "elefant" in Africa with the help of five hundred natives, didn't make them any the better sportsmen in a cold sleeping bag on the Top of the World.

I never had so much fun in my life. The weather turned off like summer, melting the snow and making trailing impossible, so all the bedraggled hunters checked out of Glenwood the last day, blaming their bad luck on anything that was too innocent to fight. The town folks, bitterly disappointed, took down their window displays, locked up the brass band that had met us at the station and struck off of their repertoire of interesting events, The Glenwood Lion Hunt, forever, and ever, Amen.

But Verne Caldwell and I had formed a lasting friendship. His dogs and my dogs were also good friends and refused to quit in such a fashion, so we sent out a broadcast to the sporting crowd to come watch us and see how it was done in our own country. A few raised their drooping heads and inquired the odds—"Even money," sez I. "Taken," sez an eastern dude.

Our outfit ready to move, we were soon on the trail. It was a regular movie thriller. Snowslides, fallen timbers, everything.

The second day we wanted to ask for odds, but they couldn't hear us from the high peaks, so on we went—day and night—snow to the horses' bellies—a pale moon—a glittering star our only guide in the wilderness. It was great.

Do lions scream? I'll say they duz. Mostly at night, when one needs sleep. In the daytime they disappear with the touch of dawn, and I don't blame them. A lion's yowl doesn't fit into the picture that God painted in the early dawn from the Top of the World.

There wasn't any brass band to meet us on the Eastern Slope when we finally descended the last gulch near the rim of old Mt. Princeton. But there was a furious wind blowing and the sleet pelted our faces; nature was there in all her glory. Our dogs tried to tell us there was no use; but we out-talked them and sure enough about noon the wind died down and the warm sun reflected on the soft fallen snow, gave us a lovely, blistering coat of tan.

Byrd Raikes Fuqua on Chief, her favorite cow pony.

Old Bob, the veteran homesteader, was in his cabin, as he has been for the last fifty years, and gave us a hearty welcome and the good news that, "A lion as big as a steer crossed the pasture this very morning."

That news was joyful tidings to our ears and away we went for proof. This we got in the singing of the trail hounds up in a deep canyon, so we wound our horn, gathered our little outfit and rode down into the big valley toward town, for we needed food and a lot of other things before we attempted to collect our trophy.

There was much excitement in the little town of Buena Vista. Our story had gone before us and kids were no longer perched at their school desks, but out on the rail fences at the edge of town peeling their eyes for a sight of the Little Boss and her outfit coming over the Pass.

Boys and girls are wonderful; they are great little believers. "Sure you'll get him," says one. "As good as caught," cried another. "Hot ziggity" came from the young enthusiasts as they gathered around us.

After bidding the government trapper goodbye, the next day found us at dawn high up in the canyons of Mt. Princeton, trailing and trailing. Up and down, around and around, for the lion is a wary beast and "knows his mountains." Coffee at noon, made out of melted snow—and off again. Nightfall—a campfire that didn't give much warmth in the high wind. Coyotes kept up their challenge till morn. Another day in the saddle—up and up—down and around—tracing and re-tracing. The dogs working, as only big game hounds will work. The melting snow on the southern slopes made trailing impossible at times, but undaunted, and with the memory of the faith of the little fellows in town, we kept on going.

Another dawn—a glorious sunrise that gave out promise. "Today is the day." The wind had died down; how lucky. Away went the pack, crossing and re-crossing. The sun was so warm and the sky so clear that we were getting lazy. After leading our horses and climbing on all fours up a steep rocky canyon, we threw ourselves on the soft warm pine needles and were dozing in the sunshine, when the voice of Singer, the strike dog of the outfit, came over the tops of the tall pines like a bugle.

"He's tree'd," yelled Verne, jumping to his feet.

How we all got into the saddles at once, I don't know. Down the sunny slope we galloped, over fallen timbers, through tangled buck brush, slipping and sliding on icy trails on the north side of the gulch. Tearing over drift fences as though they weren't there, except that they left their evidence in deep scratches on our faces.

Verne's hat, caught on an over-hanging branch, was last seen merrily bolting down a steep canyon. What's a hat in a time like this! As we rounded the mountain the trail dogs had taken up the song. It was a hot shot for sure. Ginger, Buck, Dixie and all the rest; what harmony. Only the hunter in the hills ever hears that glorious symphony.

Photograph by Paul Hurd, Paramount News

"Stretched out at the end of the loop, with me holding his tail, the lion lay quiet and watched us through narrow slits of his eyelids; he was waiting his chance."

Verne, being in the lead, called back over his shoulder, "Take your time, take your time; he's in the tree."

Riding round a little rocky ledge we came upon the scene. At the foot of a mighty spruce stood Verne with all the dogs, frantic with excitement, leaping and jumping at the lower limbs of the tree in their vain efforts to reach the lion, which was crouching out on a limb; his long tail slowly waving back and forth—his steely eyes glittering through half-closed lids, as he lay watching us from his lofty perch.

Tying our horses at a safe distance we floundered in the snow drifts to Verne's side.

"Gee, he's a whopper," said Lee.

"Now, what will we do?" said I.

"Shoot him," says Verne, handing me the forty-five.

"Oh, he's too beautiful, let's keep him," I begged.

"Let's eat him alive, as he does the deer," bayed the dogs.

To my great amazement Verne said, "It's noon and I'm hungry." And he began to take the sandwiches from his keister.

"Let's eat; if we take him for a souvenir, we will need all our strength."

So Lee and Verne made a little fire; filled the old tin bucket with snow and began to calmly prepare for lunch. The dogs, at Verne's command, retired back from the foot of the tree and lay down beside us. While the coffee boiled, Lee and Verne prepared the wire snare that was to bring the lion down out of the tree. At the end of the wire they fastened a lariat; the end of this lariat they half-hitched to a nearby aspen tree. When this was done, Verne inspected the .45 and handed it back to me.

"Take care of yourself, Little Boss, this is going to be a nasty business. He must weigh two hundred pounds."

"What are you going to do?" said I.

"Take him alive," said Verne.

"How?" said I.

"Get behind that boulder and see," said Lee.

"I won't," said I. "We're all together and I want to help."

"All right," said Verne, "you can hold his tail and help pull him out of the tree."

We ate our lunch, that is, they did; I couldn't eat and kept my eyes on the huge beast, much to Verne's amusement.

With deliberation, Lee and Verne packed away the lunch things; giving the dogs the scraps, all but Dixie, who had gone back to the foot of the tree and was making frantic attempts to climb it.

"All ready," said Verne, and taking the wire loop in one hand he began to climb the tree.

This was the signal for the dogs; they renewed their barking and baying until the din was terrific. Buck succeeded in climbing the tree, under Verne's heels, until a limb broke and down he came. I thought his back was broken. The blood was trickling over his side, but he didn't seem to notice it and renewed his efforts again and again to climb the tree.

The other dogs, sitting in an outer circle, where they could watch the lion, kept up a steady baying. The lion seemed not to notice Verne's approach; he was too busy watching the dogs. Higher and higher climbed Verne, drawing the long wire and rope after him.

"Come on," shouted Lee to me over the noise. "Get ready. When Verne gets the wire noose over his head, he will signal us, then we must pull with all our strength."

I hung my camera in a bush, stuck the Luger in my belt and took hold of the end of the rope with Lee.

The lion had turned around on the limb and with his head away from Verne, we soon saw that it would be impossible to reach him with a loop.

"Tie a long stick to the rope," yelled Verne.

This we did, and Verne slowly pulled it up. Imagine my surprise when he began to poke the lion in the back. The beast snarled at this new turn of events and slapped at Verne with his huge paws, spitting and roaring—Gee! it was exciting.

This performance continued until I had a crick in my neck from watching it.

All of a sudden Verne yelled, "Look out, he's coming; see to the dogs."

Forgetting our own danger, Lee and I dragged the hounds back from the tree as best we could; I couldn't hold Buck, who rolled out of my reach. The lion was coming down the tree, growling and snarling, springing from limb to limb. He seemed not to see Verne, who was hugging the trunk of the tree, his knife in his right hand. When about half way down the lion stopped and prepared to spring.

"Hold everything," called Lee.

I had the tree dogs by their collars; my right foot braced against a big log; my eyes glued to the beast. My, but he was a beautiful creature. Though early in the season he was already "in the blue." His eyes were like stars and his open mouth showed a row of pearly white teeth against a coral rose background. My love for all wild living things surged over me like a tidal wave.

"Don't shoot," I called to Lee. "Let him go."

Lee's answer wouldn't look good in print.

Slowly the lion lowered his head, murder came into his eyes as his gaze settled on me and the dogs. Raising on his haunches, he prepared to spring.

"Look out," cried Lee and Verne in unison. But I was not afraid.

Like a slow moving picture the big beautiful creature leaped out of the tree, his body stretched at full length in mid-air. The dogs gave a sudden jerk that pulled my foot from against the rotten log and away we went down the slope rolling and tumbling, a tangled mass of spurs, chaps and broken straps. We finally plumped up against a big buck brush, covered with a mess of dirt and soft snow, broken branches and everything else that the mountain could present us with in our rapid flight.

The dogs leaped away from me and bolted back up the hill to join the rest of the pack that were in full pursuit of the lion, who was tearing madly across a mesa toward another group of pines.

I looked at myself and began to laugh; I was a sight and I wondered what the folks back home would think of me if they could see me now.

Verne and Lee had already gotten the horses and in less time than it takes to tell, we were off again, following the sound of the dogs, as best we could. Into the next canyon we rode, then all was still; we listened breathlessly —not a sound. Getting off his horse, Verne began to follow the tracks; they were pretty hard to make out as the dogs had torn them up in the pursuit. To the right Ginger bayed a short note; to the left Dixie set up a call and around the corner came the rest of the pack to our feet, their noses on the ground. Frantically they trotted back and forth, up and down, sniffing and shinning at Verne's heels.

"Oh, we've lost him," I wailed.

"What rotten luck," said Lee.

"Gee, but you had a close call; that lion landed right on the log you had your foot on," said Verne. Then a big grin spread over his face.

"Golly, what a sport," was all he said.

"Hark, what's that?" The silver voice again of our strike dog.

"He's tree'd again," we cried in unison.

Away we went, Verne calling all the dogs along in the general direction of Singer.

"Here he is, in the top of this tall pine. No use," said Verne.

"We'll poke him out again and try to get him into a smaller tree," said Lee.

This time Lee climbed the tree, but before he could get within reach, the lion had taken a leap from the very top, a full sixty foot jump, into another tree below, where the dogs kept him until all was made ready for the second performance.

Again we prepared our noose and rope; removed our horses and dogs to a safe distance, tying the dogs to a stump.

"Dead or alive this time," sang out Lee from the tree.

Hardly before Verne and I had a chance to remove our chaps and heavy coats, the wire was around the lion's neck and while I kept him covered with my gun, Lee gave him a vicious jab; Verne gave a jerk and the lion came sprawling and tumbling to the ground. Luckily, this time, on the opposite side from Verne and myself. Singer and Chester had broken loose and were on top of the animal's back before we could stop them. Rolling over on his side the lion gave Singer a slap that tore a hole in his side and sent him spinning forty feet. Chester met the open claw in his cheek, just missing his eye; it was terrifying. Verne was close behind and I went sick all over, but at the end of the long rope the lion made a complete flop and Verne grabbed his tail.

"Quick, the lasso," he called. "Here, Little Boss, hold him."

Still holding the gun in my right hand I took the tail in my left and was surprised to find how easy it was to hold him, stretched out flat. He sulked.

"This is the dangerous time; when a lion plays possum like that, look out, he's watching his chance. One swipe with that front paw and he'll rip you into ribbons," said Verne.

Stretched out at the end of the loop with me holding his tail, the lion lay quiet and watched us through narrow slits of his eyelids; he was waiting his chance. Lee and Verne worked with dexterity; first lassoing the front feet and drawing them together; then the hind feet. This completed the hog-tie. Soft leather hobbles that we carried on our horses we adjusted on the feet and then removed the ropes.

I felt better after this was accomplished as the hobbles do not hurt as a rope would and we had about three miles to take him down the mountain side. The work of muzzling wasn't so funny, but by means of lassoing him first, the wire noose was removed and the muzzle slipped over his nose at a sulky moment when his jaw was closed.

This ended the capture and we made ready for the task of getting him to Buena Vista.

"Without a scratch," I commanded.

The three hours it took to do this were fatiguing, and not so easy, as the right foot had gotten loose someway from the hobbles and he made good use of that vicious paw, retarding our progress. Repeatedly we had to rest, half-hitching the lion to a tree the meanwhile.

The three horses we tailed together and started ahead of us down the mountain side toward home. Chief, my trusty cow pony was in the lead and picked an easy trail, but the end horse kept pulling back. Going round a slippery shelf the fool thing's foot slipped and down he went on top of the other horses. Such a circus I never saw, even in a round-up. It was my job to the rescue and I'd rather capture another lion than repeat that performance. Lee's 30-30 went spinning down the cliff and two bridles were busted to pieces, to say nothing of the latigoes that held our personal effects. The coffee bucket was jammed on the Buckskin's right ear and as he sat in the deep snow, with his front feet braced against the wall of the canyon, I laughed until I was sick. He was the funniest thing I ever saw and the maddest. With a piece of Colorado buck-skin, I made repairs; again started the string down the mountain side and returned to my job as "tail-twister" in the slow procession of "bringin' 'em in alive."

The "Little Boss."

At twilight in the after-glow of a gorgeous sunset, we descended the gulch into the head of Old Bob's pasture. He was there and the whole town of Buena Vista with him. News travels quickly in a frontier country and the repeated winding of our horn, as we called in the hounds, could be heard high up in the peaks and the news had spread, "that we had made a kill." Tom Frame, the government trapper, was there with a truck and plenty of help.

When Tom saw the lion alive and unhurt, his remarks were plenty and to the point.

The exultation of the crowd made me

(Continued on page 63)

EDITORIAL

A New Era in Conservation

THE Seventh Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League marked the dawn of a new day in conservation. At last conservation leaders have taken a leaf from the experience of big business, and have determined that shoulder-to-shoulder harmony will be most profitable to all.

It may be too much to predict that as a result of this unusual gathering there will come about a general amalgamation of conservation forces, but the Convention has proven that real harmony and good fellowship prevails among them.

Leaders of practically every national conservation group in America addressed the Convention—the speakers' table at the big banquet looked like a "Who's Who In Conservation"—men who have for years unselfishly devoted their talents, their time and their resources to the cause.

All of these men presented most elegant morsels of wisdom and advice. It was generally agreed that greater educational efforts, more complete scientific studies, and far more liberal financial support are the outstanding conservation needs. The sentiments of all these national leaders were ably expressed by Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Association, who for upwards of thirty years has devoted all his time to the cause of conservation in a national administrative capacity, and who is the Chairman of the National Committee on Wild-Life Legislation.

* * * *

"THE great mass of humanity is amenable to reason," said Doctor Pearson, "when the truth is brought to them. Our great duty as conservationists is to acquire all possible knowledge on the subjects involved and pass this information along in campaigns of education. It is clearly our duty to lay hold of the many promising openings for service, and to cooperate in every honorable way with every agency to invade the realms of ignorance and indifference.

"There is not a conservation association in America but what needs most desperately additional financial support. Every day we read of large funds being donated or bequeathed to churches, colleges, hospitals, art museums and other worthy institutions. Why have we not been able to engage the more generous support of wealthy men and women? To a considerable extent we conservation organizations occupy a position of guardianship of wild life worth billions of dollars in money, and of fabulous value in beauty, sentiment and inspiration.

"To the men and women of America I make this appeal: Give us your cooperation. We have the experience, our organizations have shown honesty and capability, and our people are willing and eager to work. You have means. Here is your opportunity to take a part in one of the most blessed and worthwhile undertakings in which mankind can engage."

* * * *

IN view of the establishment and fine progress of the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation, under the guiding hand of that stalwart friend of Waltonism, George E. Scott, and the fact that the National Association of Audubon Societies has accumulated an endowment fund of more than $1,000,000, largely the result of its President's unceasing efforts, Doctor Pearson's concluding plea is especially significant:

"Will not the members and friends of the Izaak Walton League swiftly make available a fund of $10,000,000 as an endowment, the income of which shall be used to advance the work of the League, which like other conservation agencies, is rendering magnificent service but struggling forward, bowed under the heavy burden of inadequate support? I trust the Izaak Walton League may ever be a beacon set upon a hill, casting its rays afar and lighting up many distant valleys through which men may walk in straighter paths because of its blessed light."

THESE expressions fit the situation exactly! Will we live up to our reputation? Will we as Waltonians assume our share of the obligation we owe to humanity?

* * * *

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MARGUERITE IVES
Editor

Teach Them Conservation

DURING vacation, many children will be more or less idle. A large number will go camping or will visit other communities. Most of them will have increased opportunity for seeing and enjoying the various aspects of nature. They will be brought into closer contact with the woods, fields, flowers, birds and various other kinds of wild life. Vacation will offer to the observing boy and girl excellent opportunity for acquiring additional knowledge of a highly valuable kind and also for unusual enjoyment.

But—

Vacation also brings increased opportunity to destroy wild things if one desires to destroy them. Without definite employment children — especially boys — will necessarily seek and will find employment of some kind for their pent-up energies. Boys are naturally destructive. It is part of the nature of most boys and a great many men to desire to kill something. They will provide themselves with flips, bows and arrows, air rifles and, where possible, with shot guns and, led by the old hunting spirit, make war upon anything found in the woods. This old destructive spirit, inherited from our cave-dwelling ancestors, is hard to suppress in boys, but it can be restrained or directed into less harmful activities by persistent training.

If all school children could be enlisted as students and lovers of nature, their friendship for wild life would prove enormously helpful. The teacher, who can lead her pupils away from the old attitude of destruction and induce them to become the friends and protectors of birds and other wild things, will render an invaluable service to the children, and will also make an important contribution to the conservation sentiment of the country.

* * *

The boy, who early in life becomes the friend of birds, trees, flowers and the beauty of the landscape, will not only grow to be a useful citizen, but he will find for himself sources of entertainment and pleasure which the boy with a destructive inclination will not possess.

Here are highly cultural values which cost nothing. It is of little avail to send children away to be educated and acquire culture until they learn to appreciate and enjoy what they have at home.—JAMES A. HALL.

EXAGGERATED? Not Very Much

WAITAMINUTE OSCAR I THINK WE MISSED A COUPLA WILD-FLOWERS BACK THERE!
WHAT A LOVELY SPOT TO THROW OUR PAPER PLATES!
TIN-CAN TOURISTS
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
NUTS!

Fish for Everybody

By HON. HENRY O'MALLEY
U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries

Photographs by D. Warren Boyer and H. Armstrong Roberts

THE Bureau of Fisheries must answer to the sportsmen for its success or failure in maintaining a stock of game fish, and, at the same time, must work toward the expansion of the commercial fisheries, a hundred million dollar industry which utilizes as raw material many of the fish which you seek for sport.

I am going to attempt to a limited degree at least to reconcile the frequently clashing viewpoints of the commercial fisheries and the sportsmen. There would be no conflict if all sportsmen were trout fishermen and all netters were after the cod, shad or whitefish. The friction arises from the fact that many species are sought by both groups.

In the Great Lakes region many of you may be ardent anglers for lake trout or wall-eyed pike. Both species figure largely in the statistics of the commercial fisheries of the country, and many a man's livelihood depends upon his netting tons of these fish. Again, many of you undoubtedly hold that carp are destructive to your game fish and should be exterminated.

Other good citizens are catching millions of pounds of carp for market and depending upon the perpetuation of the fish for a continuation of their financial welfare. In one sense, of course, their activities are beneficial to you, but at the same time they are hoping for a greater abundance of carp while you are wishing that the species might be utterly wiped out.

On the Atlantic Coast around New York, in New Jersey, and in Chesapeake Bay, anglers are flocking to catch species which the commercial fishermen have long considered exclusively their own; the striped bass or rockfish is an example. Furthermore, the commercial men are charged with destroying game fish even though they may be fishing for species which no self respecting angler would make any effort to catch.

On the Pacific Coast the steelhead trout, if you are an angler, or the steelhead salmon, if you are a canneryman or commercial fisherman, occupies an unenviable position between the crossfires of two opposing groups. And so the conflict wages and the battlefield is marked by the shattered wreckage of pages, paragraphs, and sentences of highly explosive language.

From a point of observation not entirely removed from the danger of being winged by a stray bulletin or ricocheting press release, I have come to a final conclusion on the equities of the matter. Frankly, both groups are right and both groups are wrong. Paying my respects to the commercial fishermen first, it must be admitted that up to very recent times they have frequently been their own worst enemies. A chronological scenario with talking sequences of several important commercial fisheries could be written somewhat as follows: The sketch would open with widespread expressions of discussion and opinions as to the cause, ranging from the administration at Washington to spots on the sun.

There would ensue feeble suggestions by conservationists that overfishing is the cause. This is immediately followed by venomous attacks or violent denials and a fresh attempt to ascribe remote causes to the difficulty. There generally follows a long period of attempted restriction and control by the Government which is fought vigorously by commercial fisheries groups, professional friends of the common people, etc. At last depletion becomes so self evident that there can be no argument as to the facts and the causes, and there arises an immediate outcry concerning the laxity of the state and Federal Government in failing to take corrective measures.

Generally there is a demand for the imposition of the very restrictive measures which the conservationists proposed in the first place and which were so vigorously opposed by the commercial interests until final dis-

"When a trout fisherman expresses himself as satisfied, the millennium is just around the corner."

aster confronted them. After several rounds of sparring and criticism for dilatory tactics on the part of the Government for not overcoming the opposition of those who are making the criticism, the long up hill fight toward restoration commences, a fight which would have been much easier or would have been unnecessary if self interest had been sufficiently far seeing in the first place.

Don't think this cycle is not of interest to the sportsmen. The fact that species classed as game fish are affected by such fluctuations makes them participants. This then is the indictment against the commercial fishermen, an inability or unwillingness to conserve their own heritage or that of a large proportion of the public which is interested in fish and fishing.

However, there is all too frequently evident on the part of the sportsmen who are advocating greater tolerance towards the right of fish and game, an indication of intolerance towards the rights of their fellow men.

The sportsman must demonstrate beyond the shadow of impartial doubt that the tangible economic and financial benefits plus the intangible spiritual factors arising from the utilization of fish for sports exceed in value those arising from the commercialization of a species before they can rightfully exclude the market fishermen.

"The fisherman who bases his hopes of catching 12 inch fish on the planting of 1 inch fry is suffering from an enlargement of the organ of optimism."

This preponderance of values on the side of sport is clearly demonstrated in the case of the black bass, for example; hence the hearty support of the Bureau of Fisheries for any measure to protect this fish. The situation is not so clearly marked in many other instances, hence the conflict, and hence this attempt to induce you to consider both sides of the question when such questions arise.

Consider your own sentiments if you were convinced that your own means of livelihood were taken away without compensation to provide sport for someone else and you will be able to realize how the problem may appear to the commercial fishermen.

No consideration should be given to any group which allows personal greed to accomplish the depletion or destruction of any fishery resource, whether game or otherwise, but complete justice will recognize the right of the man who fishes with nets, as well as hook and line fishermen to participate in the benefits accruing from the utilization of many species which occupy the middle ground between the two classes.

The whole problem merely calls for a liberal dose of the American spirit of fair play coupled with the ability to see both sides of the question. If a species of fish can be so conserved that a share will be available for the hook and line fisherman and a reasonable portion will also be available for the commercial fishermen, there is no valid reason why either class should be completely excluded.

When such a proposition is up for solution and no answer can be obtained without harsh feelings, it simply means that all the facts in the case are not available and that a study of every factor and its relative influence must be made before any snap judgment or offhand decisions are placed on the statute books of the various states.

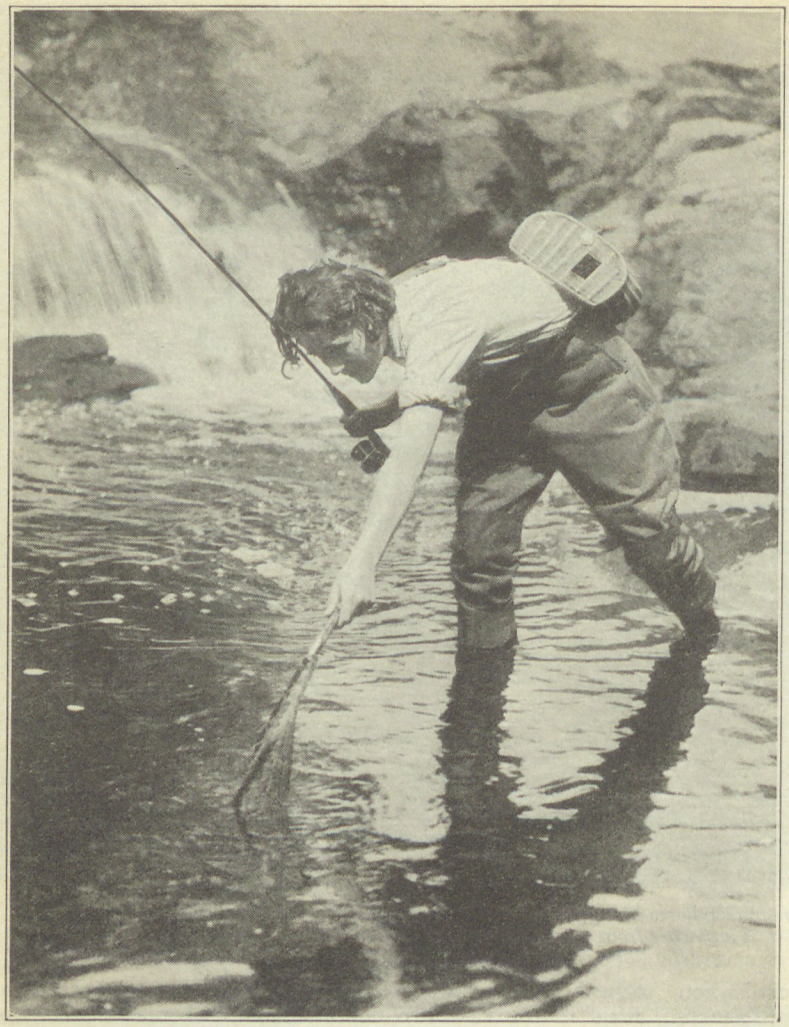
"The little fellows must have theirs, too."

The activities of the Bureau of Fisheries are manifold. Virtually fifty percent of our appropriations for running expenses go to the providing of fish for stocking the ocean, lakes and streams. The largest proportion of our personnel is engaged in the servicing of billions of orphan fish in our hatcheries. This servicing, to use the modern term, ranges from the investigation of electric fish screens for the purpose of keeping young fish from mingling with the alfalfa in irrigated fields to the most searching inquiries into fishes' personal habits, which, if applied to ourselves, would be considered nobody's business. A fish cannot even have worms in its own quiet way without some Ph. D. writing an expansive and painfully public report about it!

I used the term billions in speaking of our hatchery output. This is our story and we stick to the figure of 7,038,317,200 as a record breaking total of our hatchery output of fish and eggs for the last fiscal year.

Fish culturists have the reputation of doing much of their fish cultural work with adding machines and of being as careless with figures as are the fishermen they are serving. The general public believes that they operate on the theory of "What is a million or two fish between friends?"

The Bureau of Fisheries desires to combat this belief and invites any interested individual or agency to audit not only its records but its actual fish as a means of checking up. Anyone undertaking this seven billion census



"It is the duty of the state and Federal Government to produce more and bigger fish up to the very limit of funds and facilities."

can start at Afognak, Alaska, work down to California, thence to Southern Georgia, and then back and forth across the continent, winding up a few miles from Eastport, Maine. The itinerary will call for stops at some forty hatcheries and almost an equal number of sub-stations.

If you cannot reconcile these figures of astronomical magnitude with certain very limited assignments of bass and trout, which you may have received, please bear in mind that the game species represent less than five percent of this total and that fry of the salt water commercial forms account for a number of billions; the commercial shad, whitefish, salmon, etc., account for many millions more.

After long study, the Bureau has come to the opinion that by stocking the latter forms, which can always be purchased from the fish market or in cans, the fisherman's family will have greater assurance of an occasional meal of fish than if dependence were placed upon the success of the head of the household in catching his own.

Nevertheless, this small percentage of game fish amounts to over a hundred million, and if they all reached maturity, fishing tackle manufacturers would have to adopt the methods of Henry Ford. The fisherman who bases his hopes of catching twelve-inch fish on the planting of one-inch fry is suffering from an enlargement of the organ of optimism. When any fish has attained its first six inches of length before it is planted, it is not likely to experience much difficulty in putting on its second six inches if it is careful to avoid certain indigestible articles of diet made at South Bend, Indiana, and Akron, Ohio.

Hatchery capacity, either state or federal, is utterly inadequate to carry on quantity production of such a finished product as six inch fish, and some intermediate agency is necessary. These intermediate agencies in the form of fish nurseries have been established by eighty-six sportsmen's groups in co-operation with the Bureau, and undoubtedly in greater number under the auspices of the various states.

We are now in position to check the results from these nursery establishments after two or three years' operation, and in most cases the fishermen report complete satisfaction with the trout fishing. When a trout fisherman expresses himself as satisfied, the millennium is just around the corner!

I believe this question of fish nurseries has been so completely aired in the columns of OUTDOOR AMERICA and in discussions of the Izaak Walton League, that there is no need of dwelling further on it, except to point out that the Bureau will continue to offer the fullest possible co-operation to all agencies which desire to take out fishing insurance in the form of rearing pools and nurseries. Fish culturists face a peculiar problem in that it is comparatively easy to take care of the wants of the angling aristocracy, the trout fishermen, but the greater majority of the fishermen restricted by geographical limitations angling for the pond fishes, bass, crappie, perch, catfish and sunfish, cannot be so easily supplied with the wherewithal of their sport.

There is no artificial propagation in the strict sense of the word of the latter forms. We must depend merely upon the natural reproduction under optimum conditions represented by the hatchery facilities. Undoubtedly and unfortunately, the perversity of these fish will frequently induce them to raise huge families in natural mud holes or stock ponds while they will pine away and meet an untimely death, leaving few descendants, in the finest and most elaborate system of hatchery ponds.

The whole problem of the propagation of pond fish boils itself down to a question of the relative ratio of hatchery pond area to the pond, stream, or lake area to be stocked. The output of bass, for instance, per unit area of hatchery pond is very rigidly limited, with the limit not greatly in excess of the best natural ponds.

At the present time, the Bureau of Fisheries has less than two hundred acres of pond space to devote to the hatching and rearing of bass, sunfish, crappie, rock bass, catfish, etc., and the production of this two hundred acres must go to restocking hundreds of thousands of acres of natural water area. This unbalanced ratio should be partial explanation as to why your applications for warm water fish may remain unfilled for a year or more, and why the number you have received may be somewhat below the number you deemed necessary. It is also an explanation as to why the Bureau finds it necessary to ship some of the fish rescued from the overflowed sections of the Upper Mississippi River to other parts of the country. Rest assured, however, that these shipments have never yet reached one percent of the total of rescued fishes.

The mention of the Upper Mississippi River naturally brings to mind consideration of one of the League's outstanding accomplishments, the establishment of the Upper Mississippi Wild Life Refuge. You are naturally interested in learning of the progress toward the accomplishment of the ultimate object of this project. Of course, the principal aim, the prevention of drainage and the establishment of a sanctuary, was accomplished the minute the President signed the bill. The Department of Agriculture has been purchasing land as fast as funds and the tortuous sinuosities of Government procedure would permit.

There is now a respectable area within the confines of the preserve administered under regulations promulgated by the Secretary of Commerce and the Secretary of Agriculture. These regulations are virtually in accordance with the various state laws and place no restrictions on the full use of the refuge for recreation purposes.

As was frequently stated during the struggle for its establishment, the refuge is an ideal spawning ground for

(Continued on page 39)

Let's Talk It Over—

Letters

We Probably Did

Dear Editor:
A few months ago someone around Outdoor America needed a good swift kick. Evidently he got it. It is now a darn good little book.

GEORGE M. MONAHAN.

Chicago, Ill.

Can't We Smile?

Dear Editor:
I want to protest loudly gainst humorous stories like The Fishing Fool in the last issue. I regard Outdoor America as a magazine with a mission. It is the evangel of conservation, and it should always maintain a serious and earnest tone and uphold the dignity of its sacred cause.

FRANK PETTIGREW.

Columbus, Ohio.

We Laughed At This One

Dear Editor:
I am pleased, not to say relieved, by the lighter tone noticeable lately in Outdoor America.
Pardon me for telling you so, but at one time it was getting so heavy and scientific I had to get out old Webster to help me translate some of the articles. I have a friend who is a missionary in India and who says that his isolated soul has been most helpfully stimulated by the comic strips we send him regularly. A little humor is a mighty good thing and no sportsman or sportsman's magazine is complete without it.

JERRY CAWTHORNE.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Advice to Casters

Dear Editor:
As President of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, I am extremely gratified at the support given our favorite sport by Outdoor America.
I think you are printing a wonderful magazine, and to me the casting news alone is worth many times the subscription cost.
My advice to all lovers of casting and scientific angling is to not miss a single issue.

A. A. TRIMBLE.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Even if He Talks

Dear Editor:
Dusty Waters' stuff is as refreshing and exhilarating as the outdoors he writes about.
The good humor and wit he possesses are the brand that would make him an acceptable companion in the woods even if he forgot the advice in his story in the June issue, "Silence is Golden—In the Woods."

Learn to Shoot

Dear Editor:
I have killed five deer with a pistol and any amount of small game such as foxes, rabbits and squirrels, but reading Bob Limbert's series of articles on Revolver Shooting in Outdoor America, I find that I didn't know anything about revolver shooting, trigger pull, grip, draw or sighting.
I think each of his articles is alone worth the price of the magazine.

W. K. DODGE.

Fort Bragg, California.

Thrills by Proxy

Dear Editor:
As I spend my summers in the west and my winters in the south I was glad to find both localities covered in your June issue by Arthur Chapman's "The Real Message of the Dude Ranch" and by Halford Morlan's "Seductive Southern Waters." The great outdoors is magnificently represented in both these stories.
I have never been in Minnesota, but Robert Page Lincoln's stories in your magazine make me want to go and I shall some day. In the meantime I get a lot of outdoor thrills by proxy through Outdoor America.

PETER RENFREW.

Denver, Colorado.

About Our Contributors

THE cover this month is from another delightful painting by William Schmedtgen whose fine work is familiar to OUTDOOR AMERICA's readers. The frontispiece is a reproduction of an etching by W. H. W. Bicknell after the famous painting by Howard Pyle. The subject being Izaak Walton and the etching being an original makes it a rare treasure to be possessed by some Waltonian or Izaak Walton League Chapter. Mr. Albert Krueger, the owner who generously loaned us the etching for reproduction can be addressed care of the magazine by anyone interested.

Byrd Raikes Fuqua, *Bringin' 'Em In Alive,* has not only an enviable record as a hunter of big game, but has the distinction of having been decorated for gallant and continuous service in the World War, where she served as an officer in the Woman's Motor Corps. She rides, fishes, hunts and loves the wilderness and outdoor adventure. She has killed thirty-two lions and is the only woman who ever captured one alive.

Her father was a well known English geologist, and her parents died of exposure while on a trip of exploration in northern Canada, following a hunting expedition. She was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Raikes. "All I am or ever hope to be and all my love of the beautiful I owe to my guardian mother," she says.

Edward Branch Lyman, *Bear-Baiting at Banff,* has been a writer and publicity worker for many years, raising during the World War millions of dollars for starving Belgian children and war victims. He writes us, "I am a born devoted follower of Izaak Walton; was arrested when a boy for catching with red flannel on a pin an alleged undersize trout that was subsequently identified as a bullhead. I fully appreciate the stimulating hazards of outdoor life especially in New York where I am now living in a skyhigh apartment house aerie. I am convinced every country boy should be influenced to appreciate country life as much as city boys do. My hobbies are music, drama, oceans and assorted folks, assuring human nature both natural and denatured. I believe in a kinship of humor in animals and humans, including women! My motto is "front to nature."

Porter Wittich, *A Story Out of The Hills,* is well known to OUTDOOR AMERICA'S readers through his witty and original stories. He is sports editor of *The Joplin Globe,* Joplin, Missouri, and an enthusiast in many outdoor fields; being a shy and modest soul, he denies his expertness in them all, but we have heard most flattering reports of his prowess with rod, gun, golf sticks and aeroplanes.

Kenneth Lockwood, *Brownies — Darn 'Em!* is widely known for his piscatorial knowledge and experience. He is a leading writer on angling and has written before for OUTDOOR AMERICA. He lives in New Jersey where he does a lot of surf casting for channel bass, though he writes us that "lately I have somewhat switched my allegiance to the festive trout. But I am keen for all game fish and am sure I shall always be. Old age doesn't seem to be taking the edge off my appetite one bit."

John C. Cosseboom, *Lo, The Patient Angler,* is a fisherman of renown from Rhode Island. He writes us, "I have been a humble follower of the fisher's patron saint from my earliest childhood. I have fished for everything from chub to salmon, tarpon and sailfish, and have caught a few of each. I write because I like to and do a real estate and insurance business because I have to. I am a member of the New England Council and almost every conservation commission of the East. I live in anticipation of using a fly rod while I am living and continuing to do so in the great hereafter."

Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, *Humanity and Birds,* is internationally known as the President of the National Associations of Audubon Societies, and founder and chairman of the World Committee for Bird Protection. He is also chairman of the National Committee on Wild Life Legislation. Many other honors and dignities have been showered upon him both here and abroad; we think that his great love of birds and his keen sense of humor as evidenced in his story in this issue are two of his finest and most interesting qualities.

Myrtle Elder, *Papa Forgot the Saltcellar,* before her marriage was a school principal in Defiance, Ohio. Now she lives in Duluth, Minn., and says that "as I couldn't cure friend husband of his outdoor habits I adopted them myself rather than be left at home. I readily learned to cast and also to shoot, though the first time I tried to load a shot gun alone I filled the magazine with the shells backward. I know better now." Mrs. Elder is an earnest believer in the work of the Izaak Walton League and says that she subscribes to every word of the Waltonian creed.

(Continued on page 74)

What's Happening

By SETH E. GORDON

Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Courage Wins!

No class of public servants receives more knocks and less commendation than conservation officers. Probably nowhere in the United States is there a more serious cancerous condition than exists in the river bottoms along the lower Illinois River and the Mississippi north of St. Louis.

The absence of fish and game law observance there has been a common joke. Game bootleggers, fish pirates and illicit distillers have thrived practically unchecked for many years.

Too Few Good Officers

The lot of the conservation officer has never been a bed of roses. Most of them have practically no organized support behind them. And a few of them are utterly spineless!

Kenneth M. Roahen, Federal Game Protector, who has been "shot to pieces," but is still doing his sworn duty.

The Waltonians and a number of the organized shooting clubs have endeavored to help bring order out of chaos, but the "river rats" are armed and organized. They often bluff out even courageous officers. And so long as law-abiding sportsmen simply close their eyes and allow crooks to steal their legitimate sport right from under their very noses, the officers of the law should not be blamed if they avoid "bad places."

Star Performance Recognized

With conditions as stated along the Illinois, it is most heartening to find an officer who has faced death a number of times, who has been shot and left for dead, who has had his equipment destroyed, and who still pursues his sworn duty without fear or favor.

Kenneth M. Roahen, the United States Game Protector in charge of Illinois and quite a bit of additional territory, has been such an officer. The former Secretary of Agriculture commended him for his valor, and at the banquet of the Seventh Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League, the Chicago Chapter presented him with a beautiful platinum watch.

Conservation needs many more Roahens!

More Bird Books

Interest in our birds has increased tremendously during recent years, and more and more bird books and pamphlets are being distributed annually. Comparatively few states have official state bird books.

New Mexico recently joined this small but steadily growing list of states by publishing a splendid bird book for use in the public libraries, public schools and homes. The "Birds of New Mexico," prepared by Florence Merriam Bailey, one of America's outstanding ornithologists, is profusely and accurately illustrated with drawings by Major Allan Brooks and the late Louis Agassiz Fuertes.

New Mexico is to be congratulated upon this fine work. A number of other states should follow this example. Texas is considering the publication of about five thousand sets on the birds of Texas in two volumes, the manuscript for this set of books having been prepared by a nationally known ornithologist and scientist. A similar manuscript covering the birds of Arizona has been prepared, and efforts will be made to have it published soon.

Our schools and public libraries need accurate, up-to-date state bird books, and it is hoped that every state will publish such volumes, thereby encouraging the American people to more fully appreciate and protect our song and insectivorous birds.

Personal Greed

Referring to the differences between anglers and commercial fishermen, "both groups are right and both are wrong," said Hon. Henry O'Malley, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, in urging fair play when addressing the Waltonians at the recent Annual Convention in Chicago.

"Up to very recent times," said Mr. O'Malley, "the commercial fishermen have frequently been their own worst enemies. After depletion becomes so self-evident that there is no longer argument as to the causes, then there is a demand for the imposition of the very restrictions which the conservationists proposed in the first place, and which were so vigorously opposed by the commercial interests until disaster confronted them.

"On the other hand," he continued, "the sportsmen must demonstrate beyond the shadow of impartial doubt that the intangible spiritual factors arising from the utilization of fish for sports exceed in value those arising from the commercialization of a species before they can rightfully exclude the market fishermen."

The Commissioner said that this preponderance of values on the side of sport has been clearly demonstrated in the case of the black bass, and for that reason the Bureau gives its hearty support to measures to protect this fish.

Do You Know:

1. Conservation officers are appreciated?
2. Anglers and market fishermen differ?
3. Gas stations pollute streams?
4. Recreation is a big business?
5. Conservation is getting into schools?

See stories below.

Other Culprits

When we speak of pollution we are prone to think only of the big municipal sewers which pour forth their flood of nauseating filth, or the devastating rainbow-hued wastes from large industrial plants. Naturally, big things make pronounced impressions, but there are literally thousands upon thousands of small outlets all over this country which if assembled would make even some of the large filth-carrying outlets look small.

Many of our mountain streams are befouled by hundreds of camps and residents with outdoor toilets right on their very banks or by conduits leading directly into streams from inside plumbing equipment.

Another menace, and from the standpoint of fish life a far more serious one, is the many thousands of gasoline stations all over the country which run their waste oils into our streams and lakes. This is an unforgivable economic waste as well as a public menace.

Recently the New York Division of the Izaak Walton League inaugurated a most commendable statewide campaign against this malicious practice. The New York law provides a maximum penalty of $500 for polluting waters with garbage, oil sludge and other refuse. Several of these oil station operators have already felt the teeth of the law.

Enlargement of platinum watch presented by Chicago Chapter.

in Conservation

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

More Visitors

During the 1928 travel season, 3,026,273 people visited the national parks and national monuments, an increase of 228,433 over 1927.

1929 is expected to establish another high record—probably around 3,500,000.

Play Pays

The restoration program of the Izaak Walton League encourages outdoor recreation, and the slogan, "IT PAYS TO PLAY," is now a reality in hundreds of League communities.

More parks, more playgrounds, clean streams filled with fish, fields and forests teeming with wild life, all create a desire to go vacationing, to leave the workaday cares behind, to drink in the health-building ozone of the great outdoors.

Outdoor play is a recognized necessity; more people are taking regular vacations than at any time in the history of the country. This outdoor movement has a very definite economic side which is rarely appreciated, and which no economist has yet reduced to dollars.

Recreation a Big Business

The material side of the question has been so reduced. It is estimated by one of America's foremost economists that our annual tourist business is $750,000,000, and that it is growing rapidly. In addition to this figure, a well-known sporting goods magazine early in the year published figures showing that the manufacturers of outdoor equipment and athletic goods did a business of more than $300,000,000 in 1928, and that this business is increasing annually. This stupendous figure for outdoor equipment, excluding automobiles, means an average outlay of $12.00 for every one of the 25,000,000 American families, about two-thirds of which as yet buy no outdoor equipment.

Anglers Are Heavy Purchasers

The largest items in the $300,000,000 above are $91,000,000 for camp goods, including water sports and vacation supplies, clothing, etc. Athletic goods came next with $83,000,000; hunting supplies totaled $80,779,000, of which guns and ammunition brought more than $60,000,000; and fishing tackle and associated merchandise amounted to $24,000,000.

As an example of how this outdoor business grows where Walton League chapters are active, attention is called to one Minnesota dealer in a community of 5,000 residents who in 1924 did a tackle business of $250.00 and in 1928 he handled $3,000 worth of the same business.

Yes, outdoor recreation is no longer a side-line. It is a grown child fully able to stand on its own legs. Everybody from the producer to the consumer benefits.

Yellowstone Inquiry

Whether to permit the elimination of the Bechler Meadows from the southwestern corner of Yellowstone Park so that area may be used for an irrigating reservoir, and whether to extend the southeastern portion of the park to include the headwaters of the Yellowstone River have been moot questions for the past five years.

Congress passed a resolution authorizing the appointment of a special commission to study these questions, and President Hoover has selected Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson of New York City, Chairman of the National Committee on Wild-Life Legislation; Dr. E. E. Brownell of San Francisco, who is interested both in wild life conservation and park development; Dr. Arthur Morgan, President of Antioch College, Ohio, an authority on irrigation and water problems; C. H. Ramsdell of Minneapolis, a noted landscape architect; and Arthur Ringland of Washington, an expert on forest resources.

The studies are to be made during July and August, and the conclusions of this commission will undoubtedly have much weight with Congress next session.

The Izaak Walton League is strongly in accord with the idea that careful studies of such problems should be made by experts before Congress takes action.

Teaching Conservation

The need for taking conservation into the schoolrooms of America has long been recognized. One of the planks in the platform of the Izaak Walton League urges "teaching the principles of conservation in every school in America." At the recent annual convention, the League again emphasized this need by selecting a special standing committee on Education in Conservation.

Textbook writers and publishers have not taken full advantage of a golden opportunity to help themselves as well as the public. Comparatively few elementary school textbooks on conservation are available.

Hundreds of conservation essay contests have been conducted by Walton League Divisions and Chapters. Recently the Wisconsin Department of Public Instruction and the Conservation Commission cooperating announced a special conservation contest for the Badger State's schools.

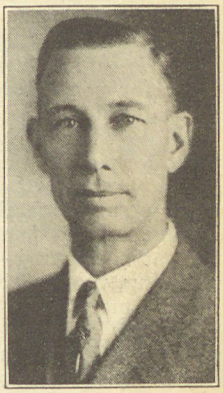
The contest started June 1, 1929, and closes April 1, 1930. The four types of projects offered are: tree planting; winter feeding of birds; exhibits at fairs; and compositions not to exceed 500 words.

Cox Promoted

The United States Biological Survey has announced the resignation of William T. Cox, Superintendent of the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge, effective July 1, to accept a very important post with the Government of Brazil—the organization of a National Forest Service for that vast country, a domain a quarter of a million square miles larger than the United States.

Organized Big Refuge Program

Mr. Cox has long been well and favorably known in conservation circles, and his many friends among the Waltonians rejoice with him in this well-earned promotion. They wish him and his family Godspeed in his new undertaking.



W. T. Cox.

Among his wide experiences, Mr. Cox has enjoyed the honor of representing the United States Forest Service in various responsible positions. For a number of years he was the State Forester of Minnesota.

Later he returned to the Government service and organized the Upper Mississippi Refuge program, the first big national project for which the Izaak Walton League was responsible, and the first wild life refuge area purchased by the United States.

Steele Succeeds Cox

The Waltonians will be pleased to learn that Ray C. Steele, a native of Missouri, who has covered Oregon and that part of Washington west of the Cascades as a United States Game Protector since 1920, succeeds Mr. Cox.

Ray C. Steele.

In addition to his law enforcement work, Mr. Steele has handled much supervisory work in connection with bird refuges under the jurisdiction of the survey in that region, and has conducted numerous investigations in connection with the malady among western waterfowl.

These two fine promotions again prove that there is room at the top for trained, experienced men in the conservation field.

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Izaak Walton League of America

National Headquarters, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

FRED H. DOELLNER, General Manager

A NATIONAL organization of patriotic men and women, comprising more than 3,000 chapters throughout America, engaged in restoring and perpetuating opportunities for enjoyment of the great outdoors, protecting both wild life and our natural resources, thus insuring posterity such health, happiness, pleasure and prosperity as we have enjoyed.

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HARRY HARPER, Lansing, Mich.

Living

"OUCH!

"If ever I get home, I will never again wear tight shoes," vows the beautiful maiden. Each of us from time to time, wails a "Chanson of Cramped Corns," a "Lament of a Laboring Liver," or some other form of regretful resolution, as we pay painfully for some indulgence or lack of foresight.

To do what is right is wise. To do what we please is human and usual.

The process of living for far too many of us is merely sequence of self-indulgence and penance.

That is existing—not real living.

Living, that is, real worth while living, is more than a mere haphazard stumbling through the calendar between the cradle and the grave. Today every man, woman and child must give consideration to cause and effect, act and consequence—in other words "balance" if health, happiness and prosperity are to be maintained not only for the individual, but the masses.

As pioneers, Americans were compelled to do so many of the primarily necessary acts of life for themselves, that it was a simple matter to live a relatively balanced life.

Today we do so many unwise things to get money, and we buy with that money "ready made" so many of those primary acts of living that none but the clearest seeing and strongest minded escape that pleasant but ultimately most costly "easiest" path and its penalties.

I was much interested in an article by one of America's most eminent clergymen, who also saw and wrote about this situation in American life. In effect he said: "America's wealth and luxury is our greatest danger. Concentration on money getting and the luxuries that money can provide will ultimately produce a general unbalance with most serious consequences for both the individual and the nation."

Isn't it true that practically every one of the civilizations of early history rose from poverty and fell from luxury? No sane person would attempt to condemn progress and the financial increment which accompanies it. But life must be a well rounded and balanced procedure in which creation at least parallels destruction, and self-discipline balances self-indulgence. Such a life can result only from a clearly defined philosophy.

Has it ever occurred to you that Waltonism is literally a philosophy of right and sound living—a code of constructive existence which insures physical, aesthetic and material welfare for individual and nation by inspiring such balance in the life of each individual that more good than harm is the result of his day on earth?

This sounds complex, and yet it is all very simple. You want health—to get ahead—to acquire wealth. Ten's of millions of others want exactly the same. As a result of the intense competition for dollars and for progress, you as an individual forget that you must play as well as work. Men as a whole forget that they must have places for health insuring outdoor play, as well as factories and great cities. Consequently you rush and strain. And when you do turn to recreation, it is that effortless kind, which requires as little of your time and physical energy as possible. You save both for the pursuit of business. Your most precious health is forgotten.

As a nation seeking progress, the ax clears the trees, cement sidewalks and factories replace the forest, congestion overwhelms the wide open spaces, vitalizing pure air, sunshine and waters are polluted to the point of menacing public health. So man and men in hot pursuit of progress and profit, blindly wipe out of their lives and existence, the very gifts that a far-sighted Providence gave them as the source of life and wealth. That is not living. That is unbalance.

Waltonism is the antidote for this ill. It is establishing in the minds of Americans, the value of wholesome and red blooded recreation. As a result more and more men, women and children are BALANCING their lives by regular indulgence in health building pastimes afield and astream.

Waltonism is arousing whole communities to appreciate the loss from their destroyed outdoors. It is inspiring those communities to undertake the restoration of their lost treasures.

As a result of this, scores of communities are reclaiming or re-establishing that which they have defiled or destroyed. They are cleaning pollution from their streams, and re-establishing them as valuable to health, valuable sources of food supply and places of pleasure.

In those once forested regions, where the destructive progress of previous generations wiped out the forest, Waltonism has taught individual and mass, to aggressively work to re-establish those vanished forests, so that in the future they will again afford the pleasure, beauty and wealth they furnished in the past.

Waltonism teaches the fisherman to join hands with his brothers to plant fish as well as catch them. The hunter to buy, raise, liberate, and provide sanctuaries of a permanent character for game and birds as well as to hunt and kill them. That is balance—that is living soundly. You see Waltonism is truly a broad philosophy of sound living. It is teaching all Americans the true value of balanced living.

Platform

1. **Reforestation and forest extension.**
2. **Elimination of pollution from all waters.**
3. **Restoration of unwisely drained areas.**
4. **More game and fish refuges and public recreation areas.**
5. **More fish hatcheries and game farms.**
6. **Scientific supervision of all wild life propagation.**
7. **Opposition to sale of game and game fish.**
8. **Scientific regulation of salt water fishing.**
9. **Encouragement of bird and wild flower appreciation.**
10. **Character building of boys and girls through outdoor recreation.**
11. **True sportsmanship, and opposition to unfair and illegal methods.**
12. **Nature study and conservation in all schools.**
13. **Cooperation with similar agencies, and with state and government.**
14. **Militant education to the needs and benefits of League objects.**

Lone Star State Steps to Front!

Conservationists Win Double Victory—Continuity of Policy and Protection of Coast Fisheries Assured

By WILL J. TUCKER

Here's a story of real accomplishment. The Texas Waltonians and their friends joined hands in most commendable fashion. It shows what can be done by coordinated, organized effort under proper leadership.

Governor Moody deserves the plaudits of conservationists everywhere. It requires real courage to forego the control of strong political patronage in the interest of our outdoors—but Governor Moody has done just that!

When we have forty-eight governors with the same broad-minded attitude toward conservation affairs instead of using conservation departments as political footballs (as is still often the case) progress will be much more rapid.

Judge Dickinson said, "Game and fish cannot vote." We would like to add: "States should all quit buying votes with the game and fish funds." EDITOR.

Important Legislation Put Over by Texas Conservationists

IT'S in the air and on the air—this conservation climb. We hear it in the schools and clubs, it's talked of all the time. Protection for our fauna has been a constant call, and they hearkened to our clamor in the legislative hall.

Sometimes the jubilant spirit gets mixed up in one's rhetoric and ruins perfectly good prose, but we conservationists are accustomed to ruins, ruins of the supply of game and fish and another ruin more or less should make but little difference. The process of ruin and repair is the rule of life whether it be individual life or wild life, and happy is the man who is working on the repair end of it. In other words, wild life iconoclasm is out of date. Slowly but surely the protection wave in Texas has been sweeping all before it and as a result many Solons in the recent session of the legislature, who might have been lukewarm heretofore, put on their political life preservers and voted through some very important legislation.

Two measures of major importance were passed. One of them closed all the Texas bays against the use of drag seines and the other created a commission of six members as a governing board of the Game and Fish Commission. We will discuss the latter first.

The new form of administration does not become effective until September 1 when the six commissioners appointed by the governor will take charge and appoint

Governor Dan Moody of Texas.

an Executive Secretary and an Assistant Executive Secretary who will carry out the policy of the Commission. The Executive Secretary will employ his men and carry on the work of the Department the same as heretofore, except that the Commission will hold quarterly meetings to discuss problems and the progress of the work.

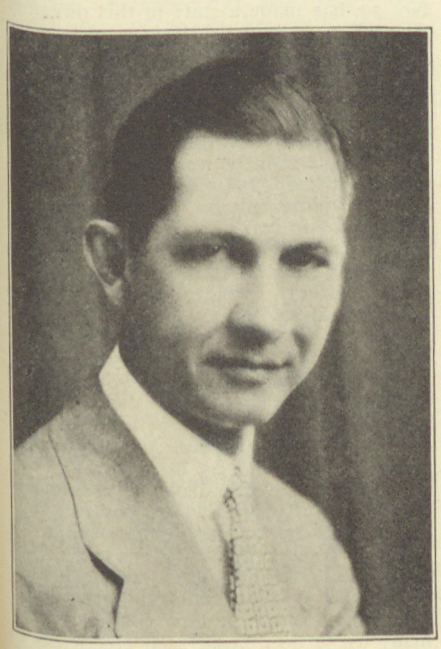
The Commission members, whose names have not yet been announced by the governor, will serve without salary, but will be allowed their expenses, and will be appointed for periods of six years, two of them retiring every two years unless reappointed.

The purpose of such a commission is to secure stability of policy and personnel in the Department and to do away with the old custom of making appointments for political reasons. Under this plan no governor can ever have a majority of his appointees on the board until his fourth and last year in office and the temptation to control the board will be very small. The services of the board being without pay, their chief compensation must be the satisfaction of seeing the cause of conservation duly safeguarded. Besides this stabilizing result the Commissioners will be expected to contribute valuable counsel and we are told that in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom.

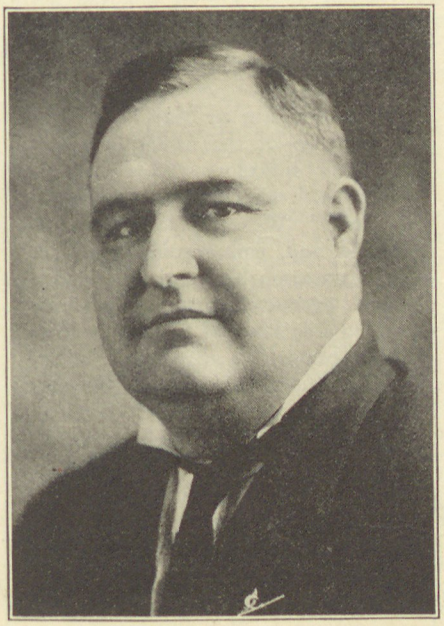
Under our present system, indeed, the Commissioner is not without counsellors, but they are without responsibility and may lead him into trouble without sharing the consequences. Under the new plan the Commissioner will be carrying out an adopted policy, not entirely of his own making, and will be shielded from the many criticisms which are often leveled at a single individual.

The advantages of such a plan have long been understood in Texas and each retiring

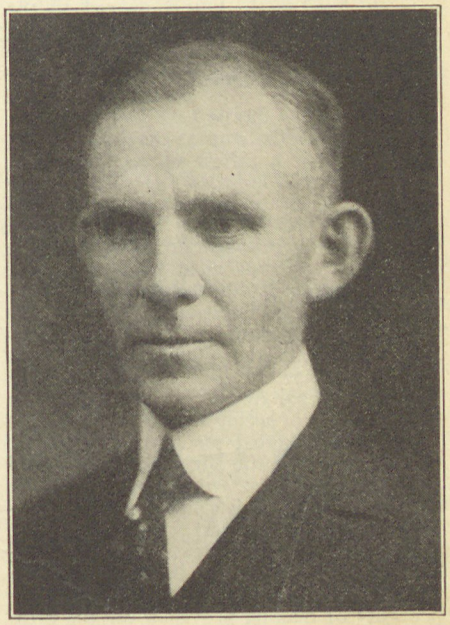
(Continued on page 35)



Game Commissioner Will J. Tucker.



Senator A. E. Wood.



C. A. Wheatley, Pres. Texas Div., I.W.L.A.

A group at Glenwood Springs, Colo., feeding some of the 500 deer taken in charge by the Glenwood Springs Chapter of the Izaak Walton League. Dr. O. L. McCartney at the left, and Mrs. McCartney, with a friend of theirs, are shown engaged in their daily pleasure of feeding bread and apples to the gentle animals. In the inset is to be seen one of the deer recently bought by the Grenada, Miss., Chapter.

Top picture shows a group of elk purchased by Ely, Minn., Chapter to be turned loose in the neighboring game preserve. Below are members of Chapter getting ready to turn the elk loose. Left to right: Geo. Aizala; H. E. Olson; John Klobucher; Clarence Chimm; Bob Greig; H. L. Newgard; Frederick Deyak; Adoloph Dolenshak; Wm. Hanson; Steve Mankovich; Clarence Bosworth, seen at extreme left behind crates.

Give the Kiddies of the Future A Chance to See What We Do

By "BRAD"

WHAT are your kiddies and my kiddies and their kiddies going to be able to see of the native wild life of this country for the next few years?

True, those who are fortunate enough to live in a city that has a large zoo may have the opportunity to see something of nature's handiwork, but compared to the millions of kiddies now growing up, and the millions who will come after them, the number who have this opportunity is practically nil.

Even now the day is here when most of the kiddies of the country have their only opportunity at a circus of seeing any of the former wild animals this country produced. And circus animals as well as zoo animals are not living in a natural state which permits propagation, so that eventually these animals must become extinct. That extinction is destined to occur within a few years unless you and other Waltonians take the opportunity now open to preserve specimens of wild life in your own locality so that the kiddies of the future may have some of the pleasures that we have enjoyed in seeing nature at its best.

Many years ago I stood on a peak, one of the highest of the Big Horn Range, and looked over a vast wilderness of similar peaks interlaced with cañons, draws, swaybacks, buttes, and desert area. Even then, the wild life of the region was becoming scarce, and I wondered what could be done to arouse the people to the benefits and the necessity of making provision for the preservation of some specimens at least of nature's handiwork so that posterity might see what this country held, and the character of wild life which served as food for our ancestors.

At that time my old friend Buffalo Jones had just started under government auspices his work of rearing a herd of buffalo in the Yellowstone Park. It was not until some years later that the government undertook to create a refuge in Yellowstone Park for deer and elk.

However, both of these works have prospered, and today you Waltonians, through your chapters, are in a position to establish some forms of wild life in your locality and propagate them so that the people who come after you may have a knowledge of the types of game and food-producing birds and animals that formerly lived throughout our country in quantities sufficient to supply food for thousands of people dependent upon this source of sustenance.

Some of the chapters of the Izaak Walton League already have undertaken such a work. Glenwood Springs, Colo., Chapter No. 30, has made a start in this direction. A feeding ground has been established at the mouth of Grisley Creek, known as Brackney's Feeding Grounds. It is right alongside of the public highway, and a considerable number of deer are being fed at different points, with the result that a great many people visit the locality daily.

R. G. Parvin, State Game Warden, has been providing hay for feeding these animals, and the Izaak Walton League chapter has undertaken the work of distributing the hay at different feeding places. Dr. O. L. McCartney, President of the Chapter, says that about 500 are being fed in that vicinity.

The deer are tame and eagerly take fresh bread from the hands of persons visiting them, a source of feeding that has been urged upon the people of the locality to supplement the hay. Dr. McCartney says that an average of 25 loaves of bread is being fed to the deer daily by people who visit there. Apples also are passed out to the animals and as they seem to be in the habit of coming up to the roadside about 5 o'clock in the evening to seek for such "handouts," it is a common sight to witness a crowd of people feeding the animals, as many as 50 deer being seen frequently in a group.

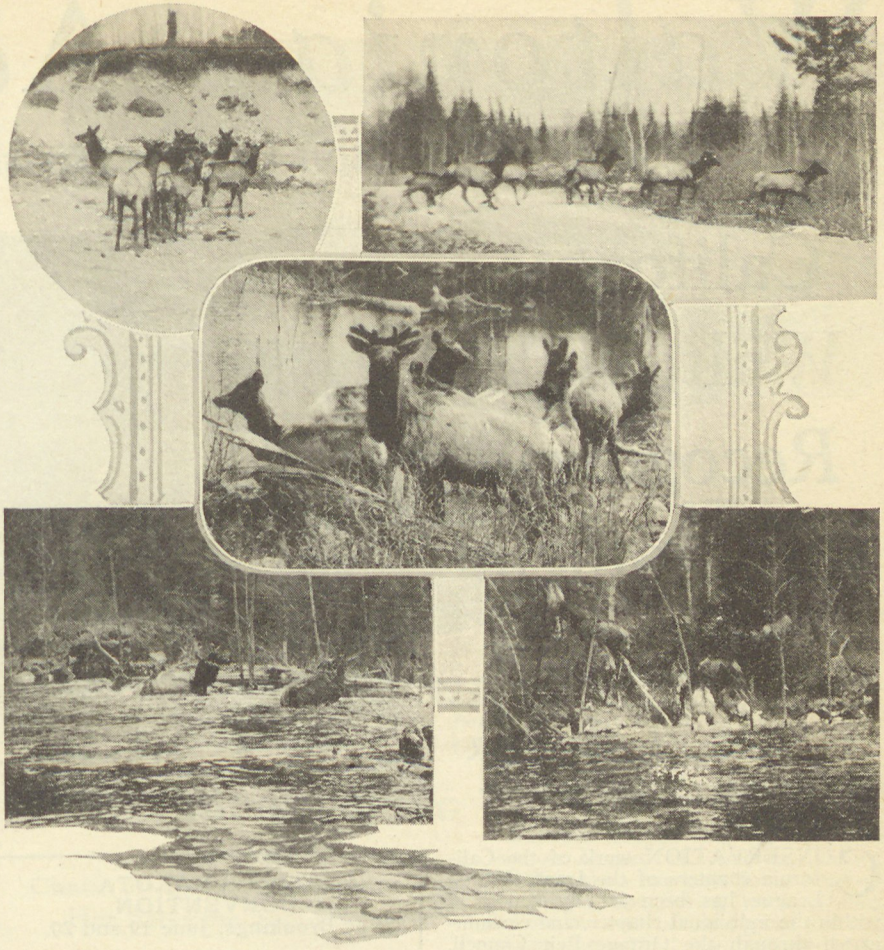
A MINNESOTA LAMENT

A snow storm on May 15th! The opening up of the fishing season is positively ridiculous. How can we justify such an event to our friends in Texas? We are placed in an untenable and embarrassing situation. It is unseasonable, untimely, and a crime against nature. We never wanted this kind of weather and we rise to protest. Tamanation! Woof! Wow! Curses on the weather man who has no respect for fishermen, and no regard for the feelings of anyone. The wood ticks are here ticking. That is an official notice that winter is something of the past. Get thee avaunt, old grim winter, else we become peeved.—*Itasca Iron News, Coleraine, Minn.*

Ely, Minn., Chapter Releases Elk in Superior National Forest

By RAY HOEFLER

Chairman, Elk Committee, Ely, Minn., Chapter, I. W. L. A.



Top at left—Elk just after being released by Ely, Minn., Chapter members. One bull elk started off to the right and the rest stopped and looked around them, turned and followed the big bull. Top at right—Elk crossing the road, with the big bull in the lead. Center—Bull elk giving the liberators their last "once over." One bull crossed on the beaver dam on the right. The rest took the water like fish. Below at left—Elk crossing the beaver pond. Below at right—Elk going out of the south side of the beaver pond.

THE Ely Chapter of the Izaak Walton League has just liberated eight elk in the Superior National Forest, just east from Ely. The elk were secured from the Itasca State Park, through cooperation of Mr. G. M. Conzet, Commissioner of Forestry and Fire Prevention and Superintendent Linder of the Itasca State Park.

Some three or four years ago when Jackson Hole, Wyo., was at its worst, the Ely Chapter sent in their quota of donations to help carry these elk through the hard winter. This started the members to thinking about getting elk for the Ely district. This territory mostly has been cut over and affords splendid feeding.

A committee was appointed to see what could be done. Ray Hoefler was made chairman and Thos. Denley, Thos. McLaughlin, Joe Pluth, Joe Rothman, H. C. Newgord and Henning Olson were appointed to help in all arrangements.

This committee secured the backing of the local game wardens and the Forest Service. Arrangements were about completed three years ago through the backing of Mr. Selover, then President of the State Division, to bring a carload of elk from either Wyoming or Montana. Permission to bring the elk into the state was delayed and the proposition was killed for the time being.

Mr. Conzet, Commissioner of Forestry and Fire Prevention for the State of Minnesota, became interested and the committee took the matter up with him. Through the efforts of Mr. Conzet and Superintendent Linder of the Itasca State Park, arrangements were completed last spring whereby six or eight elk might be given to the Ely district.

Crates were built, a temporary corral erected and transportation arranged for. A few days before the elk were to have been crated they got out of the corral and the matter was laid over until this spring. A stronger corral was built and on the third of April, Mr. Linder and his men at the Park were successful in catching and crating eight fine elk for the Ely Chapter.

Early that morning three trucks left Ely and after an all-day drive arrived at the Park. The next morning early the job of loading started. The elk had been crated and hauled across a lake by hand. A one-way road from the lake to the main road, a distance of about a half mile, which was not in the best of shape, due to spring break-up, made it necessary to bring out one crate at a time.

About three o'clock Thursday afternoon, April 4, the trucks were loaded and ready for their return trip to Ely. The elk were given hay and snow enroute and arrived in Ely at 5:30 the next morning. The elk then were taken to their temporary quarters, about seventeen miles east from Ely, in what is called the Fernberg Territory.

Before uncrating, Dr. John E. Thompson looked the animals over and found them all to be in fine condition. The elk then were uncrated and Chief Warden William Hanson detailed some one of his men to feed and water the animals for the two-week period while they were kept in this corral, for the purpose of watching to see that none of them suffered any ill-effects from their rather hard trip.

There were two fine large bull elk, three full grown cows and three yearlings in the group. There is plenty of cutover land with large clearings whereon will be found clover and timothy. There are patches of virgin timber left here and there, some swamp and plenty of highland in the territory and it is hoped that the elk will thrive there. The Chapter will have plenty of hay on hand this winter to care for the elk, should they come in looking for feed.

Those making up the crew that handled the elk were: John Klobuchar, Frank Deyak and Reuben Erickson, truck drivers; Clarence Chinn, Steve Markovich and Ray Hoefler, one with each truck. Henning Olson and Harry C. Newgord had charge of the crew at Ely for fixing up the corral and to help unload the elk. This committee was made up of William Hanson, Chief Warden of the Ely district and Messrs. Greig and Bosworth, deputy wardens; Adolph Dolenshak, George Aijala, John E. Thompson, Henning Olson and H. C. Newgord.

"WILD ACRES" A BOON

Pittsfield, Mass., Chapter Rapidly Puts New Park Into Public Use

Pittsfield, Mass., Chapter, in view of its recent acquirement of the magnificent sanctuary "Wild Acres," which was secured through a liberal concession of Mrs. C. D. Holman, has enlisted the services of the Boy Scouts of Pittsfield in helping to develop the sanctuary.

In return the Boy Scouts are given liberal privileges about the sanctuary, including over-night lodgings, or the use of the great outdoor fireplace for cooking, at the log cabins already on the property.

Mr. Clay W. Perry, President of the Pittsfield Chapter, staged a tree planting day in observance of Mothers' Day, and a 14-foot white birch tree was installed, Mrs. Holman throwing the first shovelful of earth about the roots of the tree, while George O'Hearn, city forester, completed the work.

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Divisions and Chapters

California Waltonians Recognized as Unofficial State Aids

By D. L. VASBINDER

President, Orange Belt Council, I. W. L. A.

View of the club house of the Los Angeles Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, which forms the headquarters of the Orange Belt Council.

CONSERVATION work of the California chapters of the Izaak Walton League has been largely conceived within the individual chapter, and consummated through the Orange Belt Council, which functions as a clearing house of ideas and friendly help. The spirit of friendly bond has been of vast importance in the good will maintained with the public and officials and has resulted in considerable confidence toward the League.

Trout have been planted by the various chapters. The streams of California, and especially the south, are inaccessible for the most part and planting fish has entailed severe work by members, since the only way possible in many cases is to pack the trout on the backs of men. Equipment consists of a knapsack containing a five gallon honey can of fish in water. In some cases falls several hundred feet high must be negotiated. Small fry must be planted in the headwaters to thrive.

Equipment has been bought and is maintained by various chapters, and each chapter attends to its local streams, but is free to call in help from other chapters when necessary.

This method of stocking has proved inadequate. Heavy mountain storms frequently gut the streams of trout. The excessive demand cannot be supplied with the food available in the streams and trout cannot be sized satisfactorily.

Plans are under way to cause sizing pools to be established and mature trout planted as often and as many as necessary, during open season, to insure reasonably good fishing. This plan will probably be consummated in the near future.

Game birds have consisted mainly of quail, Mountain, California Blue and Mexican Desert varieties. With the rapid settlement these birds have difficulty in holding their own. Chinese pheasants and Hungarian partridge have been introduced. The pheasants have been established and some valleys have thousands of them roaming the grain and alfalfa fields. These were brought in the south and protected by Izaak Walton chapters.

Game wardens have served without pay. Areas were posted and patroled by members and the state officials, appreciating this sort of help, have taken steps to introduce other stocks. A game farm to raise game birds, the finest and possibly the largest in the country is now in process of construction locally.

The local groups have called to the attention of county officials the necessity for a bounty on mountain lions, and this has resulted in the passing of a bounty of $75 in three southern counties. The direct result of this has been the advent of state lion hunters, and extermination of these killers is now in sight. The hunters depend largely on bounty to meet the expense, and as the local deer country is extremely rugged and inaccessible, additional inducement was necessary.

Great areas have been set aside for years as refuges and there has been no increase in deer. In forest reserves the deer have become tame and are easy prey for lions. This has, in a measure, defeated the purpose of the refuges. The first thing the lion hunters found was the absence of natural salt licks. This would result in the stronger deer migrating and leaving the weaker stock, which condition meant the ultimate extinction of deer.

Without waiting for official action, Waltonians made arrangements for the salt, and now when a patrolman starts for the back country, he can get brick salt and establish licks, and in a few months it is hoped this condition will be overcome. There should be a resulting increase in deer stock, both in quantity and strength. While the salt is not expensive, the total will probably reach near one hundred dollars, and is stood by Waltonians.

Forest fires have been one of the greatest sources of waste and loss. Wild life has been burned and driven out in vast numbers by this cause. Recently one fire burned over several hundred thousand acres of brush and prairie land. Quail by the thousands were left without food. Wheat was purchased by the ton and sown by airplane. The Waltonians furnished the wheat and the Government supplied planes from March Field. Hunters were prevailed upon to avoid this area, at least until the quail regained sufficient strength to afford them a chance.

Suggestions, such as clearing highway rights-of-way of brush and forest areas emanated from Waltonians, with the result clearing is now in progress. There still exists a serious condition and very careful thought and action are necessary that the problem may be settled with the rights of all safeguarded. The Orange Belt Council has offered as many as one hundred volunteer fire wardens without pay.

Plans for a huge public hunting area for Southern California are now in the making. The state law requires a fund be maintained from license money for this purpose. The Council has now in circulation a huge petition calling for the estab-

SOUTH DAKOTA CONVENTION
at Brookings, June 19 and 20.

MINNESOTA STATE CONVENTION
at Duluth, June 21-22.

NEBRASKA CONVENTION
July 4, 5 and 6, at So. Sioux City, on Crystal Lake.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE CONVENTION
at Waynesburg, September 9-10.

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION
at Johnstown, September 5-7.

lishment on the Santa Ana river of one of these. This will be within 40 miles of Los Angeles and can be made to supply hunting for water fowl, pheasants, grouse and possibly quail, and rabbits. In fish, bass and other fresh water fish that will thrive in water of fifty degrees. This area would permit thousands to enjoy short week end outings at a very small cost, namely transportation for forty miles, and their incidentals.

The national officers of the Izaak Walton League have been asked to interest themselves in a plan to aid the local chapters in establishing a national park from the Southern California beaches. This should be done. Among the finest beaches in the world, enjoyed by countless thousands from coast to coast, are being exploited for the benefit of a few. Those interested in commercial fishing in salt water have now all but ruined vast food supplies in coastal waters. The price of fresh fish is continually mounting.

At present the California Legislature has measures before it to prohibit the use of purse seines and gill nets in the three-mile limit. While these measures did not originate in Izaak Walton Chapters, their full support is behind them, and it is hoped they will pass. American laws on commercial fishing, as regards the alien, are the most liberal on earth, and they are abused in many cases.

The interest shown by the public in general in matters of conservation has shown a decided rise in the price of their stock. More attention directed toward wild life and outdoor recreation already has had a beneficial effect, and will without doubt result in the most comprehensive program this state ever has witnessed.

Maintaining a playground for the entire world is hard on game and fish stocks, and while the Izaak Walton League has been but a cog in the wheel, it still has served its purpose. The fine interest of state and local officials must not be overlooked, and the League is truly grateful to them, as well as other sportsmen organizations, for the fine progressive work they have done and are doing.

The League here has grown in great bounds on the strength of these modest accomplishments, and with the shedding of swaddling clothes we all hope for great things in the near future.

COOLIDGE AIDS WORK

Former President in Sympathy with Northampton Chapter

Former President Calvin Coolidge takes a decidedly active interest in the Northampton, Mass., Chapter of the Izaak Walton League. He was unable to attend the April meeting but sent a very pleasant letter, and is reported to work enthusiastically with the Chapter in its efforts to conserve the resources of the locality and propagate new natural resources for the benefit of the locality and posterity.

R. H. Spencer, President of the Chapter, sends forward the following information regarding the chapter's activities:

"Northampton Chapter of the Izaak Walton League is decidedly proud of the trout rearing pool it has established. The chapter carried 2,000 trout through the Winter, planning all kinds of schemes for raising sums to pay for the liver to feed them. Early this Spring the Chapter received another allotment of trout from the state hatchery at Amherst."

Top illustration shows one of the chapter members pouring the miniature trout from cans into the stream. The inset shows two white hares of a shipment which the chapter recently released in local covers. This chapter had a membership of 135 in April, and has been putting on a drive to increase its membership.

TO STOP NIGHT FISHING

Chain O' Lakes Waltonians Are Hot After the Trout Seiners

BY JOHN BURNHAM

The Chain O' Lakes chapter of the Izaak Walton League, meeting at Waupaca, Wis., recently, unanimously endorsed the action of property owners along Radley creek, who signed a petition stating they would post their land against all fishing, if night fishing were not halted. The action is declared necessary to stop netting of trout.

The local chapter of Waltonians also appointed a committee which will take immediate steps to establish a game sanctuary in Waupaca county, to include all of the Chain O' Lakes—"The Killarneys of America." It was thought advisable to establish such a sanctuary allowing, however, fishing in the numerous trout streams and over 20 lakes included in this territory.

The chapter, still an infant in years but already one of the strongest in Wisconsin, will plant more than 100,000 trout in streams in Waupaca county this season, will investigate possibilities of pheasant propagation and may establish a wild life park at the Chain O' Lakes. George Law is president of the chapter and is one of the most active Waltonians in the middle west.

The petition to stop night fishing was sent to Senator H. J. Severson and Assemblyman D. F. Burnham, who are asked to secure suitable legislation to halt the illegal practice of netting trout.

According to George Law, president of the Veterans' Home chapter of Izaak Walton League, stopping night fishing altogether, is the only way to stop netting.

"Suppose a fellow drops his nets in the water, along the dark stream, and a warden does come along," says Mr. Law. "All the fellow need do is drop the net and take up his fly rod that he has nearby. If the warden does find the net he can't prove ownership."

Building Summer Resort

Nokomis Chapter No. 190 of the Izaak Walton League of America, located at Bradley, Wis., has been doing some splendid Winter and Spring work in stocking the section with fish and game and in preserving the natural resources of the vicinity of Bradley and Heafford Junction as well as around Lake Nokomis. These points are favorite resorts for people from other parts of the state and from Illinois, and the idea of the Chapter is to give the city's visitors views of real outdoor life.

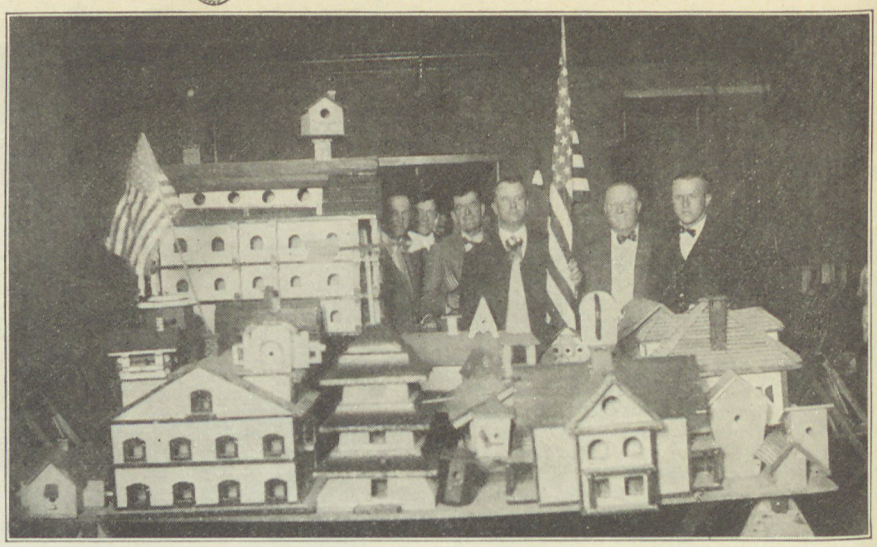
Chapters Feeding Large Game

Grenada, Miss., Chapter, of which R. E. Hall, game warden, is vice president, is feeding deer. The chapter has ordered 12 and at the time of writing Mr. Hall said that eight had been received. Their friendliness toward human beings is shown by their free approach to persons, raising their nostrils in a beseeching plea for special foods.

Ely, Minn., has started upon a somewhat broader scale in seeking to stock a considerable area with elk. A more detailed story of the work at Ely appears elsewhere.

It is easy under present conditions for Walton chapters that have game refuges available, to secure deer and elk through the United States Government. The Bureau of the Interior Department which has the national parks under its charge has been offering such animals free of charge if chapters will pay the cost of capturing and transporting them. It seems here is a splendid opportunity for Walton chapters all over the country to provide the kiddies of the future with an opportunity to see at least these forms of wild life as well as to develop a source of revenue for the chapter through the subsequent sale of whatever increase occurs through maintaining and raising the animals.

Bird House Contests Arousing Spirit of Wild Life Conservation



Some of the more pretentious bird houses built by school pupils under the sponsorship of the Izaak Walton League Chapter of South Holland, Ill. Officers shown in this picture are—from left to right: Edward Van der Bilt, Director; Isaac Paarlberg, Director; N. J. Paarlberg, Secretary; Jacob P. DeYoung, President; H. Van der Bilt, Director; C. W. Paarlberg, Vice President.

BIRD house contests sponsored by Izaak Walton League chapters have been more general over the country during the last Spring than at any time in the history of the League.

Evidently this is an excellent method for arousing the interest of old and young in the works of Waltonism and in protecting the insectivorous birds which are of so much use and benefit to small gardeners of the towns and to the farmers.

Only a few of the many notices of bird house contests received at national headquarters have been published because of lack of space in OUTDOOR AMERICA. Some have been published in recent issues, several are given mention in the present issue and effort will be made to find space in subsequent issues owing to the intense interest which these contests seem to arouse in young and old.

View of one corner section of the Topeka, Kan., city auditorium showing a view of some of the 1,200 bird houses entered in the bird house contest sponsored by the Izaak Walton League Chapter of Topeka, in conjunction with the Topeka Chamber of Commerce.

SHOW 1,200 "HOMES"

Topeka, Kan., Pupils Enter Strongly in League Chapter Contest

All Topeka, Kan., was aroused by the bird house contest put on in the public schools, in the middle of April, as a result of activities of the Izaak Walton League Chapter in conjunction with the Chamber of Commerce. President George Stansfield of the Topeka Chapter and Earl Brown, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, formed the judging committee.

Schools throughout the city took part in this contest and it was so great that it had to be staged in the city auditorium.

Bird houses of every size and description and for all manner of birds were included among the various exhibits, being the handiwork of boys of the city schools.

Work of construction of the bird houses was under direction of W. W. Scott, director of manual arts in the schools, and Mr. Scott estimated that there were close to 1,200 bird houses entered in the contest.

Most of the bird houses were made in the public school shops, although a few were made by Boy Scouts outside of the schools. Among the contestants were a few high school students and some kindergarten pupils of two of the schools. Prizes of liberal character were provided at a celebration meeting attended by a large crowd of Topeka people.

W. H. Poling, secretary of the Kansas State Division of the League, talked interestingly on the subject, "That Grassy Quadrangle Geographers Call Kansas." Miss Mary Stoneback gave several whistling solos and four reels of moving pictures were shown. The exhibit was held open for two days and proved a decided success.

SELBY PUTS ON A DRIVE

For the purpose of making a drive for membership, the Izaak Walton League Chapter of Selby, S. D., presented a free entertainment at the local theater, May 1.

A gala program of music, talks by prominent members of the League and a moving picture were presented. The house was filled with members and friends of the local order, also with members from the surrounding towns, including a large delegation from Aberdeen.

President Albert Schmidt presided and introduced the following program: The Cosmopolitan Quartette of Aberdeen; Mr. Floyd Yeager, Aberdeen; Mr. M. S. Carpenter, State Secretary, Milbank; Mr. O. H. Johnson, State Commissioner of Game and Fish, Pierre.

A motion picture of scenic Alaska, its native animals and fish, its mountains, volcanoes, waters, icebergs, etc., was run and was received enthusiastically.

This entertainment, planned by President Schmidt and Secretary Weiland, was a splendid success. The talks given by the speakers were helpful and inspirational. They were urgent in their appeal for conservation, good sportsmanship, urging the people to "Live, so that your life may be an example for the young boys, the younger generation, who will want to follow in your footsteps."

Memberships received at the close of the program were gratifying to the Committee.

TINY TOWN, BIG SHOW

South Holland, Ill., Puts on Splendid Pupils' Bird House Contest

South Holland, Ill., Chapter of the Izaak Walton League put on one of the most impressive bird house campaigns which has come to the attention of national headquarters, considering the size of the town. South Holland is located about 28 miles southeast of Chicago in an industrial district, but is surrounded by small wooded areas in which the Waltonians have the opportunity and seize it to give the children of South Holland an education in what exists in the great outdoors.

Cash prizes to the amount of $129 were awarded the winners of the contest. A celebration was held at the village hall at which more than 350 persons attended.

Some of the bird houses were real specimens of architecture, and sold during the auction which closed the ceremony at prices far below their actual value, yet the youngsters who built them seemed thoroughly content with the amount they derived for their handiwork.

GETS STATE GIFT

Hagerstown Chapter Profits Through Maryland's Liberality

By E. B. CARL

President, Hagerstown, Md., Chapter No. 3, I.W.L.A.

The Hagerstown, Md., Chapter's annual banquet, held April 15 at the Masonic Temple Auditorium in Hagerstown, was a huge success; there were three hundred sports-

men and friends of the organization present. We are enclosing a program of the banquet, showing the speakers and so forth. During the banquet elections were held, and all the officers were re-elected. Directors for two years were elected: S. J. Wilmoth, George Reynolds, W. H. Reisner, and E. L. Masters. This left the following directors to serve one year terms: W. Harvey Moats, H. M. Musselman, Robert G. Foltz, and D. N. Henson. A great part of the success of the banquet was due to the toastmaster, the Rev. Wm. S. Hess, who is very active in the work of the Chapter.

Since the banquet, the Chapter held, on May 3, a benefit show at the Academy Theater in Hagerstown, from 10:30 to midnight. There were about 300 people present at this show, who seemed to enjoy the outdoor pictures thoroughly. The Chapter will realize a small commission on all of the tickets sold which were not used for the midnight show and as there were several thousand sold, it can be seen that the Chapter realized a nice sum from this affair. This money will be used for the furtherance of conservation work in Western Maryland, and to wipe out a debt the Chapter has been carrying for some time, which was incurred in furnishing a club house on the State Game Refuge, about 35 miles west of Hagerstown.

This game refuge contains about 2,000 acres on Sideling Hill, and is stocked with turkey, deer and other birds and game. Last year the State opened about 600 acres of this tract as a public shooting ground, which proved very successful. From the reports received, considerable game was secured by hunters in this section.

There was a fourteen-room house on this land, which was turned over to the Chapter for a club house by the State. This has been furnished throughout by the Chapter, which maintains a keeper and his wife there, who furnish meals and lodgings for the members, and who care for the property at all times.

Last summer a Boy Scout summer camp was started on a part of this land, with nine shacks for sleeping quarters and a mess hall and kitchen. More quarters will be added to this camp as needed.

GIVES SILVER CUP

South Omaha, Neb., Chapter Spurs Boy Scout Bird Home Contest

South Omaha, Neb., Chapter 191, held a bird house building contest recently, in which the Scouts of Troop No. 56 participated. The Chapter presented the grand prize, consisting of a silver loving cup, the troop winning the contest three times to be the permanent holder of the cup.

This Chapter is sponsoring other activities of the Boy Scouts, who in turn are becoming very much interested in the conservation and preservation of the great outdoors.

Fishing Contest Is On

Hamilton, N. Y., Chapter of the Izaak Walton League recently established a fishing contest for the year 1929. An elaborate program of events has been planned, and a handsome brochure has been issued, so members of the Chapter and others interested can keep a record of the results of the contest.

The first day's contest resulted in Eugene Lamb capturing the prize for the largest brook trout, which measured 11 inches and weighed 11 ounces.

Willmot J. Taylor captured a prize for the largest brown trout, which measured 13⅝ inches, and weighed one pound.

Some of the rustic bird houses entered in the bird house building contest sponsored by South Omaha Chapter, No. 191, of South Omaha, Neb. The silver loving cup, which is to be held permanently by the troop winning three contests, is shown in the center of the picture.

Lone Star State Steps to the Front

(Continued from page 29)

Commissioner for some years past has looked with regret upon the disaster which follows the system of spoils and rotation in office. The last three Commissioners have been active in promoting this measure and we, at last, have secured its enactment into law.

That such a change of form was really in the interest of conservation met with some question on the part of some members of the legislature and but for the able assistance of sportsmen the measure would doubtless have gone the way of others which have failed in the past. First of all, it had the approval of Governor Dan Moody. Leaders in the Izaak Walton League and sportsmen generally got behind the movement, lined up their senators and representatives and made success possible.

Any attempt to name all who have thus rendered valued service would be an injustice to those whose names would be inadvertently omitted, but every sportsman would insist that full credit be given to that indefatigable worker, C. A. Wheatley, state president of the Izaak Walton League and to former Senator A. E. Wood. Mr. Wheatley was active not only in person but through his rapidly growing organization throughout the state which worked with telling effect. The department has a friend in this body of men which means cooperation of the highest order in every drive for the conservation of Texas fauna.

With no less ardor may we speak of what former Senator A. E. Wood has done for the cause of protection in Texas. He has been called the Father of the Department.

Back in 1923 he made the master speech in the senate which won for the Department the full use of the game fund. Game never had an abler advocate in the halls of any State House. Our game fund up to that time, except for a small portion of it, had lain buried in the treasury until each recurring legislature came along and diverted it to other purposes. Wood brought back this money from its sepulcher and restored it to the uses of game as the law all along had provided.

Few speeches on the senate floor were more spectacular. "I love game," Wood shouted, "more than anything else in the world." And many of the senators who loved the man, but cared little for game, voted for the appropriation for Wood's own sake. And the game fund was resurrected by this miracle of eloquence.

In putting over the new Commission bill the hand of Wood was no less potent. To no other single man does the Department owe so much in the framing of its best laws. The measure was sponsored in the senate by Senator Gus Russek and the work was practically all done in that house in advance by getting 19 other senators to sign the bill.

The other law referred to, known as the Holbrook law, closed all coastal waters to the use of drag seines. Along the tier of counties from Brazoria to Orange which include the Galveston and Beaumont districts, all kinds of seines and shrimp trawls were banned. Other portions of the coast left certain areas open to shrimp trawls, set nets and trammel nets. The law becomes effective January 1, 1930. The postponement of the date was in order that fishermen might have time to wear out the seines which then become unlawful and useless.

The bill was introduced by Senator T. J. Holbrook of Galveston and was actively supported by the Fish and Game Department and sportsmen generally. No other bill created so much interest during the regular session.

It was the culmination of a fight which has extended over many years by sportsmen to secure greater protection for maritime life and both factions were there in force. Former Commissioner T. E. Hubby joined the present Commissioner William J. Tucker in support of the measure. Both of them made lengthy speeches delving deep into the history of fisheries to show that depletion was going on. Senator Holbrook read stacks of letters and telegrams approving the bill which he styled the greatest piece of constructive legislation ever offered for the coast.

The committee meeting was only a preliminary skirmish and the big fight came when the bill reached the floor of the senate. It was passed by a small majority in its original form, but in the House a deadlock was so apparent that compromise was made postponing the effective date and permitting trawls, set nets and trammel nets in certain waters which had never been closed as spawning areas. It passed the House with the barest margin. No fish bill was ever harder fought and but for the Izaak Walton League, which was consistently active throughout the long fight of nearly two months, it would certainly have failed of passage.

Aside from the merits of the measure the experiment had to be made in order to end if possible a controversy which has been going on for fifty years. If it makes fish plentiful, as its proponents believe it will, everybody will be happy. Even if it fails to do any good and the failure becomes evident, a repeal of the law would then put an end to the troublesome question.

What's What and How

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

WRITE THE EDITOR OF THIS DEPARTMENT ABOUT YOUR PROBLEMS

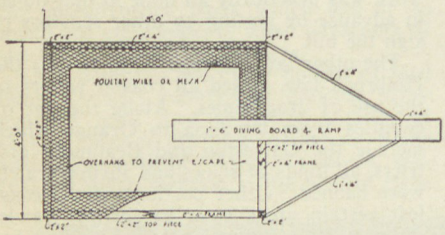
ANOTHER TURTLE TRAP

1. *Some time ago you published instructions for building turtle traps. I gave my magazines to prospective Waltonians. Please send me another copy and any additional advice you may have. Our fish rearing pond is infested with turtles.—J. M. S., Nebraska.*

THE turtle trap dope appeared on page 32 of the September, 1928, OUTDOOR AMERICA. Copy has been mailed you.

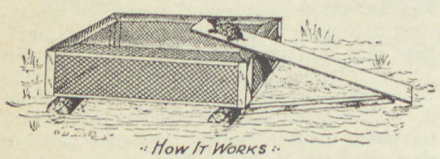
Have just learned of a floating-type turtle trap that Percy Viosca, Jr., head of the fisheries division of the Louisiana Conservation Department, has developed.

Turtles will destroy pond vegetation, then they will feast on fish spawn and young fish.



Here are two cuts of Mr. Viosca's floating turtle trap. It is covered with poultry netting bottom and sides, also a six-inch overhang, for which tin or wire should be used. This trap can be anchored out in any part of the pond.

The turtles like to sun themselves near the upper end of the runway, and when approached, or when the sun goes down, they will drop into the open top of the cage. The rest is easy.


"HOW IT WORKS"

DANGEROUS ENEMIES

2. *What are the most dangerous enemies of young ringneck pheasants against which we must guard? We have 200 eggs setting now.—R. L. W., Wis.*

THERE are many of them, but the worst ones are ordinary rats, house cats, weasels, the crow and a few of the snakes, hawks and owls. Most gamekeepers kill every one of these creatures the moment they get their eyes on them, but not all snakes, hawks and owls are bad.

Lice and mites are as deadly as the whole lot of these combined. Guard against them as you would against thieves. See page 36 of the August, 1928, issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA for instructions on handling gapes.

One game farm lost many young pheasants. The cause was difficult to locate. Finally it was discovered that a certain blow fly was quite plentiful, and that the young birds were dying from eating the flies and their maggots. By removing and burying all dead birds daily the trouble was overcome. Don't leave dead birds lying about.

FOX HUNTER'S RIGHTS

3. *I wish to challenge the statement made by you in answer to inquiry from Maryland about the wisdom of the bounty law. You certainly would not want to kill one sport to help another, and you certainly must know that quail and foxes live and thrive together. You also must know that the house cat is the only animal that can catch a quail on the nest. Did not game of all kinds get along well together before the advent of repeating shotguns, smokeless powder and automobiles? Do you not know that in several states there are more fox hunters than any other kind of hunters, and that because of the pelt value foxes are getting scarce in most states? What sport is cleaner or gets greater numbers outdoors with horse and hounds than a fox hunt? —M. C., Kentucky.*

YES, I agree that many of your statements are absolutely correct, but conditions now are not what they were fifty years ago. We must decide which will furnish the most sport for the greatest number, then plan accordingly.

Foxes do kill large numbers of small rodents. While foxes may not catch many quail on the nest, they certainly can pick up more than their share of helpless fledglings. On the other hand, I am in entire accord with your ideas that one popular sport should not be destroyed in order to benefit another. I never did believe in exterminating all predatory species. We should encourage reasonable control and not extermination.

The red fox needs no bounty on his head to keep his numbers in check. The price on his hide will do the trick. Pennsylvania has just removed the bounty on the red fox. But the gray fox is much more destructive.

Ample Room for All

If red foxes are hunted regularly for sport in a given territory, and that sport is more important than other hunting in that same area, then the red foxes should be given protection there and let the other hunters take their choice between hunting in that locality or in adjacent territory, where foxes are less plentiful.

This does not mean that the entire state should be set aside as a preserve for fox hunters any more than it means that the entire state should be set aside as a preserve for the enjoyment of the nature seeker who cares nothing about shooting or riding to the hounds.

I have in several cases recommended that counties, where fox hunting is the principal sport, be set aside for that purpose. This whole proposition is simply a case of give and take.

The extent to which it is wise to curb all predatory species depends upon the demands of man in the same area.

LIGHTS TO ATTRACT FOOD

4. *Some time ago I saw an item in the Literary Digest concerning an installation of colored floodlights by the Fort Wayne Chapter of the Izaak Walton League in a bass rearing pond to attract food for the fish. Does such an installation prove of sufficient value to warrant the expense?—W. R. L., Kansas.*

PRESIDENT Hilgemann of the Fort Wayne Chapter says that the lights themselves worked out very well. The water is introduced to the ponds through a fountain to aerate it. He states that it is not at all unusual to hear the bass jumping after the bugs and moths at night, and in his opinion this arrangement more than justified the expenditure. In addition to providing a beautiful fountain, it attracted fish food to make it worthwhile.

I have checked up and find that this is an old custom which has value at certain seasons of the year in fish rearing ponds, particularly ponds devoted to bass and other pond species. In California an insect trap to supply food for trout has worked excellently.

A Supplemental Food Supply

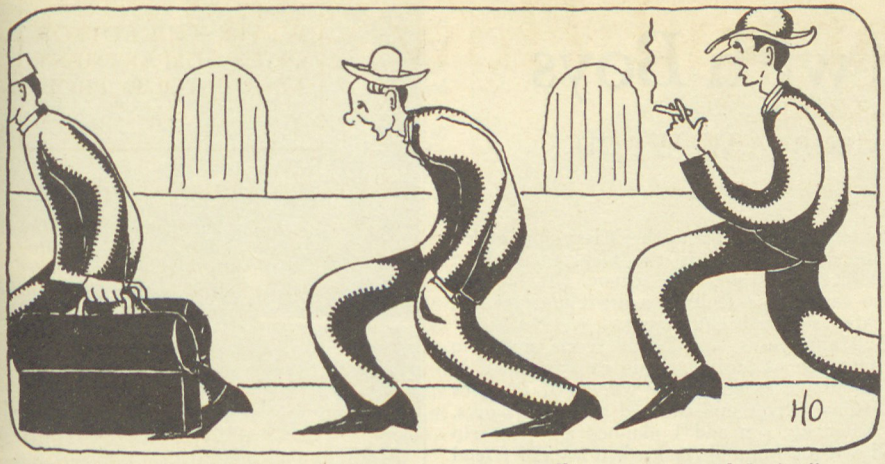
A well-known fish culturist has told me that in his opinion it is a good idea to attract supplemental food in this way, especially where warm water fishes are reared, due to the fact that feeding them artificially on live bait or other foods obtained elsewhere and introduced into the pond is almost out of the question. It must be borne in mind, however, that such an installation will not take the place of regular feeding required for the operation of trout ponds. It is only a supplemental feeding method.

In ponds used for warm water fishes it is necessary to introduce live food for the fishes, and where conditions will permit, an attempt should be made to balance the pond's population so as to provide food for the desired species.

Such lights may bring large numbers of undesirable beetles into the pond, but the danger is not sufficient to deter the use of the lights. Every bass rearing pond should have an ample supply of suitable vegetation. Minnows and goldfish also supply food.

Photo Courtesy General Elec. Co.

Flood light used at Fort Wayne bass ponds to attract food.



"—'I came to attend a convention, not to enter a walking contest,' said Jun'or."

The Sunshine Special Comes North

Being the Adventures of the Florida Delegates to the Convention

By LAFE HOSKINS

YOU see we are pretty much of a small towner. Any time we get to a bulky municipality such as Chicago is, we get excited. Whenever we see all of those folks walking up and down State street, we want to sit down on the curb and wait for the parade. It's pretty hard for us to figure out why so many people are on the street unless there is a circus in town. Why, when we were in Chicago there were more folks in one block on State street than ever attended one of our bank runs down here. And, that's many persons, too.

So we were downright tickled to know that the Convention and the Sportsmen's Show were going to be right in one hotel in Chicago. That meant we wouldn't have to be taking a lot of lip from some traffic cop for jayish walking, or calling a taxicab to get four doors down the block.

But we didn't know what we were getting into!

A-purpose, we went early, landing in Chicago a couple of days before the convention. We figured with two days we would be sure to get our bearings. We were never good at figures. In fact in the next four or five days we found out that no six people could be as dumb as we.

When we pulled up at one of the entrances to the Stevens hotel place, a man whom we took for the generalissimo of the Bolivian army and navy met us at the door.

"Jun'or," J. Edward Bell, Jr., our traveling comrade, was for turning around and heading back to Florida, but before we could make a move a corporal, or maybe he was a first class private, had grabbed our two telescopes and had piled them on the sidewalk in front of the door.

"Sir," we asked the admiral after we had saluted, "can you tell us where the clerk of this hotel is at?"

"Down the corridor," he answered somewhat pityingly.

We reached for our grips, but he got between us and them.

"Never mind, we will take care of those things," the admiral said. We didn't like the way he said "things."

"Jun'or" stared hopelessly. Then we looked down the corridor. It was a mile or so before our eyesight bumped into any human beings. The people were so far away they didn't look any taller than small wire haired pooch pups.

"Pardon me, sir," we asked again coming to a salute, "but is away down there where the clerk is at?"

The admiral said "yes," and it was all we could do to keep "Jun'or" from hiring a taxicab to make the trip to the desk.

"I came up here to attend a convention, not to enter a walking contest," he said.

Well, we hiked, and hiked and hiked. Finally we came to a row of windows that looked like a postoffice or maybe a going bank. We asked for the clerk, but we found they had more clerks there than we have Mediterranean flies in Florida.

If it hadn't been for a right smart bell boy we'd have sunk.

"Take us to the elevator, son," we said, handing him a nickel to show him he didn't have a couple of short sports to deal with.

It was a mighty good thing we had him with us. Instead of there being one or maybe two elevators there was a whole herd of them. A great big room with the walls just lined with those things. We stood there and gasped as the door of one after another would snap shut and scoot up.

The guide we had with us led us into one, and right there we determined to charter our own private elevator for the time we were in town. Without it, we could see us spending half a day each time we wanted to go upstairs or down. It was like that too. Say, for instance we'd be on one side of the place where all of the elevators were at.

"Flip!" an elevator door would open. By the time we had hoofed in and around all the sofas and stuff that cluttered up the place, the elevator had left. Then we'd have to chase to the other side of the building. Just that alone cut down our weight about 40 lbs.

Our room number was "1555." If you think that was very much of a number, just you remember there are more than 5,000 rooms in that tavern. Now you can begin to see why we felt desperate. We have usually thought a hotel with 250 rooms was a tolerably fair sized place.

Our troubles had just started. The guide got us safely in our room and left us just like two babes in the woods.

"Wonder if they furnish a blue print of this floor?" "Jun'or" said right apprehensively.

It was a pretty serious situation for us. Every time we'd stick our head out of the room we'd get lost. One time we roamed for days and days in one of those upper drifts before we saw a living soul. At last when we were about to perish of loneliness we turned the corner and away down between those awful silent rows of rooms, we saw a little light. Under it was a room clerk.

"Please lady," we beseeched of the clerk, it being that kind of a clerk, "if you'll show us the way to '1555' we'll never leave it until we are ready to go home."

She looked as though she thought we were trying to get fresh with her. Fortunately a house Richard showed up and steered us right.

The next time we got outside of the hotel we bought a hand axe. A few hours later we were busy with it while hunting for the convention hall. An elongated person who at first looked like a running hydrant came on us.

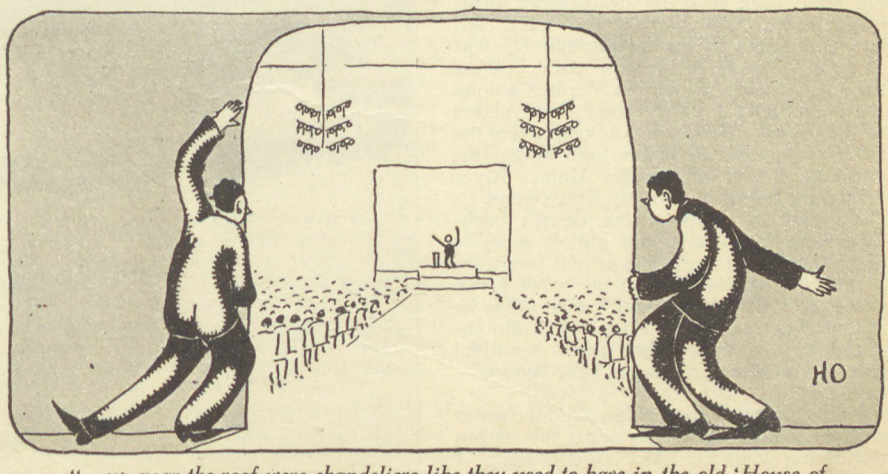
"And, pray, little George Washington the two eyes, what are you doing?" he asked.

We looked up from our work. It was Don Hough!

"Blazing a trail around this joint so we can get back to *taws*."

"What do you think the management will say when they find this out?"

(Continued on page 62)



"—up near the roof were chandeliers like they used to have in the old 'House of Lords' saloon in our home town—"

Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

Let's Go Camping, Boys

THE camping editor asked me to answer an inquiry about places near my home, Waterloo, Iowa, in which to camp. The inquirer was a bit skeptical about the camping possibilities of this locality, since he thought it was given over exclusively to raising corn. Even in Iowa where the corn grows so tall there are many delightful streams along which one may tramp, camp and fish. I have fished these streams which are just the friendly streams whose margins one may wade and whose pools invite one's fly. I have guided my canoe down their pleasant reaches while about me were wonderful hillsides covered with native timber. In the fall the beauty of the brilliant colors can not be equalled.

As I recall these streams I start with the Des Moines where years ago I pitched my little tent in the shadow of the high sandstone bluffs which are now the Ledges State Park.

I owe the Iowa and the Upper Iowa with their high timbered hills another visit for the swift water of each upset my canoe and unceremoniously tumbled me about in the cold water. The little Volga with its clear water rushing over rocks from one quiet pool to another, through high limestone bluffs is as enchanting a stream as one could encounter anywhere. And the Cedar with its bed of glacial boulders around which bass love to hide is quite scenic.

The level land of Iowa is broken by these small water courses, but a stream not too large is the greatest stream to furnish a lot of fun and there is a degree of intimacy about it missing in one's contact with a larger one. The best of it is they are so near my door that I do not need to go very far afield for my outings.

For instance, when I go to Manchester where I hold court I cross a small stream which runs under a railroad bridge and then is lost behind timberclad hills. The ordinary passerby doubtless would not select this stream for an outing, but if his exploring instinct be strong enough to lure him along its banks he would be surprised at its beauty and charm. I had camped in the state park near its headwaters, originally called "The Devil's Backbone," but later the name of his satanic majesty was dropped because of another park bearing the same name. In my wanderings among the Iowa hills I have found other places called Devil's Backbone; among them the two just mentioned and a high ridge just north of Boone on the Des Moines River where I pitched one of my first camps.

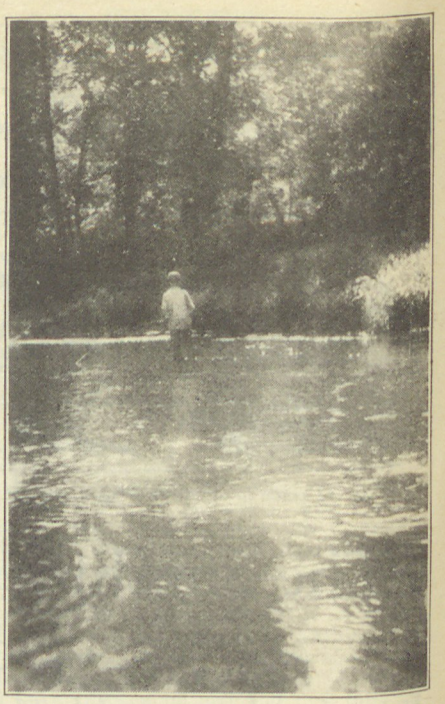
To find so much of the Devil's backbone here in Iowa would almost seem to show that he had suffered a total loss were it not for the fact that in my work I run across so much that would indicate that he still has a goodly quantity, and I am inclined to the belief that these beautiful ridges which bear his name have been miscalled.

I never crossed the bridge at Manchester without looking longingly down the stream wondering what the lower reaches held. I had tramped to the headwaters of the Maquoketa with a pack, but to follow it to where it emptied into the Mississippi called for what to me is the ideal method of wilderness travel—the canoe. It handles so easily, has so light a draft and yet can carry so much equipment.

Many years ago I and a classmate in high school built a crude canvas canoe in which we explored the waters of the Des Moines River and camped along its banks. When my son and I planned a canoe trip down the Maquoketa I asked my old friend to bring his son and join our party. This is really a remarkable little stream, unique in its picturesqueness and in its almost primeval isolation and on it we had quite an adventure with high water.

We launched our canoes just above the railroad bridge and were hardly out of town before both boys wanted to strip to their waists. With the memory of a time when I as a small boy stayed in swimming too long and had to remain at home all one day with a blistered back I remonstrated. I recalled the occasion with a great deal of pain. It was not so bad to stay at home because it was Sunday and I didn't have to go to Sunday school but when the livery barn burned and I could not attend the one big event of the season it was a sad blow.

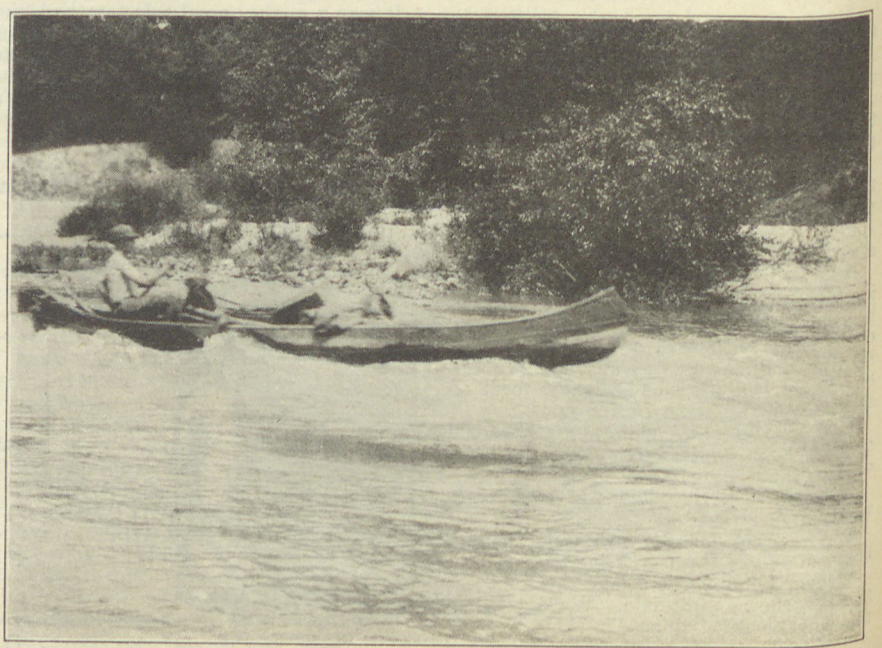
I didn't want to spoil a good trip by taking time to grease a blistered back, but both boys insisted and we let them go with the thought in the back of our minds that we could at least have a good time later telling them that Dad knew best, but the sun only nicely browned their bodies and we were denied the pleasure. The only chance we had to impress on their minds the necessity of being properly clothed came one morning just after we broke camp and were paddling along in the sunshine. A wasp had been chilled by the damp night and lit on John's bare stomach to warm its feet. As it walked daintily about occasionally arching its back in a most suggestive manner we paddled alongside and assisted John's father in giving good advice as to how to treat a wasp, while John sat there scarcely daring to breathe!



—friendly streams whose margins one may wade and whose pools invite one's fly—

The river ran between high limestone bluffs on top of which was a heavy growth of hardwood timber. Except for an occasional road we saw few signs of human habitation, though we would frequently see remnants of an old mill and some traces of old dams. Long ago these were busy places when the early settlers came to have their grist of corn or wheat ground by the old mill stones.

We made our camps early in the evening for though the days were hot while the sun was high, when it dropped behind the tops of the hills the deep valley soon became chill and we must gather driftwood for the evening campfire around which to tell stories of former camping trips. The boys had been reading Tom Sawyer and of course had to investigate every place in the limestone bluffs which might prove



No boy could be taking a better vacation than this one.

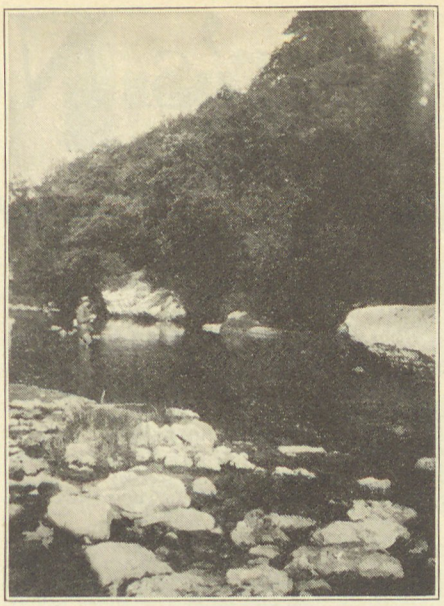
to be an entrance to a cave. At that time I did not know this area was the only one in Iowa that had escaped when the glaciers came down across the state, leveling off the hills and filling the valleys with glacial drift.

The boys crawled about, flashlights in hand, in the hope of discovering a bandit lair or at least a bootlegger's still with no eye for the prehistoric drawings and implements which I later learned were to be found here. One cave had an opening at the back not readily seen. The story is told that long ago some hunters chased several deer into this cavern just at nightfall. Being unable to see them a fire was built across the opening and camp made so that the deer not being able to escape could be killed in the morning. When it became light the hunters looked for the deer and not finding them finally located this opening through which they had escaped.

As we paddled along I heard the angry whir of a rattlesnake. On the bank was a big rattler which had evidently just shed his skin for the colors were so fresh and bright. Before we could reach the guns we carried, the swift current swept us beyond. We paddled back and saw it swimming rapidly down stream with about a foot of its body out of the water. The boy shot twice with a .22 rifle. I shot once with a .22 revolver but saw my bullet harmlessly splash water.

At the second shot of the boy's rifle the snake's head dropped and I was able to pick it up on a paddle. Both shots had taken effect very near the head. The boy wanted to save the skin. I was not enthusiastic about it, for I am not fond of snakes and do not care to skin them, but after cutting off the head and showing the boys the fine needlelike fangs that lie against the roof of the mouth, and through which the poison is forced from the glands, we buried it so deeply that there was no chance of its being found. We then took off the skin, scraped off all the flesh, rubbed it with salt, and wrapped it in a strong paper until we could reach home and tan it.

By this time the sky had become overcast and we were barely able to find a camping place and get the tent up before the storm struck us. Sheets of rain beat



"—clear and unpolluted water with wonderful bass holes—"

against the tent and the river commenced to rise rapidly. Soon logs and portions of buildings ground against the opposite side of the bluff. Occasionally a huge tree would suddenly let go and dip into the boiling waters. The next morning it still rained. We managed to find enough dry wood to cook with but it was not very satisfactory. When the rain stopped the boys were eager to be on the rushing river.

We older boys were not quite so anxious to be on such a torrent, covered as it was with yeasty foam and filled with logs and brush. But in the middle of the stream was a narrow unobstructed path and we followed this until we saw the wide sweep of the Mississippi. We had thought it a great flood on our little river, but when we reached the Mississippi all the flood water seemed to disappear and to make no impression on its vastness.

We paddled across to the Illinois shore and then discovered that the snake skin, the most precious trophy of our trip was missing. The boy's face became long as we ransacked our things, but we eventually found it snugly stowed away with the butter, corn meal, flour and prunes. Needless to say, its close proximity to our food did not impair the boys' appetites in the least.

The hillsides along the stream were often too steep to be pastured and in these ravines we found wild flowers that only survive where they are undisturbed. While looking for a house at which we hoped to purchase eggs and milk we saw some animal dart into a clump of bushes. As we approached a cat sprang out and darted away taking advantage of all cover just as a wild animal. We climbed to the top of the hill and for a long distance could see no house. The cat must have been living in the woods and fields on small animals and birds. It had reverted to type and become a truly wild cat.

It was surprising that in such beautiful surroundings along such clear and unpolluted water with such wonderful bass holes we found so few people enjoying it. At only one place did we find a camp. A Boy Scout troop was located on a point of land around which the river flowed. We stopped for a few moments to get some water. It was a beautiful spot but an experienced woodsman would have looked at the ice marks on the trees high above the line of the tents and pitched his camp in a less dangerous locality. I later learned that when the flood arrived the boys had a very narrow escape.

In almost every locality the little stream that you chance to pass has wonderful possibilities if you will but follow it either up or down. If large enough a canoe makes it easy to hunt out attractive locations; if too small to float a canoe you can follow it with your pack on your back. Once, among the bushes of the little river on which I had paddled a canoe and along which I had tramped, I chanced on the bent willow twigs where an Indian had set up his home for a few days while he trapped the muskrats along the bank and had then slipped silently away. If you follow your own little stream there is no telling what delightful surprises await you.

Fish for Everybody

(Continued from page 24)

bass and other native game fish, and we have placed a biological investigator there for the purpose of having made a complete valuation of the project in terms of fish productivity. The utilization of part of the area for strictly fish cultural purposes involving the construction of ponds for raising fish for distribution outside the refuge is meeting with unexpected delays.

The act creating the refuge specifies that only lands subject to overflow shall be purchased. Now the fundamental rule for fish culture states that the water supply must be under complete control at all times; consequently, we have faced a situation where the establishment of hatchery ponds subject to frequent flooding might not only bring about the loss of brood fish and young stock, but even the actual destruction of the pond works themselves according to the whims and vagaries of the Mississippi River. It is not good business, or even plain horse sense, to spend money on improvements which may require complete renewal every two or three years.

In spite of this restriction of our activities to floodable lands, there will be a possibility, by diking, pumping, etc., to utilize some tracts and take advantage of their high productivity of fish for the raising of stock for general distribution. It has only been a short time since sufficient land was acquired by the Government to enable us to get a foothold in the tract and determine exactly what could or could not be done. Sooner or later Waltonians and other citizens in the various states will be receiving Government fish bearing the Winneshiek trademark.

All that we have spoken of refers to past and present activities and conditions in the Bureau of Fisheries. There was one feature of last year's developments which should be cited as an indication of the future rather than for its immediate practical interest. I refer to the five year fisheries program or the so called White Bill, a measure which has had a most unusual legislative career.

The bill provides for an expansion of the Bureau's activities over a period of five years by the establishment of new stations, increases in personnel, and augmented appropriations. Some thirty-seven separate activities are provided for, most of which are new hatcheries. The bill called for an expenditure of some three and one-half million dollars by the fifth year.

What this bill really signifies is almost a doubling of the Bureau's capacity to rear and hatch fish. It means more than this because by a more widespread diversification of federal hatcheries much of that ten or twelve cents of every dollar which now goes for the distribution of fish will go back into the rearing of larger numbers of them to be distributed in waters more or less local to the hatchery.

The bill was started on its course during the winter of 1927-8 and was successful in leaping all legislative hurdles and obstacles to a passage by both the House and Senate in May. There was virtually no opposition to the measure in either house, but the hectic days at the close of the session left the bill in the hands of the President upon the day of adjournment. The bill was not signed, and its repassage in some succeeding Congress thereby became necessary.

The session just closed was so congested with matters of vaster national importance that friends of the bill were unwilling to risk it in the inevitable jam of the closing session of Congress. Accordingly, this measure, which will mean so much to the angler, has been kept under wraps, and, when in the judgment of its sponsors the time is ripe, it will again be pushed into the legislative arena. To state just what its ultimate prospects of success may be, calls for the services of a clairvoyant or seer, and I have not yet taken out a license to practice this art. However, my good friends in Washington, who occasionally

(Continued on page 63)

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Sweatin'

I like to sweat. Note I say "sweat" and not "perspire." The verb perspire is too weak and effeminate a word to express what I have in mind. I sweat. Sweating is cleansing. I can sweat a deal of meanness out of me fishing an open trout stream in July, working in my garden, or just walking. I know a lot of misanthropic folk who need to sweat.

Pan Fishes and Pan Fishing

I AM a lover of that great group of fishes known to the angling fraternity by the inept title or name—"pan fishes." Let us see what are generally included in the group. Perch, blue-gills, rock-bass, crappie, calico bass, warmouth bass, sunfish, etc. I suppose they are called pan fishes because particularly adapted to frying, though a two or three pound yellow perch is delicious baked whole. Yes, now and then perch do grow that large, but seldom. One of the handsomest strings of fish I ever saw was a baker's dozen of yellow perch fresh from the water which weighed 13½ pounds. There is as much difference between a fresh caught perch, firm-fleshed and brilliantly colored, and the stuff we get from the fish market, as there is between a new-blown rose and a withered bouquet.

The calico and crappie are beautiful fish, firm-fleshed and sweet when taken from chill, uncontaminated water. By the way, there are two species and not one, though the names are used interchangeably. Both are Pomoxis of course, the crappie, *P. annularis;* while the calico is *P. spanoides.* Similar, to the careless observer, though if you will remember that the crappie is the northern form and has 5 or 6 dorsal spines; while the calico is the southern representative, displaying 7 or 8 dorsal spines, you need never be confused. I am saying nothing of the color of these fish, and they are beautiful to a degree, as some of the vernacular names suggest, "strawberry-bass," "speckled-bass," "chinquapin-perch," etc. Their ground color is silvery-olive, mottled with dark green. To see one come slanting through the water, all fins set, is an experience indeed. One of the vernacular names, "paper-mouth," indicates why appreciative anglers love to fish for it, for unless handled "just right," it is sure to tear loose from the hook. I should add, in passing, that because of the efforts of the fish-planter the two species are found in the same waters these days. To all intents and purposes the two fish are one insofar as the angler is concerned.

The blue-gill is of course a sunfish, as are nearly all the pan fish group, though when we speak of sunfish we generally have in mind the yellow-bellied fellows and not the blue-gill, per se. The blue-gill may be quite a sizeable fish at that, 12 to 14 inches in length and attaining a weight of approximately a pound; though I hasten to add that few of that size are taken, the usual catch running much smaller. Even the careless will never confuse the blue-gill with any other pan fish, it is distinctive and wonderfully handsome; in the pan, the sweetest of the sweet, if taken from favorable water.

There are several of the yellow-breasted sunfish, "red-breasted," "scarlet," "long-eared," etc.; but insofar as the average angler is concerned, they are all sunfish, or "bream," one of the most popular names. I doubt if there is a more beautiful fish in fresh water than the bream, highly colored, Nature splashing a daub of carmine on the tip of the opercular flap just for good measure. The blues and reds are wonderfully mixed in the marking of the body, in older specimens the red of the belly becoming a sort of dirty, brick color which is not overly striking; but a medium sized fish is ravishingly beautiful, as beautiful to my notion as the golden trout of the High Sierras.

The rock bass is not striking in appearance, though there is something stable about him, for he more nearly approaches his lordship, the black bass, than does any of the pan-fishes listed. He will go to a length of a foot or more, and attains a weight of a pound or so. Not beautiful as the sunnie of fragrant memory is beautiful, even if he does sport a splash of red in his eye, in which he rivals the small-mouth. He is known not only as rock bass, but also as "red-eye," "goggle-eye," etc. The warmouth bass, sometimes "mud sunfish," "Indian Fish," etc., is often mistaken for the rock bass, though they are in no-wise alike either in appearance or habits. The rock bass prefers clear, moderately cool water where there are plenty of snags and rock; while the warmouth is a mud-loving fish and quite apt to "taste of the bottom," so to speak, though I am free to confess I do not know what the bottom tastes like.

Nearly all, yes, all, pan fishes are thought of as live-bait takers, though there is not one that can not be taken on artificial flies upon occasion. Just the same, I fail to see why it is such a moral victory to take them on counterfeit presentments rather than worms. They are all a bit partial to earth worms, though the understanding angler will find the crappie and calico preferring small minnows, shiners if you can get them. Fish deep and give them time to swallow the bait. Remember what was said about the character of their mouths, "paper-mouths," and strike accordingly. There is great sport in fishing for crappie with live minnows or grasshoppers. You can, as was intimated, take them on the surface with artificial flies, especially along towards the edge of evening, or when clouds coax them up. They put up a wonderful battle on light tackle.

When blue-gills are a bit off their feed, along towards midsummer, try black crickets. Remember what was said in our correspondence department some time ago about treating the soft crickets to a 50% embalming fluid for three or four hours before using. Hardens them most satisfactorily and renders them more durable on the hook than "hoppergrasses." Fish deep, just off the edge of weed-beds where they hang out. I am telling you that a half pound blue-gill in 15 feet of water will put up a real fight if you have wisely selected tackle suitable to its size and methods of doing battle.

Might as well stop right here and discuss tackle for pan-fish fishing, for no matter whether the angler employs fuzzy wuzzie lures, worms or insects, his tackle should be essentially the same. Let the rod be the lightest and most sensitive you can bring yourself to employ. If courting thrills, get one of those 2½-ounce split-bamboos, but let me warn you that you may break it on a blue-gill or yellow perch. A 3-ounce rod is right for the man who cares more for the fishing than he does for the fish. Remember that on a 3-ounce rod you can't "hoss 'em out by main strength and awk-

How many fond memories have all fishermen of such little docks and piers around which pan-fish make their homes!

wardness." I'll say you can't! I seldom laugh at another's disaster, but I took a friend "blue-gilling" once who made all manner of sport of my hobby, and when he smashed a light fly-rod on a three-quarter pound blue-gill, I smiled out loud. (You remember the small boy defined a laugh as a "smile that busted.")

As to the remainder of the tackle, well, the fact that I am recommending the lightest of fly rods precludes anything but synchronizing items. I like a single action reel, large enough to permit the employment of a core, so speeding up the retrieving. An automatic is too heavy for so light a rod, but where a heavier one is used, the auto-reel will be found a source of pleasure. The line should of necessity be a good enameled silk; when flying I use a double tapered, which is the refinement of punctiliousness I guess. A leader is always an advantage, especially where the water is clear, especially valuable when using insects; indispensable of course with artificial flies. I seldom use a float or bobber, unless more interested in reading "The Compleat Angler" than I am in my fishing. Just the same, a comfortable chair in a stable boat, a rod-holder and a line equipped with a bobber, and a good book do have their advantages.

In these days of strenuosity, even in fishing, it is good to turn to live-baiting for

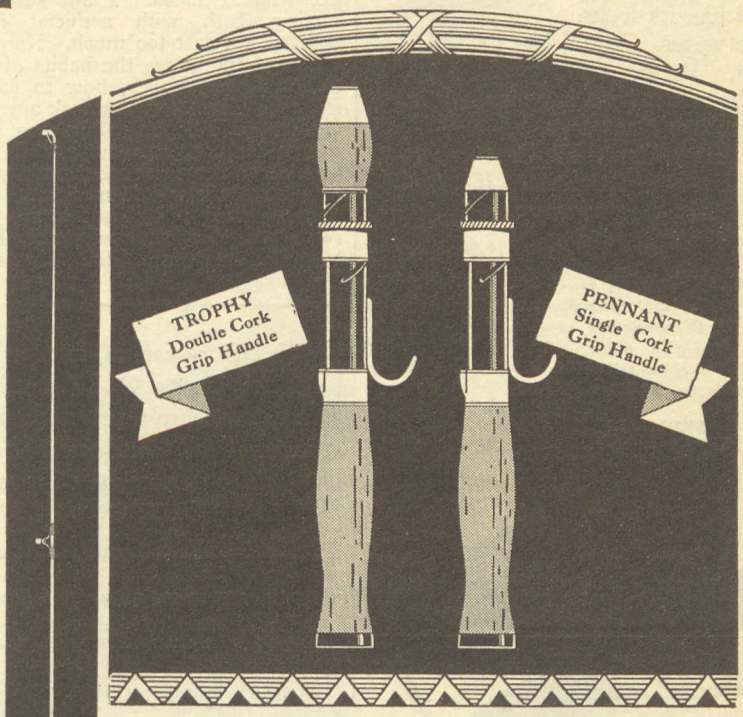
Sketch by VIC ZIMMERMAN

A two-reel drama.

the inconsequential fishes; just to fish, and dream, just to enjoy the fishing. I sometimes get out of patience with anglers, rushing here and there, casting this, that and the other thing, working their fool heads off in the name of recreation. That's one reason why I like to go alone; there is no competition. I can go my own gait. When the consequentiality of the game shuts out my surroundings, causes me to miss a bird-note or the glint of the sun on a slanting duck's wing, I am through with the game. That One who called fishermen to be his followers, said, "Seek ye first the kingdom, then things." Now, when tackle and fish conceal the real Out-o'Doors, then fish and tackle are things. I love tackle, understand, possess more than a man rightly should, yet it is not tackle, nor yet fish and fishing, which make me an angler.

Do you want to know how to catch fish?

"FISHING SATISFACTION"



Who wants to invest in a fishing trip only to return with regretful memories of a lost fish—a big one that escaped—perhaps because the reel came loose, the rod broke, or twisted and tangled the line at a critical moment?

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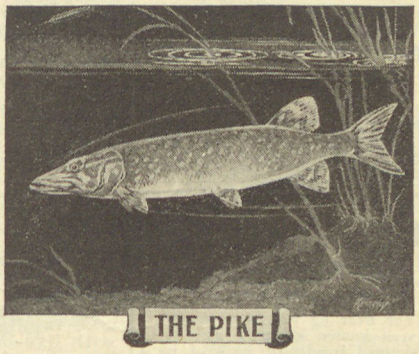

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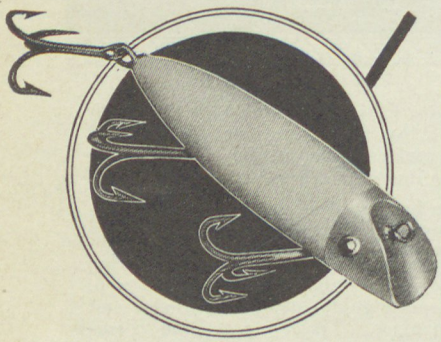

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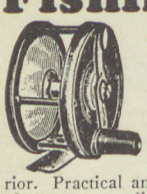

Deal Direct With the Manufacturers

For over 62 years now, this well known House has remained steadfastly back of its customer-guarantee — that the Edw. vom Hofe line of fine fishing tackle is without superior. Practical anglers ourselves, as well as manufacturers, we well know how to please the most critical-minded anglers. Today, Edw. vom Hofe tackle is accepted by anglers throughout the world as the best the market affords. No "big fellow" can play fast and free with an Edw. vom Hofe outfit!

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96 Fulton Street New York City

Sit closer and I'll give away my secret. *I don't give a hang whether I catch a fish or not.* Just because I don't, the bloody rascals usually tumble over one another to get on my hook. I think in our eagerness to catch fish we overdo the business, if you get what I mean. I am sure that, in casting, both with artificial flies and "plugs," we cast too much. Know all the tricks of the game, the habits of the particular fish you seek, how to handle rod and reel, something of a task any old hand will admit. Knowing all you can about the game, then compose your soul in patience; just show the fool fish that you are not interested in taking them, and see how they will surprise you by fighting among themselves to get at your offering. That, fellow Waltonian, is a GREAT secret.

THIS question and answer service by O. W. Smith is an exceptional privilege to the readers of Outdoor America. Take advantage of it and ASK "OUTDOOR" SMITH

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT WALL-EYES

Dear O. W.: Please give me some pointers on fishing for wall-eyes.—J. M. H., N. Y.

Sir: It is almost impossible to give you pointers on wall-eye fishing in the compass of a letter. I am working now on the MSS of a book on fishing for common fishes, which, when out, will be just what you want. The wall-eye is for the most part a lover and taker of live-bait, though he does take almost any variety of casting lure, as well as flies upon seldom occasions. Any standard minnow type of plug will be found perfectly all right. I have caught many good ones on underwater, white and red, "plugs." But it is to deep fishing with live-minnows I more frequently turn because most rewardful. A live shiner minnow is the best bait. Fish off reefs, if in a lake; below dams and incoming creeks, if in a river. Fish in water from 10 to 20 feet deep. Keep the bait in motion by lifting and lowering the tip of the rod about a foot with sharp jerks. Don't use a bobber. Give the fish time to take the bait and keep a taut line afterward.—O. W.

HE HAS THE GREAT PIKE BUG

Dear O. W.: Just read your article in one of the outdoor magazines on fishing with the spoon, and am wondering what the country in the neighborhood of Marquette, Mich., has to offer in the way of great pike? I am equipped for camping, have my own outboard motor but will have to rent a boat.—J. P., Ill.

Sir: I have your recent letter regarding great pike fishing in the vicinity of Marquette, Mich., I presume you refer to fishing in the Great Lakes. Unfortunately I have no information on file regarding that section, though I presume if you can find grass-grown bays and indentations such as are to be found along the western shore of Superior, you will find great pike. Don't think that it is necessary to hunt the shores of the great lakes for great pike fishing, for that wolf of the water is hanging out wherever there is food and shelter. Trolling is but one enjoyable method of taking him, as I point out in my book on the pike family. Personally, I enjoy fishing with live-bait on a windy day. If I were in your place I would try and get in touch with some Walton Leaguer in the vicinity of your summer-camp as to the pike possibilities up there. Sorry to be unable to give specific information.—O. W.

OF COURSE

Lady (to small boy with two dogs): "Have you licenses on both those dogs?"

Small Boy: "No'm, the little one is just full of 'em, but the big one's all right."

A LARGE ORDER

Dear O. W.: Please tell me all about the halibut, where is it taken and how? How large does it grow?—C. B. S., Wis.

Sir: Without being too scientific the halibut belongs to the flounder group of fishes, which is a large one, containing something like 55 genera and 500 species, so a general description is all one can give in short space. Members of the tribe are found in the Atlantic and Pacific as well as in the Arctic oceans. Speaking popularly the halibut is a "flat fish and swims on its side," which of course is not true. "It has an elongated, thick body, deep marsupium, and tapering markedly each way; the upper surface is covered with small dark brown scales, the under surface smooth and white. The head is broad, with both eyes on the upper side, the mouth is large. The appetite is voracious, the principle articles of food being crabs, molluscs and other fish." It is caught in nets and on hook and line. The surf-fisherman takes a good many in his casting. Some of the species grow very large, specimens having been taken weighing more than 250 pounds, though those taken by sport-anglers are not this deep-sea species. I find a record of one taken in the waters adjacent to Sweden which weighed 720 pounds. A halibut weighing 350 pounds would be 7 or 8 feet long and nearly 4 feet wide. The male is always smaller than the female. The large fish are not regarded as being as tasty as the smaller ones, a fat female of 70 or 80 pounds is said by the experts to be the most delicious.—O. W.

HE WANTS HIS FLY LINE TO FLOAT

Dear O. W.: Will you kindly advise me what line to use in surface fishing for bass, something that will not sink and drag the lure under.—W. B. B., N. J.

Sir: Perhaps I do not just sense your difficulty. The only line to use with floating lures as I see it is a dressed, enameled one, either level or tapered. The tapered line will not float any more satisfactorily than will the level, provided both are equally well enameled or water-proofed. No line can be expected to lie for any length of time upon the surface of the water, and indeed that is not necessary. If the line is properly enameled, and kept well dressed with some of the recommended dressings, or "deer's fat," you will have no difficulty. Of course if fishing dry—and few indulge in that method for bass—you will make false passes or casts in the air to dry the line thoroughly before laying the fly or bug.—O. W.

HIGHLY ICHTHYOLOGICAL

Dear O. W.: Some time ago I read that eastern brook trout did not spawn in ponds, that they had to have running water. If the above statement be true how do you explain the following: we have a pond here which contains eastern brook trout and has no inlet save a tiny stream, which is practically dry in the fall. Those fish must spawn in the lake. —N. H. J., N. H.

Sir: Your question is a rather difficult one for an ichthyologist. Would have to make a personal investigation before attempting an answer. If the lake has an outlet I presume the fish would go into the outlet to spawn, returning to the lake afterward. Trout eggs can be brought to the eyed stage quite successfully without running water, in a hatchery, though it is extremely doubtful if they would develop much beyond that point without current. Of course the fish will spawn around the shore, no running water being available, but it is exceedingly doubtful if the eggs so placed will develop successfully. It would seem to me unwise to plant such a lake with trout. Speaking of this question, the Fish Commissioner of Idaho writes:

"In investigation of a number of high lakes planted during the last four years in the Sawtooth country of Idaho, we found that brook trout were reproduced extensively in lakes with no inlets, the fish making their beds in disintegrated granite slides that had been brought down into the lakes with snow slides. You must remember that these lakes are at an elevation of about 9,000 feet and that snow is melting on the percipitous shores and percolating up through this granite gravel during the summer and fall. Such spawning beds are of course more favorable to the spring spawning varieties—rainbow and cutthroat, than

the eastern brook. . . . Be that as it may, we have plenty of evidence to show that these lakes stocked only once (four years ago) had great numbers of fingerling and yearling brook trout in them last summer."

I am not just clear regarding what the Commissioner means by "brook trout," though I suspect the spring spawning fish, rainbow and its allies. Just the same, in this case you have running water. You have admitted there is a stream entering the lake and I doubt not but that there is sufficient water in it for spawning purposes. I have seen the fish on beds so shallow that their dorsal fins were protruding from the water.—O. W.

WANTS TO TIE HIS OWN

Dear O. W.—Have just been reading "Trout Lore" and am wondering where I can secure the following books on fly-tying. "Practical Dry Fly Fishing," Gill; "Trouts of America," Harris. Also, did you get out your "Amateur Fly-Tyer's Work Bench" in book form, and if so where can I secure a copy?—L. H. W., Mich.

Sir: Your letter certainly wandered around before it found me as I have moved twice since "Trout Lore" was published, and it speaks volumes for Uncle Sam's boys that they all remembered where I live. The letter traveled from Washburn to Evansville, from Evansville to Oconomowoc. And after all the trouble they and you went to, I doubt if I can spread much salve. "Fly-Tyer's Work Bench" lies in my study right now in MSS form. Whenever I think I am about ready to submit it to a publisher, some new fact or method appears and I must needs change a chapter. I can't say when I will bring it out. The books you ask for are all out of print. Try second hand stores, if none near you write E. R. Robinson, 410 River St., Troy, N. Y. You will find "Streamcraft," a book issued since "Trout Lore" was published, about the best recent guide,—"Streamcraft," Dr. Geo. Parker Holden, D. Appleton and Co., N. Y., $3.00. You can order this and all other outdoor books from Outdoor America.—O. W.

HE'S USING A LIGHT ONE

Dear O. W.: I am fortunate in possessing a rather fine battery of rods, lately securing a splendid one 2½ oz., 7½ ft. long. I don't want to gamble in selecting a double tapered line for it, using it in dry-fly fishing. I am thinking of an H. F. H. Halford, or an I. E. I. Hardy.

What would you suggest.—W. H. M., Ohio.

Sir: It is almost impossible to say offhand what line will work best on such a rod, much depending upon the rod itself, its action, "spirit" if you please. Somehow, to me a good fly-rod is not an insentient thing, rather a "real personality," if you get what I mean. I am under the impression that you will just have to experiment before you stumble on the correct line. Off hand I would say and H. F. H. should work well. I am using on my 2½ ounce rod the line Mr. Frazer lists among his "Pioneers" as "F.," and it works splendidly. Why not write him and tell him your problem and get his suggestions, whether or not you use his lines? I know of no one in America more familiar with the question of double-tapered lines. Such a rod does not handle a dry-fly as well as a heavier one in my estimation, though I certainly enjoy the ultra light rods. I shall be glad to hear from you further concerning this matter and what line you finally settle upon.—O. W.

PAGE THE CAMP COOK

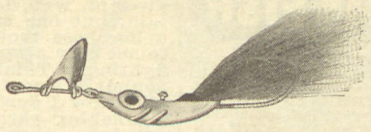
"Bill, this coffee looks like mud!"

"I don't doubt it, boss, it was ground this morning."

AN ARTICLE DID IT

Dear O. W.: First, I want to thank you for all the help and encouragement you have given me through the NOTE BOOK. Until a little over a year ago I had not even heard about going after bass, pickerel and sunnies with light fly-tackle, for I thought fly-tackle was for trout fishing only. One day, my brother, an ardent fly-fisherman, arrived, bringing with him his trout outfit and a few numbers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. While he went trout fishing I read the latter and came across an article by O. W. S. on bassing with feathered lures. Now I had quite a local reputation as a bass

Dixie Wiggler—



Dixie Wiggler $1.00. All brass, nickel-plated, or natural finish, if ordered. No. 13, weight ⅝ oz. 3/0 hook—different colored streamers.

—takes 30-lb. Musky in "civilized water!"

TAKING a thirty-pound Musky—in whatever waters, is a noteworthy achievement and one offering ample grounds for congratulation.

To get one in "civilized water"—to drag in this old gran'dad within a couple of hours of Indianapolis— is indeed something Mr. Inman may be proud of.

Mr. Inman says:—

"I tried one of the new Dixie Wigglers for the first time this afternoon.

"In Guthrie Creek, east of Bedford, Indiana, I landed the 30-pound Musky shown in the photo. It measured 46½ inches.

"You may use this letter in any way you wish, and the photo will prove the truth of my story. Some lure!"

Wm. W. Inman,
R. R. No. 1,
Bedford, Ind.

NEXT to Mr. Inman, I think I am as proud of this 30-pound Musky taken on my new Dixie Wiggler lure, as a man could be!

When I brought out the Dixie Wiggler a few months ago, I knew it was a fish-getter. I knew it because I had tried it myself—and my many angler friends had given it a thorough work-out—in all kinds of waters and weathers. But I will admit it's mighty gratifying to receive letters like Mr. Inman's, and learn how the Dixie is making good in the hands of the public. Have *you* tried it?

Real old-timers—the fellows who go out in the morning and come back with fish, not "weather reports"—will tell you that Al. Foss Pork Rind Minnows abso-tively and poso-lutely "bring home the bacon"!

Don't jeopardize the success of your trip this year by getting away without a good selection of these real, honest-to-gosh fish getters!

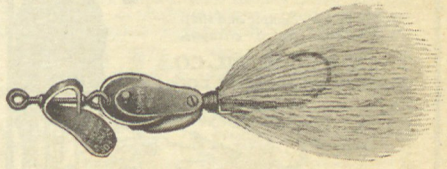
Just a word of caution: The success of the Al. Foss Pork Rind Minnows has brought forth a host of imitations by men who do not have inventive ability enough to create anything themselves, nor sportsmanship enough to prevent them from copying the ideas of others. Rebuke them by not using their products.

Letters are invited from users of our lures saying frankly your experiences in different parts of the country. This is helpful in our designing work, and in helping fellow anglers select correctly among our lures in fishing new waters.

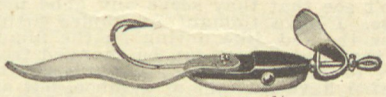
AL. FOSS

Originator, Patentee and Manufacturer of the Pork Rind Minnows

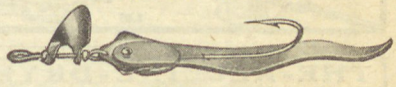
2891 East 79th Street, Cleveland, Ohio



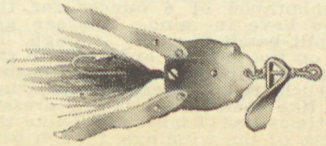
Shimmy Wiggler $1.00. ½ or ⅝ oz. Brass or nickel finish—different colored streamers.



Oriental Wiggler $1.00. ½ or ⅝ oz. Black and White, Yellow and White, or Red and White.



New Egypt Wiggler 75c. Equipped with new spinner. Weight ½ oz.



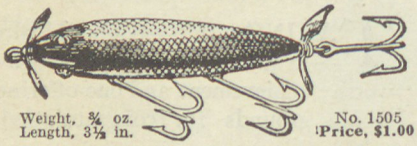
Foss Frog Wiggler $1.00. No. 12—½ oz. 1/0 hook. No. 11—¾ oz. 3/0 hook. Larger hooks if ordered. Brass or nickel finish—different colored streamers.

Jazz Wiggler 50c. ½ or ⅝ oz.

TWO GREATEST LURES FOR ALL GAME FISH

Remember—those big, old wise FISH know a thing or two! So the ordinary run of lures don't faze 'em! It takes lures that are true-to-nature in size, shape, color and NATURAL SWIMMING MOVEMENT—to tempt 'em to strike! And you can bet your last nickel that you're going to lose some big fish on your next trip if you don't take these two "prize winners" along with you! WARNING: Look out for inferior imitations! Get Genuine Creek Chub Creations and you'll get "More Fish."

The Original Injured Minnow



Weight, ¾ oz.
Length, 3½ in.
No. 1505
Price, $1.00

With slow short jerks this "Bass Getting" wonder represents an injured minnow—lying on its side—just able to make a little fuss on the surface—right up where you get all the fun—where you can see, hear and feel each strike! No other lure like it! Also made in "Silver Flash" finish No. 1518, and new luminous day and night finish No. 1521!

The Famous Pikie Minnow

Weight, ¾ oz.
Length, 4½ in.
No. 700
Price, $1.00

The greatest of all lures—for salt water or fresh! Recognized everywhere as the most deadly killer of all game fish! Even the large old educated Fish can't tell it from a live minnow! And how it gets 'em is nobody's business! Also made in "Silver Flash" finish No. 718!

Every Creek Chub Lure sold with a guarantee to be satisfactory in every respect—or money back! At your dealer's or direct! Our beautiful new colored catalogue sent FREE upon request!

If you get some good fish pictures—send 'em in! We'll make it worth your while if we can use them!

CREEK CHUB BAIT COMPANY

327 S. Randolph St. GARRETT, IND.

Manufactured in Canada by ALLCOCK, LAIGHT & WESTWOOD, TORONTO, ONT.

CREEK CHUB BAITS CATCH MORE FISH

A Good Cast

depends a great deal on a smooth running reel. Oil regularly with

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The Sportsmen's Oil for 35 years. Keeps all fishing and hunting equipment in A-1 condition. Sold everywhere.

FREE: *Sample and illustrated circulars.*

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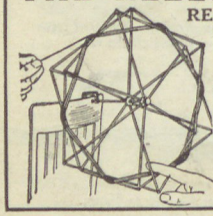
THE-REELINE-DRYER

REAL LINE PROTECTION



No more Tangled, Cut or Sunburned Fish Lines. Set your line to dry in 30 sec. away from injurious Sun and Rusty Nails. Reverses and holds 1 or 2 lines without tangles. Collapsible. Always ready and everlasting. Packs in kit like a flashlight.

ASK YOUR DEALER.
PRICE $3.00
Circular on request.

W. G. GRANT & Co., Dept. O-7
329 N. Lorel Ave., Chicago

fisherman, being a caster with the short rod; but the new idea appealed to me, and when my brother left, his outfit remained with me, and so I was inducted into the game. When I made my first attempt, well, let us draw a kindly curtain; but one evening, at my first cast, a big bass took the feathers and came to net only after 10 minutes of strenuous fighting. Think of it, he weighed 4 pounds! I can still feel the thrill of it all. Now I don't want to bore you with my fishing yarns, but I do want to let you know that I have found the "Peace that passeth all understanding" by some brook or body of water, with sketch-pad, fly-rod, and binoculars, not to catch fish but to "just fish." The best natural bait I found last summer was the 17 year locust, sections here just swarming with them. But enough for this time.—F. H., N. J.

Sir: It is the way most of us travel, something happens, we see a man fishing with flies (with me it was a lady!), or as in your case, we read an article, and we are off on the long, long trail. I don't feel in the least guilty after reading your letter. Whether one fishes with flies or live-bait, it doesn't so much matter, if he fishes in the heart of himself. I never could understand the pack-of-cards-and-pint-of-rum-fishermen. With all of God's Out-o'-Doors before them to be content to sit in a cabin or tent and play poker and guzzle and call it angling! Gosh, I just can't understand it. When on lake or stream I begrudge the hours I must spend sleeping. After all, we get from our trips only what we take with us.—O. W.

FOR SAFE-KEEPING

Dear O. W.: Will you tell me how to set about keeping minnows and angle-worms in my own back-yard so that I can be provided with bait when bait is scarce?—R. G. C., Okla.

Sir: The keeping of worms is not difficult. Secure a tight box of approximately 2x3 ft., and, say, 16 in. deep. Be sure it is without cracks. Make an opening in one end, which cover with tin or zinc in which you have punched tiny holes. Remember a worm can get through a small opening. Nail the tin over the opening. Set the box in earth on the shady side of a building, say to half of its depth. Fill with rich earth to a level of the outside earth, first putting in the bottom a good tough sod as large as your two fists. Now put in your worms. If you change the earth every two or three weeks you will need to do little feeding. Replace the sod once in a while. Throw in a pail of water when the contents get dry, but don't overwater. The screened opening is to allow superfluous water to escape. Have the box covered with a screen to keep out birds. Feed sparingly with chopped garden greens, sour milk and a few coffee grounds to give good color.

The keeping of minnows is somewhat more difficult unless you have running water, and even so, you will have to give some care. A barrel or half barrel will do. Let the water fall from a considerable height, if you do not have force, for the down-falling water will carry oxygen with it. A large stream is not necessary; a gentle trickle will do. A screened opening to let the water escape is essential. Don't over-feed. Cracker crumbs and minced liver are good. Don't let the barrel become foul, but keep it clean.—O. W.

KNOWS WHAT ROD HE WANTS

Dear O. W.: There is a rod I want, but where is it? I want a fly-rod for casting bass-bugs and spinners, and am thinking of one 9½ or even 11 or 12 feet long. What length do you suggest? I want a round rod rather than hexagonal, and I do not want any windings on it, for I can't see that they serve any good purpose. I have thought of guides fitting over the rod, like a ring on the finger, so that it, or they, can be changed from side to side. What sort of guide do you use? I have thought of bamboo, but am open to conviction.—"Bass-Bug," Mass.

Sir: I am greatly interested in your dream rod. I doubt if I would get one longer than 9½ feet, and weighing in the neighborhood of 6 ounces for the work you have in mind. You can get round split-bamboo easily enough, as they are on the market, and you can get them without windings if you so desire, though such rods appear to me "immodest," like some of the ladies' dresses we sometimes see. I must say I like the appearance of the windings, though perhaps they serve no good purpose other than ornamentation. I would think bamboo the material. As to your ring-guides doubt if they would work. I use a snake-guide, whipped on, for all fly-rods. You can procure such a rod from almost any dealer.—O. W.

WADERS VS. HIP-BOOTS

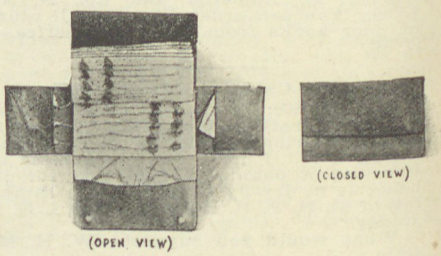
Dear O. W.: Which do you recommend for mountain stream fishing, waders or hip-boots?—J. E. A., Penn.

Sir: It is altogether impossible to give a categorical answer to your question, much depending upon the individual, more upon the character of the particular stream. Generally speaking it is better for the angler to wear some sort of "nonskid" shoes and "go in all over," but some of us can't stand the water, so wear protective covering. I would prefer the waders and wading shoes where not too much tramping is to be done, for they offer greater protection and are waterproof. Waders are sweat-boxes if one must walk a great deal, but then so are hip-boots, though the latter can be rolled down when hiking.—O. W.

ANGLER'S CABINET

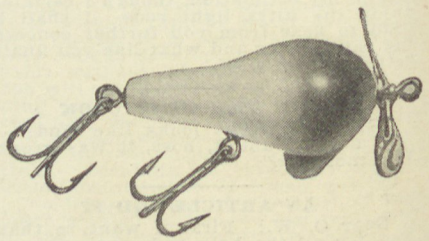
(HERE is a new departure! From time to time in this space, our angling editor will tell of the new tackle-ideas he has tried out. It will be understood, of course, that he is not recommending any particular wrinkle, merely giving his impression and findings. We think this will be of great interest and value to fishing fans. The address of the firms can be secured by writing "Outdoor America."—EDITOR.)

A WET FLY BOOK



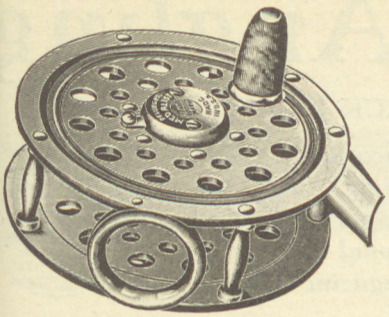
Always there are fly-books and fly-books. With the advent of dry-flies our makers have been producing books and boxes with that type in mind, giving little thought to the snelled-hook users. Here is a book which the makers tell me they have tried to discontinue once or twice, but there is such a demand for it that they have been compelled to continue the item. No wonder! It is simple, a number—10—heavy absorbent felt leaves enclosed with real leather covers. Simply hook the flies into the felt, that's all: easy to get out, but they stick. Sells at $4.00 in real leather, but there is a cheaper one, $1.00, in imitation leather.

A COMMOTION MAKING PLUG



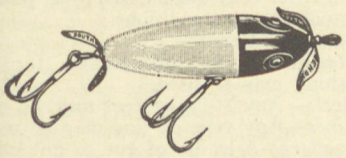
Of the making of lures there is no end. For the bass fan who desires a real commotion-making, surface bait, nothing could be more worth while than this. Understand it is a Simon pure surface kicker, not intended for deep fishing at-tall. Note the free-running spinner and the "keel" which keeps the bait from revolving and twisting the line. It sure will get 'em early in the morning when casting up against the weed-beds cause the surface-feeders to strike.

A BEAUTIFUL FLY-REEL



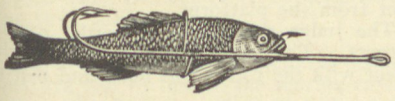
Here is a real gem, worthy the setting of your finest rod. Made of Satin Nickalum, gun metal finish, with amber handle, it is THE aristocrat. The makers claim it is the lightest reel of the same capacity on the market, comes in three sizes at that, the largest carrying 180 yds., composed of 150 yds. of 9 thread line, spliced to 30 yds. CH double tapered line for salmon fishing. The smaller sizes are ideal for trout. In an instant they take apart with all parts so constructed that nothing can be dropped. Has backplate ventilation for drying line. Comes with or without the "Diamolite" rust proof, line guard. Has a "musical click," soft tension when reeling in, high tension paying out. It sure is a beauty, and better, sturdy.

A SURE POP PLUG



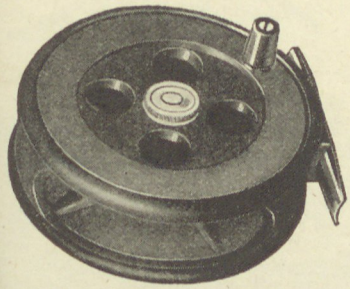
After all, nothing has been more successful than the minnow-type of lure and here we have a new one in action simulating the actions of a crippled minnow as it comes through the water. The spinners, fore and aft, add to its attractiveness, and, by the way, they make an audible buzzing as the plug is drawn through the water. Comes in various finishes and weighs but ⅝ of an ounce, just right for particular casters. This is a number for the bass fan to consider seriously.

A MINNOW HARNESS



Attention, you live-baiters! Here is a simple minnow harness which will prove its worth in fish. Minnow rides upright, is fastened between two long hooks, which protect it. The bait is not mutilated. Good for live or preserved minnows. Comes in three sizes. A find.

A NEW FLY REEL



Here is a fly-reel that's right. Made of reinforced bakelite, ebony finish, adjustable click, bronze bushed hub, ventilating spool. Large enough to handle 100 yds. of line, yet weighs only 4½ oz. A beautiful and sturdy winder for discriminating fly-men. One size and sells at $5.00.

Speed! You win with your Bull's-Eye Meisselbach

Straight-Casting Level-Wind Reel

THE straighter the cast the quicker the strike. And the bigger the fish the more eager his jump for the bait *that hits the spot he's aimed at!* That's why the Meisselbach Bull's-Eye Reel gets the "scale-busters."

Speed! On-the-dot casts, *when and where wanted.* Accuracy that saves the Big Boys unnecessary exertion, delay and annoyance. That gets you immediate attention and acceptance. Accuracy that spurs them to strike like a thunderbolt!

No other reel like it. Original genuine Meisselbach design. Nickel steel pinions and adjustable bronze bearings. Nickel silver spool flanges, low-slung seat, deep-anchored pillars, best level wind made. Choice of green, red, brown or black end plates of polished Permo. Ample 100-yard size, great strength, light weight. Free running, fine balance, genuine Meisselbach quality and guarantee. Price only $5.00.

Get yours *now*, at your dealer's. If "out of stock," please write to us. Catalog folder and price list of all famous Meisselbach Fishing Reels, with valuable "Bite Book," FREE.

The A.F. Meisselbach *Division* of The General Industries Co.
2923 Taylor Street Elyria, Ohio

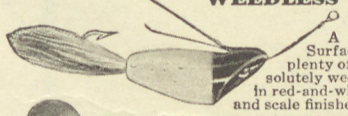
FREE! Heddon's New BAIT CHART

Tells WHAT to Use, WHEN and HOW

You'll catch more fish if you give 'em what they want when they want it. Handy chart for your tackle box tells just what bait to use on a dark day in a weedy lake, or on a bright sunny day in deep water. What to use in late summer when big ones lie in the deep holes. Get the benefit of all that the most successful fishermen have learned about fish habits. Chart is for all kinds of fish—Bass, Pike, Pickerel, Muskies, Lake Trout, etc. Send for Free copy and Heddon's 1929 Catalog today.

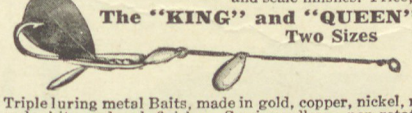
VAMP
The old reliable. Several sizes. Regular, $1; Jointed, $1.25; Babv, $1. An all-year fish getter.

WEEDLESS WIDOW



A single hook Surface Bait, with plenty of action. Absolutely weedless. Made in red-and-white, "Frog" and scale finishes. Price, $1.

The "KING" and "QUEEN"
Two Sizes



Triple luring metal Baits, made in gold, copper, nickel, red-and-white, and scale finishes. Semi-weedless—non-rotating—non-twisting. Effective with pork rind. Price, $1.00. Heddon Baits are sold by Better Dealers everywhere.

Write today for Catalog and Free Fishing Chart (26)
JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, Dept. BA 7, Dowagiac, Mich.

LIVE HELGRAMITE
FOR BLACK BASS

Shipped direct to your fishing grounds. Price $4.50 per hundred. Send money order or check with order.

GEO. O. STRONG, Willimantic, Conn.
P. O. Box 123

Speedy Relief from Mosquito, Insect Bites!

Heals Poison Ivy, too.

If you want real comfort on your outing trips this Summer—include pure cooling liquid D.D.D. in your equipment. This healing antiseptic quickly takes the sting and burn out of Summer skin troubles. Sunburn, Eczema, Rashes, Pimples, Insect bites, Poison Ivy soon yield to D.D.D. This international prescription created by Dr. D. D. Dennis penetrates the skin, soothing and calming the irritated tissues. Stops itching instantly. Clear, greaseless and stainless, dries up almost immediately. Be sure to take D.D.D. with you on your vacation trip. One bottle will prove the merits of this famous antiseptic or your money back. 35c, 60c and $1.25 Sizes. At all druggists—or send direct to—D.D.D. Laboratories—J-294 Lincoln Way. Batavia, Ill.

D.D.D. *The Healing Skin Lotion*

How to Catch Fish in 1929

Hildebrandt's Hints tells you—shows you some new baits and all the old favorites—tells you how to use them for any kind of fishing. It's one of the best books on fishing ever issued. FREE. Tell us where to send yours.

John J. Hildebrandt Co., 972 High St., Logansport, Ind.

Catch Big Ones

The fastest running spinner in the world. Low in price, unequalled for results. Plain 25c; weedless 30c. 9¼ in. long. At your dealer's or direct. Circular Free.

CHAS. H. STAPF, *Prop.*, Dept. A.

PRESCOTT SPINNER MFG. CO.
PRESCOTT — WIS.

SOME FISH

W. J. Root comes to bat with an interesting fish story from Palatka, Fla. He'd been "toting" a couple of Shannons in his kit for 3 years. He said he knew it was a weedless bait, but had classed it with other weedless baits as fishless also.

Some friends, spending the winter with him in Florida, insisted the Shannon would catch fish. He tried it—"and you should have seen the bass perform," Mr. Root writes. "You would think they were out to welcome the return of the 'Prodigal Son.'"

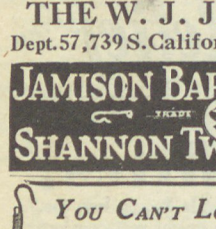
"On Feb. 17 the climax was reached. We caught 8 sizable bass. The world was looking rosy and all was going like a midsummer dream when — blooey — something connected with my Shannon and commenced to do business right away.

"The line sang through the water back and forth, in and out. I knew I had a big one. But when he broke the water to throw the bait, I thought I was looking through magnifying glasses.

"This 'baby' led me a merry chase. When it came to net he tipped the scale at 13 lbs. and 10 oz.—length 2¼ feet—girth 22 inches. Some large mouth bass!"

The Shannon Twin Spinner

(Made under J. P. Shannon Patents)



Be a lucky fisherman, too. The Shannon's a remarkable fish getter. Made with red, yellow, white, black and natural frog color feather or bucktail fly. Price each, Barbed or Barbless Hook style, 90c.

New Shannon Weedmaster

Wonderful for casting or trolling for bass, pike, pickerel or any game fish. Dressed in red, white, yellow or black feather or hair fly. Each 90c.

If your dealer cannot supply you send direct. Handsome new catalog mailed free on request.

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.

Dept. 57, 739 S. California Ave., Chicago, Ill.

JAMISON BARBLESS HOOKS

TRADE MARK

SHANNON TWIN SPINNERS

You Can't Lose the Big Ones with Seibold's

FOLDING FISH GAFF

EASY TO CARRY. Weight 9 oz. Carried on ring attached to strap over shoulder. Full length 38 in.—folded 23½ in.

EASY TO OPERATE. Hook securely locked in guarded slot till you snap it open full length. Tested to withstand over 100 lbs. parallel pull.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct

PRICE, postpaid, including carrying strap and ring . . **$3.50**

SEIBOLD & SEIBOLD

CAMP DOUGLAS, WIS.

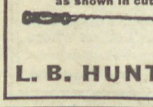
THE DRONE

With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It

Use 3 foot leader as shown in cut

L. B. HUNTINGTON 115 Hopkins Place BALTIMORE, MD.

TROUT



Big and little ones fall for Peck's Cricket. Sizes 1/0—6—8 or 10. 50 cents each.

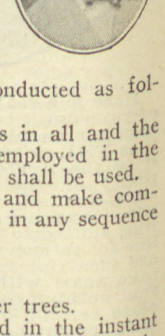
Peck's Cricket

Peck's Floating Trout Midget another winner on trout. Send $1.00 for sample Cricket and Floating Trout Midget, and descriptive list of Peck's full line of real fish getters.

E. H. PECKINPAUGH COMPANY CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE



Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

FISHERMEN'S EVENTS

By W. B. Sturgis,
President Lincoln Park Casting Club

THESE new events have been added to the regular schedule for the purpose of interesting fishermen, and prospective fishermen, in the activities of the club and to provide additional entertainment for the members. It is believed that events cast under conditions more nearly approaching those encountered in actual fishing will be welcomed, not only by those contemplating a fishing trip and who wish to try out their equipment, but also by many of the older members who wish to broaden their knowledge in other branches of the sport.

One general rule shall apply to all tackle used in these events, viz.: *The equipment must be suitable for fishing. This automatically bars the small aluminum tournament handle in the bait event.* Other special restrictions will be noted under the titles of the events to which they apply. In every case, however, the hooks must either be removed from the lures, or broken off at the bend. Inasmuch as these events are not recognized by the N. A. S. A. C. the scores will not be included with the regular tournament scores.

1. Bait event—
   Rods—Any rod suitable for bait casting may be used.
   Reels—Any type of reel suitable for fishing may be used.
   Aluminum spools and large aluminum handles permitted.
   Lines—Any line not smaller in diameter than 12 lb. test hard braided silk line may be used.
   Baits—Any recognized bait that floats when not in motion may be used. Tournament plugs are barred.

The contest shall be conducted as follows:

There shall be ten casts in all and the same system of scoring employed in the N. A. S. A. C. bait events shall be used.

The judge will require and make compulsory the following casts in any sequence he may choose—

(1) Side cast
(2) Backhand cast
(3) Cast at target under trees.

All casts must be reeled in the instant the bait touches the water. Failure to do so will be penalized five demerits.

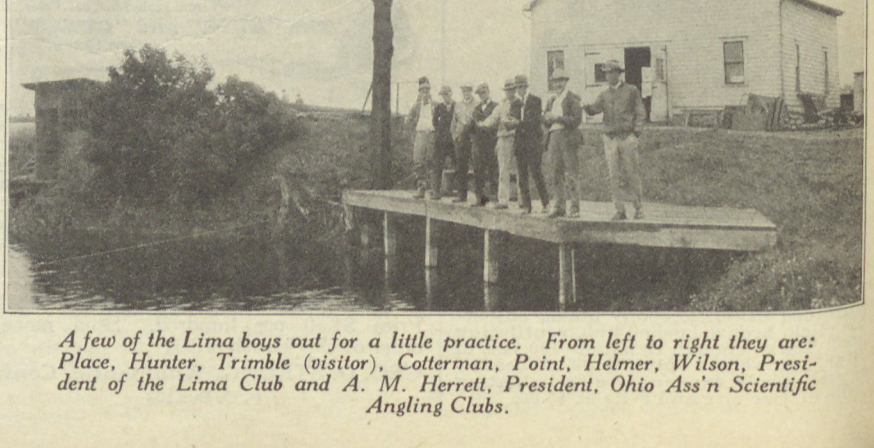
These casts shall be interspersed with ordinary casts (style unrestricted) at whatever targets the judge may select, but the judge will endeavor to have the nature of the casts conform as nearly as possible to actual fishing conditions.

2. Bass Bug Event—
   Rods—Any fly rod suitable for bass fishing may be used.
   Reels—Any style of reel may be used.
   Lines—Any type of line may be used.
   Leaders—A leader of gut, or gut substitute, not less than two feet in length, must be used.
   Lures—Any floating bass bug of regulation size may be used.

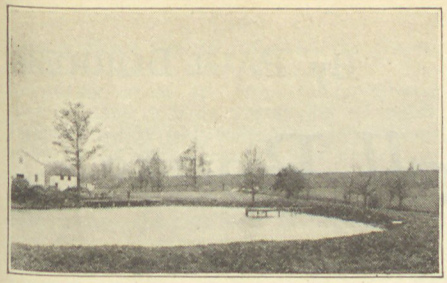
The contest shall be conducted as follows: There shall be ten casts in all, and the system of scoring employed in the N. A. S. A. C. unknown distance dry fly event shall be used subject to the following exceptions and modifications:

The targets shall consist of five rings placed at unknown distances, but the nearest shall not be nearer the platform than 25 feet, nor the farthest more than 45 feet from the platform.

The judge shall name the order of the targets. The contestant shall start the event with the rod in one hand and bug in



A few of the Lima boys out for a little practice. From left to right they are: Place, Hunter, Trimble (visitor), Cotterman, Point, Helmer, Wilson, President of the Lima Club and A. M. Herrett, President, Ohio Ass'n Scientific Angling Clubs.



A portion of the excellent pool of the Lost Creek Bait and Fly Casting Club of Lima, Ohio.

the other, and using the dry fly method, shall endeavor to extend his line and drop the bug in the first target. Thereafter, for the next four targets in proceeding from one target to another, the contestant shall be allowed no false casts between rings. The sixth to tenth casts shall be according to the dry fly method, two false casts being allowed between rings. Any additional false casts over and above the allotted number of two, shall be penalized five demerits each. A false cast required to be dry but which touches the water is counted as a tick and is penalized five demerits. The retrieve shall be made as in the unknown distance dry fly, in other words the bug must not be dragged along the surface of the water.

3. Dry Fly Trout event—

Rods—Any fly rod suitable for trout fishing may be used.

Reels—Any style of reel may be used.

Lines—Any type of line may be used.

Leaders—The leader shall be of gut not less than 6 feet in length.

Flies—Any trout fly may be used, and fly may be oiled.

The contest shall be conducted under the N. A. S. A. C. rules for the unknown distance dry fly event subject to the following exceptions and modifications:

The targets shall consist of five rings placed at unknown distances, but the nearest shall be not less than 20 feet from the platform and the farthest not more than 45 feet away.

The judge shall name the order of the targets and the ten casts shall be made in the following manner:

Two using the side cast (at target under tree if possible).

One using the overhead style.

One at the farthest ring shooting not less than five feet of line on the scoring cast.

One with the other hand (left hand for right handed people).

One curved cast curving to left.

One curved cast curving to right.

One backhand cast.

One "slack line" cast.

Roll cast (3 consecutive rolls to extend line approximately 20 feet dropping fly in designated target).

Ticks and sunken flies except in the roll cast will be scored according to the N. A. S. A. C. rules for dry fly events. A curved cast to qualify as such must curve distinctly not less than 18 inches in the direction specified where viewed from behind the caster along an imaginary line between tip of rod and fly. The caster must not move from the spot from which the cast was made until after the cast has been scored.

A "slack line" is one in which the line and leader fall in a serpentine formation on the surface of the water. In order to qualify as a "slack line" cast the total amount of slack as estimated by the judge shall not be less than two feet.

Casts required to be of the curved or slack line varieties, and failing to comply with the requirements for such shall receive a demerit of five points in addition to the regular demerits for inaccuracy, ticks and sunken flies.

These events are still tentative. If experience shows that any changes will improve these games, we are open to suggestions. Kindly address communications to: W. B. Sturgis, 2440 Lake View Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

THE OHIO STATE OPEN TOURNAMENT

All casters from any affiliated club are most welcome to this meet, the "Young National," as the Ohio men have christened it, and the best caster will win the medals and the 1929 championship of Ohio, no matter from where he comes. The events will be held at the Lost Creek Country Club just outside the town limits of Lima where fine accommodations may be engaged at the Barr Hotel.

Write to Walter Bowman, Secretary, 731 West North Avenue, Lima, Ohio, for reservations and enclose your entry.

Program was published in the June number of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

World Record Tied at National Outdoor Life Exposition, Coliseum, Chicago, May 5th to 11th, 1929

ON the evening of May 8th, Mr. Charles Zeisler, Secretary-Treasurer of the Lincoln Park Casting Club, and President of the Illinois State Tournament, barely missed breaking the World's Indoor 5/8 ounce Accuracy Casting Record of 99.9, held by Howard Chatt, A. G. Wicklund, A. J. Naugle and Sterling Moulton, when he made nine consecutive perfects, his plug coming within an inch of the seventy-five foot ring on the last cast. Mr. Zeisler, the new champion, was presented with a Telechron clock by Mr. Westbrooke, the promoter of the contest.

The second prize, a silver medal, went to Edward Davis, also of the north side club, with a score of 99.7.

The third prize, a bronze medal, went to Mr. C. D. McCarthy, a former President of the Chicago Fly Casting Club, with a score of 99.5.

On the evening of May 9th, Mr. George Babb, who converted former President Coolidge from a live bait fisherman to a scientific angler, rose before a record breaking crowd of sportsmen and told of the influence of outdoor life upon the youth of America, and the fine work which the casting clubs are doing in assisting novices in the sport of scientific angling. He received a fine ovation and then introduced Mr. C. D. McCarthy, who proceeded to explain the fine points of the Fisherman's Dry Fly Event. Mr. McCarthy demonstrated that he could put into practice what he had told his audience by winning the event with a score of 99.1.

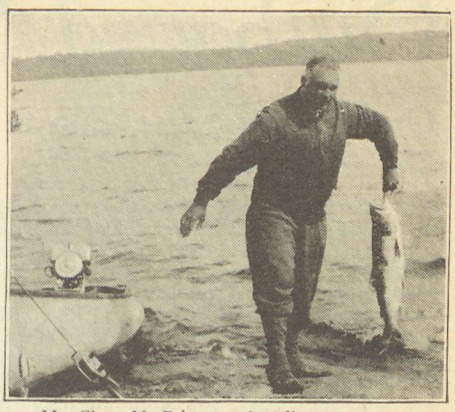
Mr. A. G. Wicklund, one of the champion Bait Casters of the Lincoln Park Casting Club, showed his skill at fly casting by winning the cast-off in a triple tie for second place. The score was 99.0, and his prize a silver medal.

Mr. Grover, Secretary-Treasurer of the Chicago Fly Club, took third prize, a bronze medal. Mr. A. MacDonald, of the Lincoln Park Casting Club, was also in the tie, but was defeated in the cast-off.

All the casters and sportsmen are greatly indebted to Mr. Milo Westbrooke, an Honorary Member of the Lincoln Park Casting Club, for his splendid coöperation with the Affiliated Clubs of Chicago, in the promotion of these events and for his stimulation of interest in God's Great Out Doors, by his artistic reproduction of the North Woods.

EDWARD J. DAVIS,
Member Lincoln Park Casting Club.

(Continued on page 52)



Mr. Chas. M. Belnap and 13-lb. Lake Trout taken on Junior Huskie Devle.

Mr. Charles M. Belnap of Battle Creek, Mich., writes:

"I am enclosing Kodak print of a thirteen-pound Lake Trout I caught in August, 1928, in Canada.

"This old baby was taken on your Junior Huskie Devle, as can be clearly seen in the picture, used with three hundred feet of braided copper wire on a Stubby pole, over a reef at a depth of one hundred feet of water.

"I have just gotten your new 'Mousidevle' lure and am eager to try it out for Wall-eyes and Smallmouth Bass. If it's as good as the Junior Huskie I'll say it's some lure."

Yours sincerely,
Charles M. Belnap.

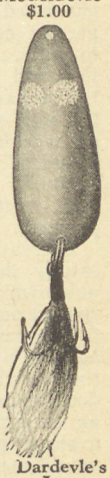
Let the Dardevles help make this a real fishing trip!

THE Junior Huskie Devle and his big brother, the Huskie Devle, are the babies for Salmon Trout, Lake Trout and Muskies. Price $1 50 for the Huskie, $1.25 for Huskie Junior.

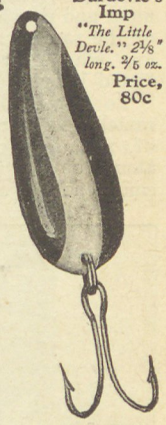
The "Mousidevle" Mr. Belnap refers to above is the latest of the Dardevle clan. A little brown mouse of a lure that combines two tried and proven luring principles. Mouse baits have always proved killers for Bass and other game fish. The eccentric shaped spoon of the unique Dardevlet pattern gives this mousy-looking bait a liveliness—a life-like, struggling motion—that is simply irresistible!

Send the coupon for complete catalog of Dardevle lures, Osprey lines, and general sporting goods of all kinds. See these lures at your dealers.

Mousidevle $1.00



Dardevle's Imp "The Little Devle." 2⅛" long. ⅜ oz. Price, 80c



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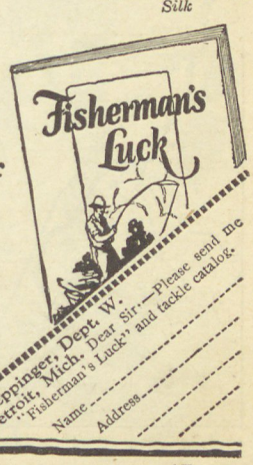


L. J. Eppinger, Dept. W.
Detroit, Mich. Dear Sir:—Please send me "Fisherman's Luck" and tackle catalog.
Name .....
Address .....

Outboard Motors and Small Boats

By PAUL BURRESS

Outboarding the Canoe Routes

THERE are types of outdoorsmen and vacation seekers to whom "ready-made" voyages or any kind of tenderfoot equipment has little appeal. To them the vacation must savor of adventure and exploration for doubtless in their veins runs the strain of historical leaders who blazed the trail and discovered countries. The thought of spending their vacation time and money on golf, cowed saddle horses, dancing pavilions and evening bridge, all garnished with reported big catches and perfect cuisine, bores the average fellow to tears. Some like this form of recreation and others have to. Of course, extremes are to be avoided in either instance, but it is safe to say that the average man or woman who has been constantly engaged at home or office will enjoy the opportunity to re-enact for a few days in their own limited way the adventures of pioneers.

Recreation to many of us permits us to satisfy the instinctive desire to seek the unknown and uncharted, to enjoy the undespoiled outdoors as it is or should be since the beginning, to go distances, make portages, campfires, beds of boughs, to employ the knowledge of woodcraft and risk our decision in hazardous predicaments. Such an outing would work hardship upon the average person and frankly, it probably would me, for I choose the modern equipment and usually get just as big a kick out of the same trip as the "hard boiled" fellow who I have found is really not so "hard boiled" away from the office.

To start a fire with wet wood and wet matches is an accomplishment to be proud of, and, if I could do it, I would carry along the compact gas stove for just such emergencies. If mosquitoes didn't bother me any more than they do Donald Hough, I'd tuck away a few yards of netting in my duffle. If I had even a stronger back and weaker mind, I would still maintain that the man or woman who is ungroomed for the task of making five thousand forceful paddle dips to the mile would be noncompos if he surrendered a light motor for the satisfaction of tiring out an untrained body on a short water trip. True, you will have more trips on the portage, but the time in portaging is out of all proportion to the time saved when in use. (See last October's issue of Outdoor America.)

Don't be afraid of being classed as a tenderfoot if you lug a kicker into the northwoods. It is being done by the "Working outdoorsman" and the Indian, because it has proved itself as practical equipment among those who know.

The Superior National Forest up in the northeastern part of Minnesota offers an excellent opportunity for such an outboard canoe trip. Information about routes and equipment for this trip may be had from the Ely Chamber of Commerce, Ely, Minnesota.

The rivers and lakes of Canada will enable the canoeist to choose just the type of trip that best suits his desire or finances. Whether he wants to do the "big stuff" requiring several weeks or prefers the less exciting trip with every night in a hotel, he can best decide for himself. If a Canadian trip is planned, write to the Canadian National Railways, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, and the National Resources Intelligence Service, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada.

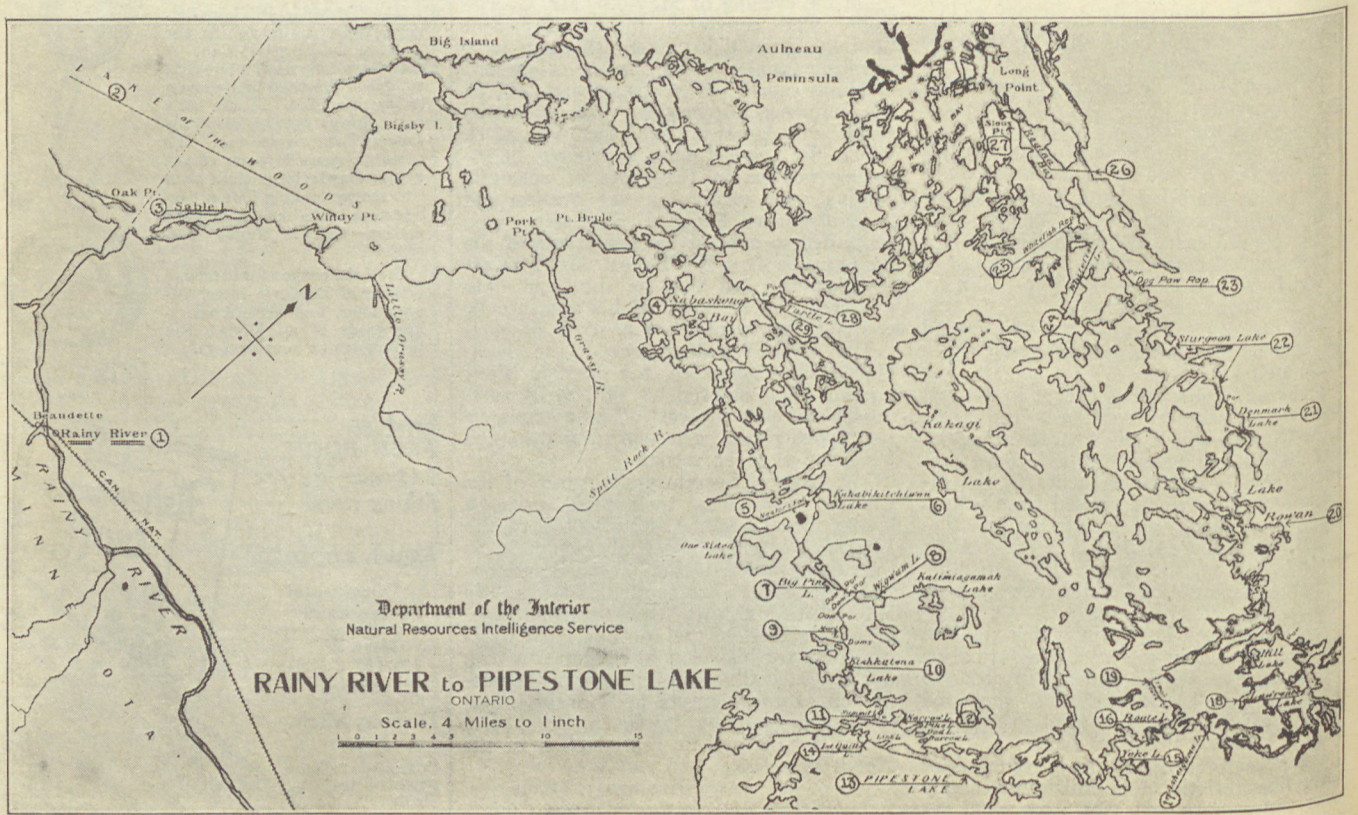
A 222 Mile Trip

IN the province of Ontario, the Rainy River and Lake of the Woods region is criss-crossed by canoe routes and one is confronted with a problem when a single route has to be chosen. Vacation periods of several years can be spent in cruising on these clear lakes and even though the trails are selected so that they do not overlap, the possibilities of routes over new lakes and streams will not have been exhausted.

From Rainy River this particular trip leads through a wilderness much the same as when the Indians and trappers threaded its course in birch bark canoes. The lakes, almost without exception, are studded with islands and the canoeist is kept on the qui vive for the correct and shortest course. As progress is made on the trip the fishing alternates from bass to trout and the huge muskellonge.

The run from Rainy River to Nestor's Falls is usually made by motor boat and there the change to canoe is made. Good outboard navigators and seamen can start with their craft at Rainy River. If necessary, guides, canoes, tents and complete camp equipment can be secured by writing to outfitters in the district. The outfitters on my list are: Calvert's Camps, George H. Green and Kendall Hanson. All may be addressed at Rainy River, Ontario, Canada. You will find them all Class A-1 fellows who know their district.

LEAVING Rainy River (1), the river is followed northwesterly for fifteen miles to the Lake of the Woods (2), where a turn to the right is made and the



Follow Paul Burress' careful instructions by this map and have the trip of your life.

eastern shore closely followed, the course being in behind Sable Island (3). The prevailing winds are from the northwest so that after leaving the shelter of Sable Island (twenty-four miles) the next thirty miles of the course being in open water may prove difficult for a canoe until the protected waters of Sabascong Bay (4) (fifty-four miles) are reached. The course then threads its way amongst many islands to Nestor's Falls (5), seventy miles. The foregoing portion of the route is usually negotiated by motor boat and at the falls one is met by guides and canoes as arranged for beforehand.

The roar of the water tumbling down the incline over the rocks accompanies one across the 250 foot portage to Kakabikitchiwan Lake (6). From this lake the course turns south along a stream on which there is a small expansion to Big Pine Lake (7), seventy-three miles, which is traversed to its eastern end where a stream leads to Wigwam Lake (8), seventy-eight miles. Just before reaching this lake two short portages within a short distance of each other have to be made around dams. The course then crosses the western end of Wigwam Lake and follows a creek southward for three-quarters of a mile to a short portage around a dam, then 1½ miles more along this creek leads to Marl Lake (9), eighty-one miles. The clear, shallow waters of this small lake are crossed, then a short stream is entered and two carries around dams are made before Kishkutena (10), eighty-three miles, or Height of Land Lake is reached. Travelling eastward along this beautiful lake with its clear water, rocky shores and green timbered islands, the next portage is reached about one mile before arriving at the eastern extremity of the lake. This portage is about one-half mile in length and rises two hundred feet to Summit Lake (11), ninety miles. A half mile paddle across this lake ends at a portage of one-quarter of a mile which descends one hundred feet to Narrow Lake (12), ninety-one miles.

The divide has now been crossed and the Rainy Lake waters take the place of those of the Lake of the Woods which have hitherto been used. A choice of two routes is open from this lake. One leads easterly along the lake to the southeastern extremity where a stream is followed to Pike Lake; a beaver dam on the stream necessitating a thirty rod portage. From Pike Lake a twenty rod portage takes on to Dad Lake, which is about one mile across and noted for its beauty. A twenty rod portage is then made to Darrow Lake where a stream leads from a bay in the southeast corner for one-half mile to a beaver dam. A portage of one quarter of a mile is then made over low land to Pipestone Lake (13), ninety-five miles.

The alternative route runs southwest on Narrow Lake to a short carry leading to First Quill Lake (14). The course cuts southeasterly across this lake to a stream leading to Link Lake. From the eastern end of Link Lake a stream is followed to Pipestone Lake (13). This lake is about twenty miles in length and on the shores of its upper part are located quarries from which the Indians secured stone for their pipes.

The course leads easterly among its islands and through the narrows to its eastern end, one hundred thirteen miles, where a portage of one-half a mile leads through an Indian village to Yoke Lake (15). The western arm of this irregular ring-like lake is followed to a portage of half a mile leading to Middle Lake, one hundred sixteen miles. A two hundred foot portage leads from its far shore to Route (16) or North Lake and waters of Lake of the Woods again.

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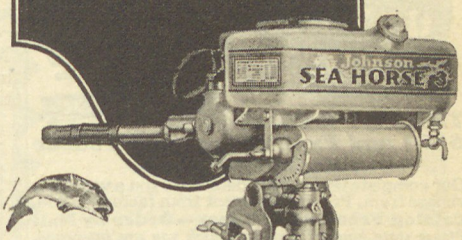

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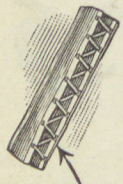

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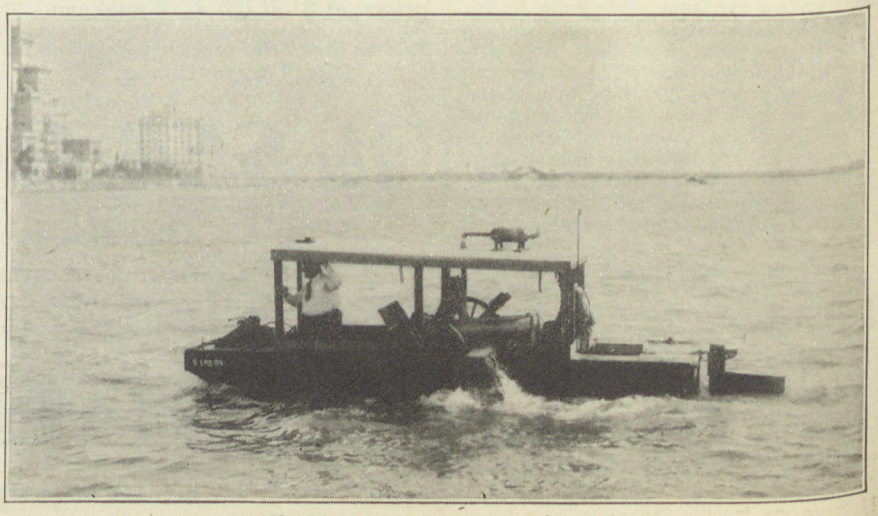
Two routes are open from Route Lake. One by way of Asheigamo Lake (17) and Lawrence Lake (18); the other by Route Creek (19) one hundred nineteen miles, which is a series of small lakes and seven dams entailing a like number of portages. Both lakes lead to Lake Rowan (20), one hundred twenty-three miles, which is about nine miles in length.

From the western end of Lake Rowan (one hundred thirty-two miles) a three hundred fifty foot portage crosses to Denmark Lake (21) which is traversed for one mile to a twenty rod portage around a dam on a creek which is then followed to Sturgeon Lake (22), one hundred thirty-four miles. A six mile paddle along Sturgeon Lake ends at the Dog Paw Rapids (23), one hundred forty miles, and these being passed, Whitefish Lake (24) extends westward for five miles to the Whitefish Rapids (25), one hundred forty-five miles, where a quarter of a mile portage leads to Regina Bay (26). The course continues westward through the Sioux Narrows and on to Sioux Point (27), one hundred fifty-three miles, where the route turns south down Whitefish Bay. Many islands are passed in the fifteen mile run to Turtle Portage (28), one hundred sixty-eight miles, which crosses the narrow neck of land that joins the Aulnea Peninsula to the mainland. Here one will find a fine camp site and bathing beach.

Turtle Lake (29) is next crossed and a small stream leads from the opposite shore to Sabascong Bay (4). From this point one may return to Nestor's Falls (5), then return to Rainy River (1), two hundred twenty-two miles, by motor boat if arrangements have been made beforehand.

Give the Drivers a Fair Shake

WITH the start of the northern racing season will come many discussions on scoring and greater effort on the part of clubs and boating organizations to get the boys entered in races. There is sufficient thrill and excitement in the game that it appeals to nearly every young owner of a fast motor and hull, and most all of the good fellows would participate if they felt that they had an equal chance to win and were able to finance the transportation of themselves and their equipment to the place of contest. There are just as good drivers



The Miami Mustang gets under way.

who stay at home as there are who take in most of the races in their district and the principal reason that there are not more entries is the cost of participating and the feeling that they do not have as fair a chance with the old system of scoring as they would if competing under the point system.

The point system would make the racing game appeal to more drivers and consequently we would all derive greater benefits from the sport. The outboard events are increasing in popularity in proportion to the lack of interest shown in the races between heavier and more sluggish boats. Racing three heats in each class and scoring by the A. P. B. A. point system would give all entries a fair shake.

The winner has the greatest total of points to his credit at the end of the three heats and this does not mean that the fastest boat always wins. If one entry is a craft that is adapted to rough water and he is unfortunate enough to find the course as smooth as a mirror, he will probably be out of luck in the first heat or until there is a little breeze. The smooth water boat has to take the same chance and should the contestants get only one shot at winning, there will be a lot of dissatisfaction, especially from the boys who really need to win in order to carry on in future events.

Another suggestion is in order at this time, and that is that there be only one race of three heats for each class with all stock motors and another free-for-all and let them use what they please. Regatta officers would do well to keep in mind that the contesting boys are put to considerable expense to make the affair a success and anything that can be done by the racing committee to help the visiting boys along will add a great impetus to this keen sport and reflect favorably on the local club and officers.

New Motor Announced

JULE MOTOR CORPORATION of Syracuse, N. Y., announce a new 4-cylinder, 4-cycle outboard motor with 2⅞ bore and 2⅞ stroke. It is equipped with hydraulic steering, oil cooler, enclosed flywheel and hydraulic starter. This motor is mounted on back of transom instead of above it, giving a lower center of gravity. The steering is through propeller housing, motor remaining stationary.

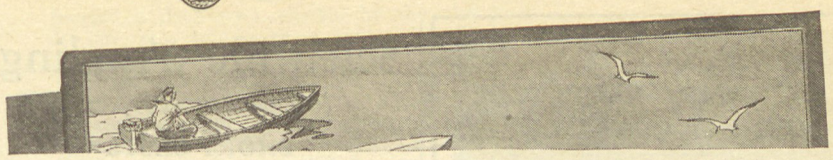
Fordson Inboard—Latest

WHETHER on a million dollar cruiser or a mechanically propelled barge, if your seat was comfortable, the Miami Beach Regatta looked the same.

Rubbing shoulders with her polished mahogany sisters, the Miami Mustang caroused around the center of the course, powered with a ninety horsepower agricultural unit and agitated with heavy duty dual propellers. The colored engineer handled his powerful craft in a most graceful manner much to the amusement of the Regatta spectators. We heard that the Captain's name is "Lafe Hoskins" who came and cruised his "Sunshine Special" clean and dry from West Palm Beach via the sand dunes to see the big meet and transact other important business.

A Low Down Race

H. G. FERGUSON won both heats of the Class C free-for-all in the "lowest down outboard race" ever run. "Fergie's" Blue Streak averaged 39.13 miles an hour in water that is six times as salty as the ocean. (Better keep him out of the fresh water, Boys.) Oh, yes, this was the lowest race, being run on Salton Sea near Coachella, California, two hundred fifty feet below sea level.



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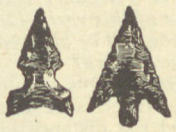

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Scientific Angling

(Continued from page 47)

SHORT CASTS

THE Illinois boys tried an unrestricted line and the new plug in the 5/8-ounce Distance on May 4th, an unfavorable day. George Chatt made an average of 290 feet with a long cast of 306 feet, far better than he has ever done in the official event, and he has won many of them. H. Chatt had a long cast of 319 feet. On the next day George averaged 302⅔, with a long cast of 315, while Howart Chatt had a long cast of 323 and Vong scored 322 feet.

President Trimble writes that the editor has the honor of sending in the first entry to the National, on April 16. It is recommended that all others follow his example, that is, in being prompt, not necessarily in his casting!

The Columbus Club has elected Harry Landenslager for President during 1929, William T. Behnen, Vice-President, and Dr. Frank McLean, Secretary. The Secretary's address is 8 East Long Street.

The Cleveland Club urges that casters make entries and hotel reservations early, as the number of rooms is limited and the overflow will be cared for at another hotel than the Sovereign. The club's slogan is: One hundred entries by July first.

Clubs will do well to try the fisherman's events described by Mr. Sturgis of the Lincoln Park Casting Club, not for the sake of adding more events but to interest the novice and improve methods of fishing.

The Illinois State Meeting will be held at Lincoln Park this year on July 4th and the following Sunday.

Correction: In the May issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA the article, "How Tournament Casting Will Help You," was credited to Mr. Carson. This is a mistake, on the part of the editor. Mr. Jerome Fridenberg, of Chicago, is the author. Mr. Carson, who is an enthusiast, often quotes this article, hence the error.

CASTERS' QUESTIONS

THE following questions have been sent to the editor and answers requested:

The answers are based on the rules, and whenever the rules do not apply an opinion is given. Anyone disagreeing with the editor's opinions is urged to write his objections.

A caster makes a cast in a distance bait event and casts all the line off his reel. He demands another cast. Should it be allowed or should the cast be scored zero?

The cast is scored as zero. If this should happen, either a caster is careless or else he is throwing far beyond the distance he expected to get.

A is leading in the all-round. B, who has entered in the all-round also, drops out after participating in some of the events. This causes a change in the place demerits, which results in A losing the lead and then the championship. Is it right that A should lose because B dropped out? If it is wrong, what is the remedy?

The rules clearly provide that only those completing all events in the all-round shall be considered contenders for the title. It is safest not to compute the standing until all events have been finished. Any attempt to figure the championship before the finish is simply an estimate.

The American Trap Shooters' Association holds its Grand American Shoot at the same place every year—Vandalia, Ohio. Would the same arrangement be desirable and satisfactory for our National Tournament? If so, why; and if not, why not?

The N. A. S. A. C. would profit in two ways by selecting a permanent casting place, for in this case the best pool and surroundings would be available, and again all casters would become familiar with casting conditions. In this case the Association could handle National Tournaments and not individual clubs.

THE 1929 NATIONAL TOURNAMENT

ALMOST every National Tournament has its outstanding good feature. One may be the entertainment; another the prize list; another the systematic and business-like manner in which the events are run off; and still another the spirit of fun, harmony, good fellowship and good sportsmanship and so on. For proper enjoyment the latter is an absolute necessity. Just how the remaining three should be placed in rank of importance is problematical. But we do know that one goes to a National Tournament with the intention and desire to give as good an account of himself as possible in all events, and unless these are handled in a systematic manner and without confusion the caster is bound to fall short of his anticipated showing.

This year the Cleveland club will put special stress on conducting the events in a manner that we hope will be pleasing to all. In order that you may know just where your place is in the lineup in each event, a blackboard containing the names will be on the casting platform, and each cast entered thereon as made. This same arrangement will also be carried out on the distance field. We will have a mimeograph machine at the club house, and shortly after each event each contestant will be handed the complete results of the event—giving not merely the total demerits, but every cast.

In addition to this, a summary sheet, similar to a bowling sheet, will carry all the names of those entered in the all-round. On this the scores will be entered after each contest, and in the upper right hand corner the demerit or place toward the all-round. It will therefore be possible for you to know just where you stand in the all-round at all times.

A similar sheet will also be provided for the four class championships.

The above, we believe, will create an added interest in the tournament.

Remember the dates—August 15, 16, 17, 18. Headquarters, Hotel Sovereign, close to the grounds. Send entries and make hotel reservation as soon as possible.

A. A. T.

New Plugs for Distance Are Ready

AT the last Annual Convention it was voted to supply newly designed 5/8 Oz. Distance Bait only. After considerable work and experiment our lamented William Stanley has given to the Association a new plug somewhat after the lines of the ½ oz. weight and much better adapted to distance casting than the one in use. This new weight is not meant for accuracy casting as it is not designed to float, but it is the official plug for distance. Secretary Leach has a supply on hand and is ready to fill orders. This new weight is slightly more expensive than the old one as more care is needed in manufacture. Write the Secretary for your supply as the first general order was limited in number.

Join a casting club and become a scientific angler.

Lo! The Patient Angler

(Continued from page 11)

he would fish and commune with nature. In the cool of the evening he would return bringing his fish in a willow basket, show them to his wife and tell her how he had caught each one. Thereupon she would complain bitterly and scold about the amount of oil and spice she was obliged to waste in cooking such little fish. She prophesied they would surely come to want if he continued to waste so much time in fishing. Job's patience stood him in good stead and he would go off to bed feeling that he had had a pretty good day after all.

One day Job was sitting in the shade of his house looking down the road when he saw a cloud of dust arise over the hill. It approached and when it was near, he saw four men coming toward him throwing dust in the air. "Oh, woe is me!" cried Job, "there be but four men in all this earth who would come upon me this beautiful day throwing dust in the air without cause. Let my wife entertain them, I go afishing."

Job fled around the house without being seen, seized his rod and made for the mountains keeping the vineyard between him and his visitors. He sought a river that flowed through a beautiful valley covered with cedar trees. When he arrived at the river, he went along its bank until he came to a great bend where it flowed around the foot of a steep cliff. Here was formed a deep pool, shaded by the cliff on one side and with a wide gravelly beach sloping to the water on the other. This was Job's favorite pool. Here he found quiet, shade and beauty. The water was clear as crystal and in its green depths he could see shadowy shapes of fish. Away over under the cliff he had seen many times the ancestor of all the fish of the rivers of Uz. He had angled for this monster in every way he knew. He had tried every kind of bait from grasshoppers to frogs, yet he had never succeeded in even moving the fish. He had spent days upon days trying, until the catching of this fish had become an obsession and the ambition of his life.

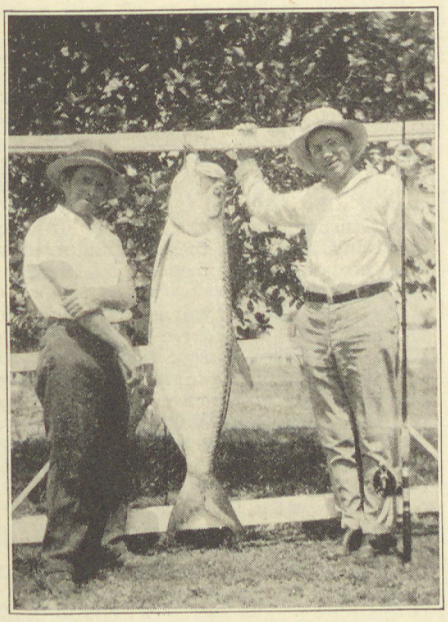
Today as Job stood resting beside the pool he could see the great fish lying like a picture against the cliff. It did not move a muscle. "By the word of the Prophet!" sighed Job, "could I but catch that monster I would go back and face that Shuhite and the rest without a quiver. But nothing availeth. I have tried everything I know but that fish seems never to eat. However, I shall not cease and someday I shall find that for which his mouth craveth." Job baited his hook with a grasshopper and cast it out into the pool as near the big fish as he could. The big one did not move but a smaller one rose up and took the bait. After a short struggle Job landed this one upon the beach. This fish was about one half of a cubit in length. Job continued to fish until he had caught several of this size. These he made into a pile on the sand. As he was about to cast, after catching the last one, he heard a squeaking noise in the grass at the edge of the beach. He put down his rod and crawled back on his hands and knees to investigate. He carefully parted the grasses and found a nest of woodmice. These had scarcely any hair and were squeaking for food. He took one of them and crept quietly back to his rod. He had just taken the grasshopper off his hook and had hooked the mouse through the skin on the back of its neck when Satan came by. Satan was dressed as a native mountaineer and Job was so busy with the mouse he did not recognize him. Satan said unto Job, "What doest thou?" Job answered him and said, "I try to draw a young Leviathan out from under yonder cliff with a hook." Then Job cast, and the mouse struck the water directly over the big fish. The mouse struggled feebly and made little waves on the surface of the water.

Then the big fish rose up under the struggling mouse, opened his huge jaws and gills, gulped it in and sank slowly back to his place under the cliff. Job was so surprised that he did not strike at once and by the time he did the fish had swallowed the mouse, hook, and part of the line. Job struck harder than he had ever struck before but did not stir the fish. The rod bent nearly double and the line became as taut as a bow string. Job held on and when the fish would not move he took the rod in his left hand and carefully reached down, picked up a beach stone and heaved it out into the pool. The stone struck the water with a splash. Then the fish started with terrific speed up and down the pool. Job followed praying it would not get into the rapids beyond the bend in the river. He knew if he could keep the fish in the pool and exert steady pressure that in time it would become tired. Then he might lead it to the beach, where, with the help of the stranger he would be able to throw it out of the water.

Satan stood and watched the struggle with a peculiar smile upon his face. The fish went from one end of the pool to the

(Continued on page 61)

The Season's First Tarpon



C. W. Mills (right), Capt. Clarence Roberts, guide (left).

For the seventh time in the last nine years, C. W. Mills of Sodus, N. Y., has been the first among tarpon-fishing enthusiasts to land a silver king. The fish, an unusually fine specimen, weighed 102 pounds and was caught off the coast of Sarasota, Fla., in the Gulf of Mexico.

It is believed to be the earliest date a tarpon was ever caught in these waters and also the largest initial silver king, the advance fish ordinarily running about 50 pounds in weight.

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3 to 45 MILES PER HOUR

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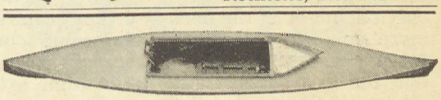

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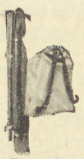

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Write for Catalog "C" and price list.

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Station B CINCINNATI, OHIO

Camping

Where When How

THIS department belongs to the readers of Outdoor America. It is your department, and it will be successful only to the extent to which it is actually put to work. It is divided into two parts. First, questions on any phase of how to camp will be answered by foremost experts in various kinds of camping. Second, every question about where or when to camp will be answered by a member of the chapter of the Izaak Walton League closest to that vicinity—first hand, expert knowledge, by resident sportsmen, is thus available to our readers. This is the best camping service in America. Please write about only one subject in a letter—either ask questions about *how* to camp, or about *when and where*. If you want to know both, write on separate sheets.

Camp Questions

To "Overnight"

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

My wife and I frequently go on short camping and fishing trips along the river only a few miles from the city.

We would like to know the least amount of necessary camping equipment we could conveniently carry that would enable us to "overnight."

Would you suggest a weatherproof sleeping bag, or a light tent and blankets?

Norman F. Hockenberry.
Dayton, Ohio.

For some years I did just the thing you are planning to do, and am glad to give you such information as I can. First of all you should have a tent. Suppose you are using a sleeping bag and wake up in the morning to find a steady rain. Where do you go? The only place where a sleeping bag, without a tent, is practical is in regions where it is too cold to rain or in places where there are long dry spells. Your tent should be large enough so that you can move around in it a bit. I would suggest 7x7 feet, and I suggest an A, or wedge tent made of waterproof duck or, better still, of what is known as balloon silk. It should have a sewed-in rope ridge.

If you feel you care to put the money into it—and nothing you can buy will give you bigger returns in genuine comfort—the first item to get is an air mattress. Some of these are now quite inexpensive. I urge that you get one. Folks who spend only one night in the open at a time require more comfort than those who camp out for a period of weeks. All campers know that the first couple of nights in camp are not conducive to good sleep They must be "acclimated" to the new conditions. So the week-end camper is always faced by a series of "first nights" and requires the utmost in comfort if he is going to enjoy the next day.

Blankets come next, and any wool blankets are good. If you don't care to use sheets—and I recommend them by all means—be sure to use a thin cotton blanket next to you, to turn over the wool ones around your neck.

Comfortable sleeping is the first requisite, and your problems further than that are simple. A small set of cooking utensils that nest together to save space (please take your wife's advice on this. She knows a lot more about it than you do, and don't you forget it), some waxed canvas bags to carry food in, and a small hatchet, will just about fit you out. The canvas food bags are for carrying the things you buy at the grocer's. There's nothing worse than paper when it starts to tear, or when it gets wet, and usually by noon of the next day you're all snarled up in breaking paper bags, pieces of string, and torn paper wrappers.

Perhaps I could give you additional information if I knew just how you were travelling: whether by canoe, automobile, or foot. Not knowing this, the above is about all I can say.

SHERWOOD HOUGH

Lots of Good Ones

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I am contemplating a trip through the northern part of Manitoba, Canada, this summer.

I have good motor camping equipment—and had in mind purchasing a good folding canoe.

That brought up the subject as to what would be the best suited for my requirements—two men and light equipment.

Not knowing anything about any of the folding canoes on the market I decided to write you, asking for your opinion as to what would be the best folding canoe to buy.

F. W. Garrison.
Strawn, Illinois.

It is impossible for us to give an opinion on the relative merits of any brands or makes of equipment. You can see that, with all of them advertising in the magazine, we could hardly recommend one above the other. And what's more, we really don't know! Most standard makes are about the same in quality. The difference lies in design, etc., and the one that is best suited to a given purpose is the "best" for that purpose.

EDITOR

Where to Camp

Minnesota

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

A party of fifteen wish to visit northern Minnesota about June 15th. Would like to know where we can obtain cabins on or near a good lake. Also would like to know if there are any trout streams in northern Minnesota.

Our preference would be near Ray, Minnesota.

Charles W. Lee.
Long Pine, Neb.

There are hundreds of lakes in northern Minnesota that offer good fishing and cabin accommodations for tourists. These resorts are of every grade or class from "de luxe" cottages with modern plumbing, to the most primitive shacks.

Brook trout are native in nearly every stream flowing into Lake Superior, but there is a wide difference in the character of the fishing. A few streams whose waters go north have been "planted" with trout and a few years ago provided excellent fishing. One of them (Isabelle River) is in Lake County, another (Kabekona River) is a few miles north of the Town of Walker. There are no trout native to the streams and lakes in the vicinity of Ray, Minnesota.

The village of Grand Marais, Minnesota, is the trading point of a number of excellent resorts that boast of both brook and lake trout fishing, as well as pike, pickerel, bass and perch.

If your party is travelling by autos, I advise you not to make advance reservations, because it is almost impossible to judge from another's description, whether the selected resort will prove satisfactory to a group of so many persons. Far better to tour a bit, listen to fellow tourists, who are returning from the various districts and camps and go to the lakes and streams that are best recommended by unprejudiced visitors.

My suggestion to you is: Go, first, to Grand Marais. The drive itself will repay your expenditure in time and money. If that region doesn't quite satisfy your scenic and piscatorial appetites, go to the vicinity of Laporte (between Walker and Bemidji). There, you are within easy reach of muskellunge, brook trout, black bass and every other fish that swims in Minnesota waters. Splendid roads to both places, so the mileage doesn't matter a great deal. The chances are you will enjoy the drives almost as much as the fishing, especially if the latter is too easy.

MURDO GIBSON

Province of Quebec

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

My wife and I want to go small mouth bass fishing somewhere in the Province of Quebec. Can you help us with some advice?

C. W. Conkey.
Detroit, Mich.

I certainly can. And you reach this paradise of anglers with a minimum of effort. By train to Ottawa, Ontario, and thence by motor over sixteen miles of excellent roads to Perkins Mills. From there

(Continued on page 57)

RESORTS CAMPS

OUTDOOR PLAYGROUNDS

THE GUIDE TO YOUR FAVORITE OUTDOOR SPORTS AND RECREATIONS

HOTELS GUIDES PROPERTY

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Bear, Lion, Deer, Turkey and other game on the beautiful "Rancho El Mesa Grande" beyond the last frontier and the 18th amendment in virgin country. Guided by Americans who know Mexico. You are absolutely safe in this part of Mexico. We have just purchased an 87,000 acre mesa where there has been no hunting for 20 years. If you want your party to be one of the first in this country, write or wire

BIRD D. CASHION
606 Moore Building
SAN ANTONIO TEXAS

DRY FLY FISHING in BRITISH COLUMBIA

Anglers may enjoy this engrossing sport in the inland streams and lakes of the province, March to November. All fishing grounds are easy of access by motor or rail. Salmon-fishing with fly or by trolling in coastal waters, early spring and at best July to October. Big game and game-birds abundant. Competent guides and outfitters at all points. Comfortable stopping-places. Some of the most sporting golf courses in the world. An ideal resort for fisherman, hunter or vacationist. All particulars from

Bureau of Provincial Information, Victoria, B.C.

YELLOW LAKE LODGE

ABOUT three hours distant from the Twin Cities, two hours from Port Cities, nestled in the center of 300 lakes and streams abounding in trout and pike, is one of the most beautiful summer resorts and playgrounds in America. Six miles from Webster, on a beautiful peninsula between Big Yellow Lake and Little Yellow Lake, at the old battlegrounds of the Sioux and Chippewas, is Yellow Lake Lodge. Accessible by bus and train. Everything to make your vacation a pleasant one. A beautiful Lodge, guest cottages, wonderful cuisine, housekeeping cottages, boating and bathing; tennis, croquet, radio and Victrola, and Golf Course. In fact, everything to make you comfortable and happy. Hunting and fishing of the best. Drop a letter or card for booklet and information to

YELLOW LAKE LODGE
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SPORTSMEN, COME OUT

Follow the lure of the dim trail to the wide open spaces about Lake Manitou and its sister lakes, where the crystal waters teem with TROUT, BASS, MUSKIES, and other game fish.

Kill your MOOSE and DEER here in the fall. FREEDOM—SPORT—REST.

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Trout, Croakers, Kings Apr. 25 to Nov. 1.

Guides, Power Boats with Cabins & Awnings. A-1 Hotel, 50 double rooms, 30 connect-baths. Sea Foods, Home Grown Vegetables, Fresh Milk, Eggs, etc. Amer. Plan, Day $3.50 & $4.00.

Channel Bass 25-58 lbs., Trout 1-10 lbs. Surf Bathing. Del-Mar-Va Stone Road or O. P. C. & N. Ex.
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Write for pamphlet which gives full information

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LAKE OF WOODS DISTRICT

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Hanson Camps are right in the heart of the Canadian Woods, yet you will be assured of accommodations of the highest order and a wonderful FISHING TRIP.

A special circular sent on request giving full information.

Kendall Hanson, Rainy River, Ontario, or
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A real place for real people

Burntside Lake is located at the edge of the great north woods within a few miles of Canada. Excellent fishing, bass, lake trout, pike and great northern pike. Large main Lodge with twenty-eight individual cabins. Electric lighted and excellent accommodations. Real meals and the best of service. Nine hole golf course. Tennis, boating, swimming, etc. Canoe trips arranged into the Border Lakes and Canada. A real place for the whole family. Airplane service available. Direct phone and telegraph connections. Reasonable rates. Write for particulars and circulars to

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COLD SPRING CAMPS

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on Fern Lake Trail offers unusual attractive vacations. New hotel-camp idea. Hiking, fishing. Very reasonable.

Forest Inn, Estes Park, Colo.

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Reg'lar Fish for Reg'lar Fellers!

These New Brunswick salmon, trout and bass are the fellows to fight! And you'll find plenty of them in New Brunswick, where you can have a fast, clear stream, or deep, quiet lake, all to yourself . . . within easy reach, and with comfortable accommodations. For guides' addresses, latest tips from our own scouts, free colored map of highways, recreational resources, and illustrated booklets of information, write:

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FOUR HUNDRED MUSKIES

over 30 lbs. each, including 52 over 40 lbs. were taken around our

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during the past two seasons. Wonderful sport for Muskies, Bass, Lake Trout, Walleyed Pike, Gt. Northern Pike, Etc., obtainable in the many hundreds of lakes tributary to our several camps located 60 to 125 miles by water from railroad. Folder on request.

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Your own log cabin and saddle horse. Native guides. Mountain lakes and streams teeming with rainbow. Home-cooked food and unparalleled climate. RADIO ACTIVE WATERS for the tired-out nerves. A community spirit of rest and happiness. Rates: **$50 WEEKLY IN ADVANCE AND NO EXTRAS.**

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TAKE A WILDERNESS CANOE TRIP

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For those who prefer a permanent location, we have the BORDER LAKES FISHING CAMP *in the heart of the best fishing country.*

Fall, 1929 KODIAK BROWN BEAR AND GRIZZLY KENAI MOOSE—CHICKALOON SHEEP—CARIBOU—GOATS **Spring, 1930**

Alaska Peninsula, Kodiak Island, Kenai Peninsula, Cook Inlet, Rainy Pass, Chickaloon, Matanuska Glacier, Chugach and Alaska Ranges.

Hunting Trips and Expeditions to Fit Any Purse

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CAMP EUCAROMA

Beautiful Lake Timagami ONTARIO

Make this year's a vacation never to be forgotten. Bring the family to the north woods. Every home comfort, wonderful fishing, hiking, canoeing, bathing. Illustrated Booklet.

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Hunt in the "Famous Jackson Hole"

Open season Sept. 15th to Dec. 1st. Bear, Moose, Elk, Sheep, Deer, Antelope. We guarantee shots at big game. Write us for information and early booking dates.

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Rose Lane Resort

Open all year. Modern hotel and cottages in a beautiful shady grove on the shore of Lake Geneva. Every convenience at moderate rates. Steamer trips, boating, bathing, fishing, golf, riding, within a few hours' trip from Chicago. Write J. Jorgensen, Prop., Williams Bay, on Lake Geneva.

Liberty Camp

A charming exclusive wildwoods camp owned and operated by Mr. Aug. C. Dittrich, Maitre of the Blackstone Hotel, Chicago. Located on Spider Lake, near Hayward, Wis. Golf, horseback riding, fishing, hunting. Moderate Prices. Write for descriptive folder and road map.

CANADA'S WILDS—NORTHERN ONTARIO

TIMAGAMI

Wabi-Kon Camp LAKE TIMAGAMI Ontario, Canada

A real North Woods **BUNGALOW CAMP** with every comfort, in the heart of **four million acres** virgin forest —**1502 lakes. Wonderful fishing.** Guides, Boats, Canoes and Launches, Bathing, Tramping. One night from Toronto or Montreal. Excellent table. **Write for booklets.**
Address W. H. WILSON. Wabi-Kon P. O., Lake Timagami, Ontario, Canada

MORE THAN 75 MUSKIES

Were taken on Wild Cat Lake last season. Wild Cat and ten other lakes are the headwaters of the Manitowish. Only resort on Lake. Number of guests limited to 30. Small log cabin plan. Rates $25.00 to $28.00 weekly. *Write for information.*

THE WILD CAT INN
Opens May 15th
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THE CARDINAL

One of the best, most attractive and completely equipped rustic log cabin resorts in upper Wisconsin. In a large, virgin forest estate bordering Trout Lake. 18-hole golf course in connection. Cottages with bath, toilets, hot and cold running water. Mr. D. E. Cardinal, The Cardinal, Woodruff, Wis.

Ideal Club Site for Sale

Suitable for angling or golf club or both. Half million trout in 25 acres of ponds covered by state permit for private hatchery. Beautiful rolling country. For particulars write Box A, OUTDOOR AMERICA, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Allan Ranch—Beyond All Roads!!

Sun River Canyon in Big Rockies

A Wonderful Fish, Game, Scenic Country. Mountain Lodge with Warm Springs Plunge. Let's go on a Pack Train Scenic, Fishing or Hunting Trip. You'll Not Find a More Delightful Place! *BOOKLET*

Ralph Allan - Augusta, Montana

Attean Camps, Jackman, Maine

A Sportsman's Paradise

Ideal for the summer vacationist. Hunting 36,000 acres, fishing in 17 trout ponds, canoeing on rivers and streams.

CABINS WITH CENTRAL DINING ROOM

Vegetables from our camp garden, three jersey cows. Cabins with baths, rates reasonable. Booklet and Map on request.

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At Trail's End

Auto Vacationist's and Fisherman's paradise. 16 Lakes to fish. Wonderful fishing. Salmon & Grey Trout. Walleyed Pike. Black Bass. New Bungalows. Dining Lodge. Tennis Court. Bathing Beaches. Canoe trips. Shore Dinners. Competent Guides. Folder. **Frederick J. Schmeler & Sons Box 51, Magnetawan, Ont., Canada**

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Clean, new cabins; apart by themselves on shores of beautiful Northland lakes. Do your own housekeeping. Ideal place for tired city folk for summer vacation. Moose, deer, bear, frequently seen right from cabin doors. No crowds; secluded; quiet. Finest bathing, boating, fishing, canoeing, hiking. Special summer rates. One night on C. P. R. sleeper, without change, from Toronto. Folder, with 24 actual photos, on request. Finest references.

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Best beds, bathing, boating, dancing, eats, fishing, log cabins. All for $3.50 a day. Rates by week. Also housekeeping cottages and camp.

NORTHERN WISCONSIN

Muskie, Bass, Pike and Pan fishes.

Golfing, boating, bathing. Cozy 2-3 and 4 room furnished cottages electric lighted. Make reservations now.

Whitman's Cottages, Phelps, Wis.

Why Not Minnesota This Year

for your vacation? Fish, golf, canoe, etc. Write for booklet. TEN THOUSAND LAKES—GREATER MINNESOTA ASSOCIATION, 1510 University Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

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130,000 OUTDOOR FOLK STUDY THESE ADS

To decide where to spend their vacation —Waltonians, the right sort of folk for your resort.

$14.00

is all that space this size in this department costs you.

(Continued from page 54)

you have about nine miles of roads not so good until you arrive at McGregor Lake.

McGregor Lake is the Open Sesame to this great fishing territory. It furnishes itself alone all the sport the most ardent angler can ask, but if he wishes to fare farther afield he can stay for weeks on end and not have time to get over the whole lay-out. A fan of 33 lakes, great and small, have been enumerated in this district and when you get through them to the Lievre River, across lakes and portages, the vast north lies before you.

Percy Hamilton has been farming on McGregor Lake for the past score of years, and he has been running a camp there for the last ten. He knows that five mile stretch of water like the back of his hand, since he is thoroughly acquainted with shoals and deeps and the holes where the big fish lurk. When Percy takes you out for a day's sport, you are going to come back with a creel-full of big ones, black bass or lake trout, according to season, and often with both. Your trip will provide many a subsequent evening with stories of fighting fish including the one that got away, which will last you until you come back again.

For they all come back. Accessibility, the certainty of good sport, the beauty of the scenery, the lure of the lakes make up an irresistible combination. Names such as Irvin S. Cobb, "Bob" Davis, F. G. Henry, Ozark Ripley, all mighty fishermen and worshippers at the shrine of Micropterus Dolomieu, more widely known as the small mouth bass, all attest the magnetic attraction of the Gatineau Valley in the province of Quebec. When you stay at Percy's camp you will see cars, at one time or another or at the same time, from nearly all the states in the Union as well as eastern Canada. They come from Florida, Texas, the New England States, the Middle West, and not one of them goes home without becoming an enthusiastic booster of these lakes.

C. N. LANE

Scenery, Game and Fish

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

Please tell me something about the Ste. Ignace Island, Ontario, Canada. Are there good camping grounds there? What are the chances of seeing wild life, scenery, and what sort of trout fishing is there in that region? How can it be reached?

Robert Cox.

St. Louis, Mo.

The best way to reach the Island of Ste. Ignace is via launch from Nipigon Camp, Nipigon, Ontario. It is a beautiful motorboat trip to the island, abounding in lovely scenery of rugged mountainous islands and the purest blue water you ever saw. The distance is about twenty-eight miles. Fine camping grounds on south side. Island is about ten miles wide and thirty miles long. Good brook trout fishing in the streams. The trout run fair size and are good fighters. Along the deep rocky shores are brook trout as large as those of the famed Nipigon river. They are called coasters.

You will see plenty of moose, deer and caribou. The best island on which to see caribou is the island south known as Floor Island. Simpson Island is also another breeding ground for woodland caribou. Ignace is a part of the Canadian government's game preserve. Fishing is allowed in season. The trout season opens June 15th and closes September 15th. There is trolling for lake trout in channels in summer or bait casting for them in the early spring or late fall.

FRED PEET

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Holds Everything!

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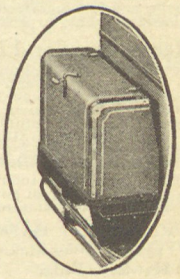

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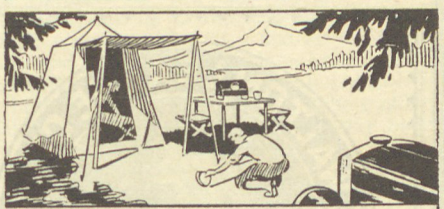

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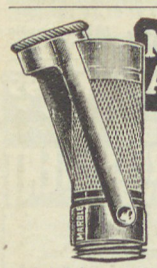

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White River, Colorado

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I am planning a six weeks' camping and fishing vacation in July and August. I wish to take in the Yellowstone National Park, but the principal thing that I wish to know is where to camp on White River, Colorado, for about two weeks. Is this the best stream in Colorado for large trout and is the month of July a good month for fishing in this river?

Clyde W. Benson, M. D.
Claremore, Oklahoma.

August would be a far better month as there is less likelihood of rains and the snow waters are about diminished at that time. White River is one of the best trout streams in Colorado—above Meeker to Buford is a good place to camp. All supplies necessary may be purchased at either of these towns, especially at Meeker.

The White River has some very large trout, both "rainbow" and "native" and I am sure you would enjoy it immensely.

Should you drive down from Yellowstone Park to Rock Springs, Wyoming, you should go from Rock Springs to Wamsutter, Wyoming, then down to Craig, Colorado, and from Craig to Meeker—a very direct route.

CLIFF WELCH,
President, Rocky Mountain Chapter,
I. W. L. A.

July in Minnesota

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

We plan to spend our vacation camping somewhere in Minnesota. When and where is the best time and place? Two years ago we took a motor trip through Minnesota, going up through Minneapolis, Duluth and as far north as Virginia, then west as far as Cass Lake, and back to Minneapolis, stopping for a short time on Mille Lac. We were very much impressed with the beauty of that country. This trip was taken during the last two weeks in June, but we found the weather almost too cold. Would July or August be more comfortable for camping and which month would be better for fishing?

We would like the name of some camp where we could have a cottage for camping near some lake where fishing is good and where we could secure boating and bathing accommodations.

Any information you may give us as to where and when to take such a vacation will be greatly appreciated.

L. E. Rutter.
Barnsdall, Oklahoma.

The month of July should be a good all-round time for a camping trip in Minnesota although I believe that I would select the first part of the month in preference. June is an uncertain month in Minnesota and of course too it must be remembered that the open season on bass does not occur in the northern zone of the state until the 21st of June. I should say off-hand that from the 20th of June to the 15th of July would be the best time for an auto and camping trip. I understand by your letter that you intend camping out.

I am quite sure that you would like the country around Akeley, Minnesota, very much indeed. Akeley lies at the head of the Crow Wing chain of lakes of which there are eleven in number. It has something like 30 lakes within a five mile radius. There are cottages here to be had with several small resorts near at hand. You could put in a month in or around Akeley (having this for your headquarters) and fish a new lake every day. Some of these lakes are scarcely fished.

Having given some little thought to the above I feel safe in passing this information on to you with the belief that you will not be dissatisfied. Should you need information about the lakes in that section of the country upon getting there I would suggest that you look up my old fishing friend, E. R. Welker, who would rather fish than eat and is the most tireless disciple of Walton that ever pounded the pads.

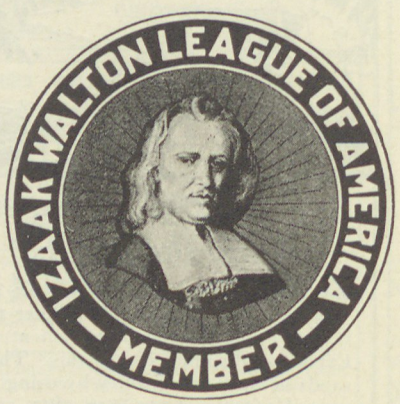
ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

Canadian Fishing

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I spend my summers near Petoskey, Michigan, and wish you would give me data on a good place to fish for trout or small mouth bass north of Sault Ste. Marie in Canada.

My idea is to take a train at the Soo and go north, possibly a day's run, provided you can recommend some good



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place to stop. Would, of course, have to have the names of some guides in that territory with whom I could make advance arrangements.

T. A. Peabody.
North Manchester, Ind.

A nice place is Massey, Ont., particularly for small mouth bass, and there are lake trout and Great Northern pike there, too. In this region it is hard to go wrong, as within ten miles of Massey there are many lakes which are easily accessible. Inland about twenty miles there are several lakes with fairly large brook trout in them. I do not recall the names of the guides, but the local Canadian Pacific agent will immediately put you in touch with some reliable ones if you write him. This region is less than a day's run from Sault Ste. Marie.

The point Thessalon is the termination of the famous Mississisauga trout fishing trip, with side fishing for other varieties of game fish. But this lower part is not productive and you have to get back in to be sure of the best results.

The way most do this trip is to put in at Biscotasing on the main line of the C. P. R., which can be reached by train. Algona Central from Sault Ste. Marie to Franz, then east C. P. R. to Biscotasing, and float down to Thessalon. You can make a fine 10 days trip that way.

One of the finest small mouth bass waters is on the route you have in mind. Route to Whitefish, Ont., then south to Lake Penage, excellent small mouth bass, lake trout, wall eyes and pike. Write H. G. Hutchinson, Bonniview Camp, Whitefish, Ont. You will like the fishing here. It is a big lake but full of islands, and not crowded by other anglers.

OZARK RIPLEY

Humanity and Birds

(Continued from page 15)

stick struck her. That boy had never been taught by the Izaak Walton League. The Boy Scouts had never enrolled him. There was no Audubon button that ever adorned his coat. Nobody had ever told him not to kill a bird, except his mother, and that was no particular argument against it.

Then he ran up to the helpless sparrow hawk; picked up the stick and struck her again and again, until no life existed. He then picked her up, and after a hasty look at the feathers, threw her down. There old Dick's mate lay by the path while day by day the ceaseless throng of human life flowed by, and nobody paid any attention to it, for it was nothing but a dead bird. Then the ants came and swarmed over her body, and the feathers went dancing before the wind, across the stubble of the rice field.

Old Dick didn't seem to miss his mate until the warm days of spring. Then out over the pine woods he flew calling and calling, giving exhibitions of that matchless flight of his, flying up to the old dead tree and down to the old nesting place. Every day for two weeks that bird sought his own. Then, yielding to despair, he ceased to call.

I have no doubt that a cheerless, mateless life closed in upon him, as we are told is often the case with birds of that group. This I do know, for three years he went through the same maneuvers and did not take another mate during that time.

Another incident. A pair of bluebirds came into our yard one day. I put a box upon a tree. They built a nest; four eggs were laid. We stood upon a settee and enjoyed looking at the eggs. One night as the

(Continued on page 63)

Helpful Hints on Auto Camping

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Tells how to get the utmost pleasure and benefit out of your trip—at the least expense.

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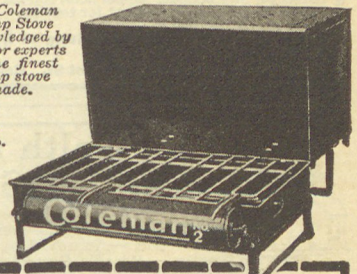

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The Coleman Lamp Co. (nearest office) Camping Dept. OM54

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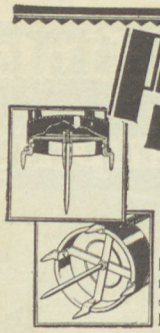

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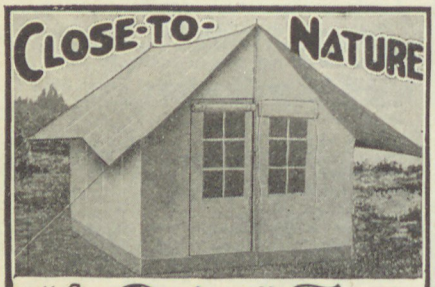

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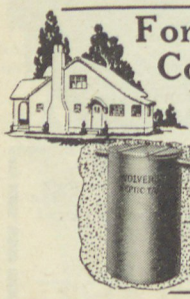

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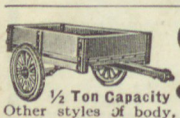

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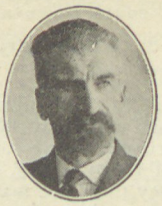

MURDO GIBSON'S LETTER *from the Wilderness*

In Camp, Lake of the Woods,
May 8th, 1929.

DEAR Waltonians:

Yesterday, after two whole weeks of northerly winds and unseasonably low temperatures, the weather changed, the sky cleared and lovely spring came, smilingly, to Lake of the Woods.

During the night, much of the ice that had blocked the little bay—in which I have been camped, alone, since October—drifted away and the remainder shifted enough to leave a continuous strip of open water to the end of the point, where my canoe was left, when navigation closed, last fall.

Right after breakfast, I hung all the bedding out on the line and then went to get the canoe. Apparently, it had suffered but little from its long exposure. However, I daubed shellac over all spots where the paint had peeled, or cracked, and had the satisfaction of proving—while paddling joyously to camp—that it was still watertight.

Yes, the trip gave me very real joy. I enjoyed the familiar feel of the paddle and the canoe's sensitive responsiveness. I felt sensitively responsive myself, and, at times, would spurt strenuously, in sheer, coltish exuberance, and then idle along, luxuriating in the manifold charms of a superlatively beautiful day.

On arising from my mid-day siesta, I took a hot bath, shaved, changed underwear and paddled to French Narrows Camps. The water was smooth as oil and the passing of five canoe loads of Indians was a most picturesque sight. They encamped for the night, about half a mile from the cottages, and, throughout the evening, we could plainly hear the shouts, shrieks and laughter of their children at play.

The local chief was with them. He remembered meeting me on a northern lake eleven years ago, and we had a pleasant chat. He told me they had to portage around or across several fields of strong ice, but expected to reach Kenora within three days. At any rate, they were in no particular hurry. There were plenty of ducks and fish. While we talked, one of his sons parted with fifty cents. Half of it went for potatoes; the rest for chocolate bars—a typical, Ojibway expenditure.

If happiness is the chief goal of our existence and the family the most important social unit, it would seem that the Indians live much more logically than do most whites. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" is their guiding motto. They endeavor to extract all possible enjoyment from the present, letting the future solve its own problems. Dissension and squabbling in the family circle is almost unknown. Commands are infrequent and disobedience exceedingly rare. Seldom have I heard them speak crossly and I never saw an Indian punish a child.

During the third week of July, those of us who are interested in Indian manners and customs will have a chance to observe them in considerable detail. As part of the entertainment to be offered the famous "Buick Pioneers" and their guests—about fifty in all—who have chosen French Narrows Camps for their 1929 outing, there are several families of local Indians who have promised to camp on a nearby island. This should give the visitors an authentic demonstration of aboriginal life, with its amusements, ceremonies and occupations. The latter will include the entire construction of a birch bark canoe—almost a lost art in this region. Professional motion-picture camera men will record the salient features for future publication and exhibition. I intend to watch the canoe makers as closely as possible.

Immediately after the chief and his son left us, Mrs. Stone announced supper. To say that I relished the change of food is a weak expression of the fact. I stuffed. The hostess apologized for the absence of butter and coffee. She had underestimated the amount of foot travel that followed cessation of vehicular traffic over the ice, and was sorely missing these "exotic" luxuries.

As it happened, I could spare enough coffee to last them until they could get to town, so, after supper, Mr. and Mrs. Stone and their adolescent helper followed me to camp.

It was a lovely evening for a boat ride. The lake was like a mill pond and, in the early twilight, the fjord-like beauty of my bay showed to perfection. The steep, timbered shores were reflected so clearly one could hardly distinguish the line between substance and shadow. All this, with the mild air and total absence of mosquitoes, seemed to me a most appropriate close to glorious and happily spent day.

Because, in this letter, I happen to enthuse over the coming of Spring, it must not be surmised I found the winter too long. I most assuredly did not. There was not a single moment of tedium. In fact, it proved too brief for the work I planned. Frankly, I didn't exert myself enough. Indulgence in the fancy of the moment caused time to pass quickly and pleasantly but it did not make for "gainful" accomplishment. I derive some consolation from the fact that I read quite a number of worth-while books, which may have a favorable influence on my future writing.

If such a thing were possible, I am more than ever convinced that the art of living alone is a valuable acquisition and might well be considered a vital part of everyone's education. Practise could begin at the age of twelve years and continue through the greater part of every holiday term, until graduation. Then, the student would be expected to spend an entire year, camping, alone, in the wilderness, living as simply and primitively as possible, and maintaining a minimum of personal contact with civilization.

The benefits to mind and body that might be expected from such training would be an excellent theme for an essay. Perhaps, I shall attempt it, after becoming established in a summer camp. Meanwhile, I hope all Waltonians may have an opportunity to spend a portion of this summer, encamped in a cool, green forest, beside clear, unpolluted water, where the horizon permits an unobstructed view of the rising and setting sun, and far from the disquieting noises of machinery, traffic, bells, buzzers and commercialized amusements.

Lo! The Patient Angler

(Continued from page 53)

other faster and faster. Job was obliged to hurry to keep up. Soon it became a race with Job on the dead run, leaping over stones and the dead fish on the beach. This kept up until he was dizzy but when he was ready to drop, the fish slowed up a bit. "Yow!" yelled Job, "he's acoming, get thou ready to help me and I will show thee the biggest fish ever caught since Noah was a child."

Job took two jumps sidewise and three backwards as the fish came toward the shore, yielding to the tremendous pressure from the rod. Just as he turned his head to make sure of his footing, Satan put out his foot, Job tripped over it and sat down on the beach stones with a crash. The rod bent double and smashed. The line broke two cubits from the end of the rod and the great fish plunged out of the pool and into the rapids with the line trailing behind him.

Job sprang to his feet foaming at the mouth and cursing horribly. He seized the rod by the broken end, swung it around his head and with a mighty blow wrapped it around Satan's neck. Before Satan could recover he smote him under the chin and felled him to the beach, then he seized him by the hair and dragged him to the pile of little fish. These he took and crammed one by one down Satan's throat. Then leaving Satan prone upon the beach spitting and spewing out dead fish Job started for home.

He burst in upon his wife and four friends like a cyclone. They looked up from their evening meal and remarked it was about time he was back. Job seized Bildad the Shuhite by the hair of his head with one hand and Eliphaz the Tamanite by the beard with the other, yanked them into the midst of the street, buffeted their heads together and dragged their faces through the dust. Zophar the Naamathite fled over the hill, beating his breast, but Elihu the Buzite expanded his chest and started to reason with Job. Job loosed his hold upon Bildad and Eliphaz and they also fled shrieking over the hills. Then he seized Elihu by the right leg and threw him away. Elihu landed in a sitting position, bounded to his feet and disappeared in a cloud of dust and was seen no more forever in the land of Uz.

Then Job turned upon his wife and yelled, "Hast thou aught to say of this?" But she fell upon his neck and kissed him and cried, "Oh, dearest Job, why hast thou not done this thing before? Verily they were the worst pests that ever disturbed the household of an honest woman. But come, thou art tired and must rest while I anoint thy feet. Then I go to prepare with oil and spices those lovely fishes you caught yesterday. They will make a savoury evening meal."

Thus it was that Job achieved peace and happiness. Satan came no more to trouble him and in the days that followed, whenever his wife thought he looked tired, or discontented she would bring his heavy sandals and say, "Please go thou and catch a basket full of those wonderful fishes. I have invited thy friends to sup with us. We shall spend a pleasant evening and thou shalt tell us how you catch your fishes."

So Job lived one hundred and forty years and died being old and full of days.

The Old Timer paused. Duncan looked at me and that rare smile of his lighted up his countenance. "Henry," he said, "look and tell us how much the river has raised."

Photo Courtesy Soo Line Railway

Crooked Lake, one of the border lakes in Minnesota

SCOUT AROUND the outpost stores on the fringe of the wilds, in any part of the country—you'll find that storekeepers who outfit men for every sort of expedition from a two months' canoe trip to a week-end of fishing, carry a tremendous stock of Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. It is a staple food with men who hunt and fish, because its sturdy, compact package is easy to handle and proof against abuse, because it is a wonderful ready-mixed recipe that requires only a little water and stirring to make the finest pancakes you ever tasted—the ideal out-door breakfast.

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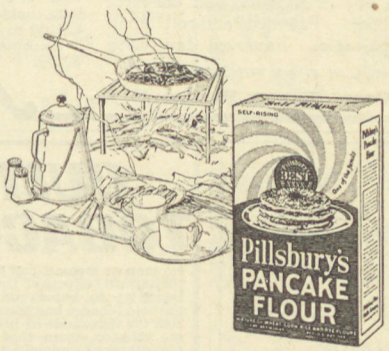

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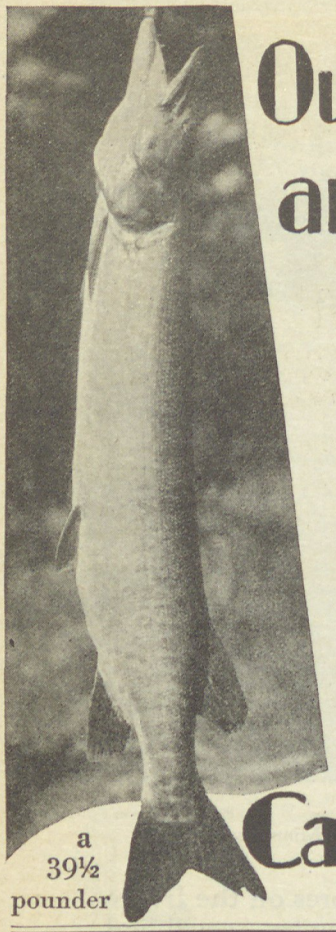

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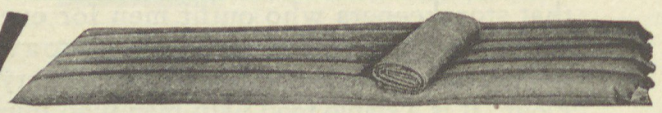

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The Sunshine Special Comes North

(Continued from page 37)

"The management find it out! This trail won't be news until along in 3500 A. D., when some of the birds who dig into ancient cities come across it."

"You mean archeologists," the superior Don explained.

We were just about to tell Don that Noah was the original arkeologist, but the tanker's wise crack froze on our lips when all of a sudden we came into an immense cavern. It was the convention hall. Away up near the roof we could make out chandeliers like they used to have in the old "House of Lords" saloon back in our home town.

"What if one of them things would bust loose?" we argued with ourselves. So we decided to get out of there before we became lost in that gigantic chamber. And the trail we had blazed stood us in good stead. It helped us to get back to camp in "1555."

When it came to finding the sportsmen's show, we didn't have nearly so much trouble. After we finally managed to mount an elevator, we'd stay on until it stopped in the basement. Of course it didn't always get that low down at first, but sooner or later it would sink to that level and we'd get off. And almost every time when we got that far we'd make the sport show. Once in a while, though, we'd land up in what they called a coffee room.

It was while we were spending our first afternoon trying to get back to our lodge in "1555" that we decided that there was only one way out for the next convention. That was to hold it in the Palm Beaches.

When the convention committee told us it was going to recommend Chicago as the next meeting place, we were desperate. We offered $10,000 cash, agreed to take the whole convention on a boat ride to the Bahamas and back, and give the delegates and visitors the time of their lives.

"If you want it, gentlemen," we pleaded, "we'll even throw you a good old Florida hurricane if that will be an added inducement."

Lord knows how we could have accomplished all of those things, especially that part which dealt with the "ten grand." But we were determined if it was humanly possible, that the next convention would be held somewhere we could find it.

We argued that if the Chicagoans got homesick we could take them out in the Everglades. A lone trip out there would sort of ease the pain of nostalgia, although being lost in the Everglades isn't a circumstance to what it is in the Stevens hotel.

Boating Notice

In answer to an inquiry in the May issue as to boating on the Missouri River, the statement was made that above Fort Benton there is a stretch of very rough water. I think you are not aware that from the Great Northern bridge at Great Falls, Montana, to the Half-breed Rapids on the Missouri is one of the finest stretches of water for boating and water sports to be found anywhere in the West. This distance is 77 miles.

Boating has developed into one of the principal recreations in this vicinity, and I know you will be interested in knowing of this stretch of boating in a region which you mentioned as very hazardous.

WM. B. FINLAY.

Great Falls, Montana.

Humanity and Birds

(Continued from page 59)

mother sat there, she must have heard a scratching on the bark outside, and a moment later two yellow eyes blazed at the entrance and a long arm reached in. The next morning her feathers were scattered over the ground.

The bluebird stayed there and cried. On the next day his notes were pitiful. My wife closed the window. She said that it made her lonesome. He kept saying, "Where is my mate? Where it my mate?" My wife said, "It makes me feel like that when you go away from home." Of course, we were newly married then.

The second day his notes were a little more cheerful, and in the morning when I looked out, on the limb there sat another female. At eleven o'clock I saw her go and look into the box. I knew what that meant. I knew she would have no use for the eggs already in the box and I threw them out. I didn't want the cat to get her, so I suspended the box from a limb by a wire. I had never seen a cat slide down a wire.

But one morning her chewed wing tips were on the ground. Then that bluebird's heart really was broken, for it was nine days before he got himself another wife, and there is something human about that.*

Fish for Everybody

(Continued from page 39)

pay visits to certain sections of nearby Maryland in search of outdoor amusement, advise me that horses with good records never carry long odds.

When the White five year fisheries bill makes its reappearance before Congress, the interest exhibited by the Izaak Walton League will, to a large extent, determine the success or failure of the bill to receive passage.

Any angler who supports this bill will be doing himself and posterity a mighty good turn.

Two years ago Mr. Hoover told you that there were ten million anglers in the country. Certainly this number has not decreased, yet during the last fiscal year but approximately fifteen thousand applications for game fish were sent to the Bureau. Many were from the same person covering different bodies of water.

Of course, there may have been some parties who were anxious to get fish, but who had doubts whether their chances of securing Government fish justified any serious effort, and there were other instances where organizations having an extensive membership consolidated all applications so that the fish could be handled by a committee. However, in any case, it appears that less than one-half of one per cent of the anglers were sufficiently interested in restocking to try their luck prying loose some fish from the Government hatcheries.

There were, of course, fully as many who obtained fish from their various state hatcheries, but it is incontestable that a pitifully small percentage of the army of anglers has interested itself in refilling the gaps it has made in the fishing population. On second thought, however, I am convinced that many professing anglers could rear in a rain barrel all the fish necessary to replace those they have taken from the streams. Nevertheless, my thesis that there remains a necessity of creating a greater interest in restocking holds true.

It is the duty of the state and Federal Government to produce more and bigger fish up to the very limit of funds and facilities. It is the province and duty of the Izaak Walton League to co-operate and aid by insisting that these funds and facilities are provided and by fostering a public interest in restocking.

Restocking does not merely consist in dumping a can of fish into the water. It involves the provision of forest cover to insure the continuity of water flow and prevent extreme temperature fluctuations. It involves the protection of our waters from the sewage of cities and the filth of factories. It involves the formulating, enactment and enforcement of laws which will give fish the benefit of the doubt. As a professional practitioner in the art of rejuvenating ailing anglers, this is my prescription for a remedy. It appears that this prescription is merely a recital of the aims and program of the Izaak Walton League. Then it can be confidently assumed that we are both on the right path.*

* *These addresses were delivered by Mr. O'Malley and Dr. Pearson at the Seventh Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League in Chicago, April 18-20, 1929.*

Bringin' 'Em in Alive

(Continued from page 20)

sad and I walked away; that beautiful wild creature of God's hills, overpowered by man. Again I declared I would turn him loose, but Old Bob took me by the arm and led me behind the corral. There lay a baby colt, dead; its little body ripped wide-open—no sign of struggle, innocent and helpless; it had been torn to pieces and left dying after the lion had had its fill of warm blood.

"Before that big beast and his mate came over the Pass, the little fawns came and browsed with my cattle in the corral," said Bob. "Now there are no more little fawns and the deer are leaving the country; be glad and rejoice my dear Lady; a lion is the worst of predatory beasts and the hardest to get and you will be doing a great service to the innocent animals of the mountains if you go out and get the rest of 'em."

The truck was loaded and all were mounted on their horses when Bob and I again returned to the cabin. The government trapper had taken charge of the lion, now raging with anger and after seeing the hobbles removed and our captive chained comfortably to a tree in Tom's back-yard, I drove to The Byrd Colonies for a much needed rest, while Lee and Verne went to work in the making of a crate to ship the lion to the St. Louis Zoo.

Early the next morning I paid a visit to the captive. Taking a panful of water to the tree, I shoved it carefully toward his nose. He was lying crouched at the end of his chain, but got up and came gracefully toward me. Sniffing around the pan he began to drink; three pans he emptied and when finished crawled toward me and rolled over on his back with his huge paws in the air, just like a big cat at play. I took a long stick and tickled his nose and wonder of all wonders, he began to purr; the ground fairly rumbled. He was plainly happy and when I left him it was with no further regrets.

The St. Louis Zoo is one of the finest in the world and the keepers are the kindest.

After all "Buena Vista" is a lucky beast.

But since he arrived at the Zoo I have pledged myself to find him a mate—so this fall I shall have another and I think more thrilling story to tell you for it is true at least in the animal world that "the female is more deadly than the male."

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CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY

Gun Rack *and* Game Fields

By ALEC MERMOD, Gun Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

More About Ammunition

IN last month's issue we started a talk on ammunition, and as the writer has been requested to carry on the subject, here's some more of it.

As far as I can learn small shot was first manufactured in England early in the fourteenth century, but instead of being spherical in shape the pellets were in the shape of a cylinder being made by rolling out thin bars of lead, and then cutting it up into small chunks.

Of course, patterns using these misshapen pellets were poor, but game was plentiful and shots were made at close range.

Records show that spherical shaped pellets were made in England along about 1460 and the process of making is practically the same as it is today—that is, the pouring of molten lead into a pan with holes in the bottom, the diameter being the same as the desired size of the finished shot. These drops of lead were caught in water. In the early days the pellets were not assorted, but taken out of the water vats just as they were dropped, the consequence being that there was always a slight variation.

But today each run of a size is gathered and passed over a sloping table with holes of the exact size. If any pellets are too large they remain on this table while those which go through are retabled, as some are smaller than the required size. Soft or drop shot is made from lead with a small percentage of antimony (less than 1%), while chilled shot contains a greater quantity of the alloy.

Chilled shot make a better pattern than the drop shot because, being harder the pellets do not lose their spherical shape as do the drop shot pellets, consequently fewer pellets fly off at a tangent. Another advantage is that the gun barrel is not so easily "leaded."

In my younger days some of the old timers would not use chilled shot, claiming that the pellets being lighter (which is true) did not fly true, being more easily affected by the wind.

And there are shooters today who insist on drop shot claiming the pellets are more deadly because they tear a ragged hole in the flesh of a bird, and these men really believe this.

And now after a hundred years comes another improvement.

One of our largest ammunition companies after experimenting for some time has placed on the market copper plated shot, the use of which gives even a better pattern than chilled shot, and has reduced the leading of gun barrels to a minimum. The process of manufacture is slow and the company is hardly able to supply the demand.

Some thirty years ago, when hand loaded shells were in demand one of the large sporting goods stores in New York, which made a specialty of hand loaded shells for pigeon shooting, advertised a special load which contained a certain number of pellets, actually counted.

An ounce and a quarter of No. 7 chilled shot contains an average of 364 pellets. Taking this as a standard the company mentioned above guaranteed that each and every one of their special hand loaded cartridges would contain that exact number of pellets.

These cartridges were packed in attractive tin containers holding one hundred, and were readily sold for five dollars.

Before the day of the breech loader, the sportsman who could afford a few luxuries carried his powder in a copper flask which was fitted with a charger graduated from 2 drams to 3½ drams so if one wished to shoot a heavier charge than 3½ drams, he must guess at the additional amount or else double up on the lighter charge.

Shot was carried in a leather pouch made in two separate compartments, and so carried on the shoulder that the containers hung under each arm.

Caps were usually carried in the original box of 100, though for a dollar and a half one could purchase a very handy round brass box fitted with a neck, out of which the caps were forced, one at a time, by a concealed spring.

The caps were placed on the tubes direct from this container without being handled separately, which was a great convenience in cold weather, for many a hunter has, time and again spilled his caps in the snow, owing to trying to cap his gun with gloved or cold fingers. I've been there myself and know what it is to hunt around in the snow for the caps and try to dry them before attempting to use them.

I could not afford a powder flask or shot pouch, so I carried my powder in a small bottle, and the shot loose in my pocket. I was quite expert in measuring out the proper amount in my hand, though sometimes when in a hurry I would get two charges in the same barrel!

We boys used newspaper for wadding unless we were lucky enough to find a hornet's nest, which we were convinced made the most desirable wadding.

Fifty years ago it seemed to be the heart's desire of every boy of my acquaintance to own a gun of some kind, but out of about thirty of my boyhood friends who seemed as keen about shooting as I was, only a half dozen stuck to it till our dreams were realized.

Of all my companions, I had the hardest time getting a gun, though my father was much better able to gratify this wish of mine than were the fathers of the others. However, he absolutely refused to buy me a shot gun, but I was not to be denied, so I sawed about eight inches from the muzzle of an old flint lock musket, a relic of the war of 1812, and while I was not at all proud of this makeshift fowling piece, it would shoot once in a while, and I killed a good many rabbits with it.

I wonder how many boys of this generation would stick it out as I did, under the same handicap.

At the present time there are as many as fifteen sizes of shot on the market, exclusive of buck shot, and there is really no reason for that many.

In my opinion we could get along with five sizes, and my selection would be sizes 9, 7½, 6, 4 and 2. Instead of five or more sizes of buck shot, I would have only one,

"To me the shooting of deer with buck shot is horrible. It is neither sporting nor humane, as many a deer gets away badly crippled to suffer for days."

Photograph courtesy Chicago Daily News.

and that loaded in 12 ga. only to be used in riot guns.

If all sizes other than those mentioned above were eliminated, the shot makers, the loading companies, the jobber and the retailer would profit by it, and the sportsman would be able to buy his ammunition cheaper, and at the same time kill just as much game.

Many of the shot sizes were brought out by accident, as a batch of metal would, for some reason, run through making the shot pellets smaller than intended, and rather than throw this back in the melting pot another size would be placed on the list, and some crank would try out this new size and if he happened to have a good day, this new size was the only thing for certain game. So by the time he passed it along to his friends, and they told some others, there was a demand created, which added many combinations for the loading companies, and in turn caused the jobber and the retailer to carry just that much extra stock.

At one time there were as many as 2,500 different shot gun loads listed by the loading companies. The jobber was obliged to list the same number, and if he wished to hold his trade with the small town dealer he would have to be burdened with an immense stock of loaded shells just because the best or most popular shooter in a certain community demanded some freak load.

This condition is responsible for so many job lots of loaded shells being placed on the market.

After laboring under these very unsatisfactory conditions for years the loading companies decided that they would reduce the number of loads, and this has been done, but they are still a long way from first base, for we still have too many.

If the five ammunition companies now doing business in the U. S. would get together and agree to a further reduction every one would be better off.

There is no good reason for shot sizes 8-7-5-3, if we have 9-7½-6-4 and 2. Size 9 is small enough for snipe and size 2 is large enough for our largest feathered game. I would add the solid ball cartridge in three gauges, and as mentioned above limit buck shot to one size and gauge.

To me the shooting of deer with buck shot is horrible, for it is neither sporting nor humane, for many a deer gets away badly crippled to suffer for days.

Long before the shot gun case loaded with a solid ball was placed on the market, I experimented with this combination with good results, though I did not have brains enough to think of cutting out the wads to seat the ball properly, so I used wax, which answered the purpose fairly well.

With this load I killed several deer at one hundred yards, and found the one-ounce ball very deadly.

Going back to shot sizes, and my reasons for the selection, number 9 is small enough for snipe, and I have found it very effective on quail and doves, though I prefer size 7½ for the latter, and this size is standard for clay target shooting.

I have always been an advocate of small shot, and while I prefer size 6 for duck, I have killed a great many ducks with 7½ and 8.

When the best live pigeon shooters were using number 7 in a 3-inch case loaded with 3½ drams of powder, I shot size 7½ in 2¾-inch case loaded with 3¼ drams of powder, and at that time I was considered one of the best live bird shots in Missouri.

I recall a trip to Southern Texas some twenty-five years ago which demonstrated to my satisfaction that the so-called proper sized shot was not so important as most shooters seemed to think.

I was shooting a 16 gauge Parker at the

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time and had a supply of shells loaded with three sizes of shot, 6's for duck and prairie chicken, 8's for quail and 9's for snipe. Two of us were in a buggy with the commissary wagon following.

My companion told me we would run into good snipe ground a few miles out from town, so I emptied a box of 9's in my pocket. Sure enough we ran into some good snipe shooting, though they were wild, and my box of shells didn't last long, so when the supply wagon came along I got out another box of 9's.

We had a big pointer with us, but he was not interested in snipe and didn't even get out of the buggy while I was shooting, but as we drove onto some high ground this pointer jumped out of the buggy, chased out on the prairie and came to a point; My friend said "that's prairie chicken" and here I was with nothing but a snipe load. I went over to the dog, flushed six chickens and grassed two without any trouble.

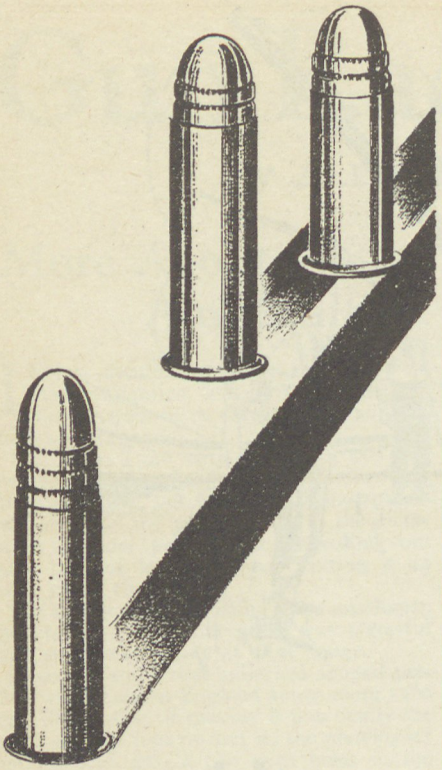
During that whole trip I seemed to always have the wrong loads, and was killing snipe and quail with 6's and duck curlew and chicken with 8's and 9's and strange to say I was bagging as much game as I would had I been shooting the proper sized shot.

All this goes to show that there is not a whole lot of importance in shot sizes.

The trap load of today, 3 drams powder, 1¼ oz. 7½ shot, causes a lot of grief both to the jobber and the dealer, but if the standard load were changed to 1⅛ oz. of shot it would simplify the situation and in the end the shooters themselves would be just as well off. Conditions are such that the dealer in a small town loses money when he attempts to supply the shells for a trap shooting tournament, for he is persuaded to stock from three to five makes of shells and two kinds of powder, and, while his jobber will allow him to return all unbroken cases, he has a lot of shells left on his hands, that he can only sell for trap shooting because the field shooter does not want 1¼ oz. of shot, but if 1⅛ oz. was the standard the dealer could get rid of the carried over stock to the quail and rabbit shooter.

One of our largest ammunition companies took a big step in the right direction when their game loads were placed on the market in boxes where the name and quantity of the powder and quantity of shot was omitted.

There are lots of us who think we could run this country better than our President can, and likewise a lot of us feel confident that we are much better able to run the ammunition business than it is being handled by the owners, but even at that there are many suggestions made by individuals which are worth considering.



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Revolver Shooting

Self Defense and Home Protection

By BOB LIMBERT

HOW often do we read of some one who has heard a noise in the night and upon getting up to investigate has been shot down by the intruder. Many, many times this need not have happened had the investigator known or taken precautions in regard to the danger he was about to encounter.

Any time you think there is an intruder in your house just make up your mind he has all the best of it in an actual encounter for he would not be there unless he expected things to happen. In this article and the several following which will be in regard to guns as relating to police departments I will probably make statements which will seem cold blooded in the extreme. I am going to caution the reader to remember that the title of this and also of the other articles in question cease to regard revolver shooting as a hobby or sport but rather consider it from the viewpoint of mortal combat. And in order to carry out my meaning it is going to be necessary to call an ace an ace and a spade a spade. It is not a subject in which tender sentiments can enter and still do it justice.

There are two implements which should be in every home in America and these are a serviceable revolver and a hand flashlight. The sneak thief, thug, gunman or gangster carries them when he invades your premises so why place yourself at a disadvantage? Is not the safety of yourself or your family of paramount importance? Which would you rather do—leave your home defenseless and lie cowering in bed while the crook ransacks your home or let him know you are ready for him at any stage of the game? Believe me, if it is known around your community that you are handy with a gun and possessed of sufficient (may I say it?) "guts" to use it, sneak thieving will stop immediately as far as you are concerned. I know this to be an actual fact because I have tried it out.

Several years ago I happened to live in a section where there was a lot of night prowling and housebreaking going on and the place where I lived was singularly free. It was just as well too, for the possible intruder, because just in front of the tool bench I had cut a hole in the floor and placed a number six bear trap underneath. Covering the hole was a piece of newspaper with a number of dirty foot prints on it. That was the only time I ever set a man trap!

Should you be compelled to investigate a suspicious noise don't do it in white night garments. Slip on something black that will not show up in the darkness. Don't wear shoes or slippers that betray your presence by the sound or creaking of footsteps. Take it slow and easy. Carry your gun slanting forward at an angle of about 45 degrees with your elbow close to your hips. You can drop your gun and fire it when held in this position quicker than you can in any other way. First of all make a mental check on all your family so that you are on the safe side. Try to get in range of several windows so that you can locate anybody who might cross between you and the lighted area outside.

Should you accidentally find yourself in a darkened room with a possible antagonist just remember he is probably worse scared than you are and that as long as you remain quiet and still you have all the best of it. He will eventually have to move and you don't. Get your back against the wall

in a corner if possible and crouch down. If you are certain there is some one there toss your watch, your knife, a coin, or anything else you may have towards some other dark corner of the room to divert his attention. I know it sounds like the melodrama of some novel but it's practical just the same.

Don't ever under any circumstances come down a stairway or a hallway with a lighted match in one hand and a gun in the other. You would only be inviting assassination. A lot of people never lock their doors because they seem to think they were born under a lucky star and will not be bothered. About all I can say to offset this argument is "so did the fellow you read about, too." There is always a first time for all of us. It's the people with this foolish blind confidence which the porch climber, the prowler, sneak thief and burglar glory in. A man with that twisted mentality who makes crime a profession is not going to poke his head into a place where he thinks anybody is ready for him. Not he; his delight are the people with the blind belief that they are the lucky ones.

Here is something else. If you have ever tried it you will have found that shooting in the dark is a far different proposition from target shooting in the light under ideal conditions. An old time duelist had a story about a man who wanted to show off by snipping the stems of wine glasses at a few yards distance until one day an older man reminded him the glasses were not shooting back. If you get into trouble don't be too proud to throw yourself on the ground or to crouch behind any protection you can find. Not a live coward but a live sensible is a lot better than a dead hero.

If you leave women folks at home caution them if they see or surmise there is an intruder that they are not to go after him but to stick the gun out the window and shoot once or twice and then if they get a chance, to attempt to pot the prowler as he runs away. Caution them also about going boldly into a room and turning a light switch.

In driving in your car if you are stopped or see that you are going to be stopped slip your gun near where you can get at it. About the best way to carry a gun in your auto is to have the holster fastened onto the rod below your steering wheel. A side pocket is not so good as many think it is because first it is on the left hand side of the driver and second if the door is opened it pulls the gun away from you and you cannot reach it. Just remember that when trouble comes it comes quick and there is no time to do things just as you would like to do them. In the several articles which are to follow dealing with police work I am going to illustrate several body twists and disarming stunts which are well to know but really foolish to attempt unless you have practiced them. Just remember an expert in any line can do a lot of things a tyro cannot. There is a lot of stuff you see in print which is all right to write about but which is foolhardy to attempt unless you know exactly what and how you should do it. Just remember reading something does not make you proficient by any means —it is continual practice—practice—practice.

Even at that I do a lot of things in an exhibition shoot where I know the guns are empty that I would not dare to try if loaded unless conditions were exactly to my liking. Any time anybody sticks a cocked and loaded gun against my ribs I am going to shut my eyes because I don't even want to look at it and then I am going to raise my hands in the air and let them take everything I have on me even—"the key to my cellar."

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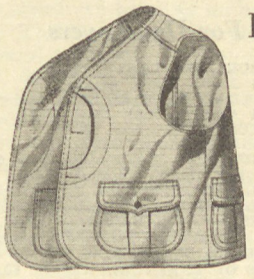

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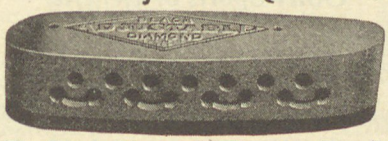

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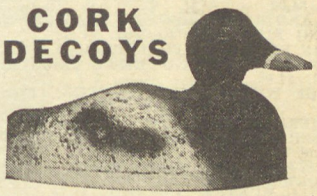

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

MODERN ATHLETICS, *by G. M. Butler, 152 pages, The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, $4.00. Orders taken by* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

SLOW-MOTION movies look like a dream. They make the most violent action seem as if it were performed by a lazy man in his sleep. Moreover, they not only make difficult feats look easy to do but also make it easy to see how difficult feats are done. This fact is the basis for one of the most valuable features of a book on hurdling, high jumping, long jumping, putting the weight and, especially, running and track tactics that bristle with good points like an irate porcupine: G. M. Butler's *Modern Athletics*. For this book is profusely illustrated with what the author quite Britishly calls, "excerpts from slow-motion cinematograph films."

"My chief object in writing this book," states the author, "is to provide for schoolboys, who are keen to make the most of their training, a means whereby they can get hold of the main principles of modern methods in each event." Though the text seems in places entirely too difficult reading for any schoolboy we've ever met and in others reveals a Made-in-England label, the author has achieved his purpose on the whole with admirable success, providing a book which should prove indispensable to all who are actively interested in track events. It *shows* as well as tells *just how*.

R. C.

BOY SCOUTS ON THE GREEN MOUNTAIN TRAIL, *by Walter Prichard Eaton. 317 pages, illustrated. Published by W. A. Wilde Company. Price, $1.75. Sold through* OUTDOOR AMERICA'S *Book Department.*

IN her snow-white, slush-soft life wee Elsie perpetrated one crime it is hard to forgive her: she mothered the juvenile series. "The Nobodyhome Boys at Home," "The Hoozwhoo Girls Up in the Air" followed by "The Hoozwhoo Girls All at Sea," you know the sort of thing! But there is one series that differs from the others, and by its sanity, realism and cover-to-cover interest justifies the existence of its genus. A new title in this series is always good cause for loud hurrahs by boys the country over. So three cheers for the latest Boy Scout story by Walter Prichard Eaton.

Seriously, all outdoor enthusiasts owe a real debt to Eaton, not only for the many charming books on the out-o'-doors which he has contributed to adult literature, but also for his books for boys which inspire in them a genuine love for nature and natural life. But don't get the notion that he ever commits anything so dreary as inspire-'em-'n'-improve-'em books! He is too good a naturalist not to know the minds and ways of that most puzzling of young animals, man-cubs. He knows that boys resent having anything put over on them. So even though his stories do help make bigger and better boys, they are always rattling good yarns chockfull of peppy action and suspense.

Getting lost in the woods, catching deer poachers, helping rescue the victims of a flood, treeing a porcupine and cutting a trail are among the fascinating adventures which befall the Boy Scouts in "Boy Scouts on the Green Mountain Trail, a Story of the Long Trail," and make it a story sure to engross not only the boys who read it but also any dad who is fortunate enough to be called on to read it aloud.

R. C.

BIRDS OF NEW MEXICO, *by Florence Merriam Bailey, author of "Handbook of Birds of the Western United States"—807 pages, beautifully illustrated with full-color paintings and black-and-white drawings by Louis Agassiz Fuertes and Major Allan Brooks. Published by the New Mexico Department of Game and Fish, Santa Fe, New Mexico. Price, $5.00 in buckram; $10.00 in de luxe binding.*

VERY few states can boast an authentic bird book. This is a most exceptional volume in several respects. Its history is most unusual, including notes concerning the southwestern birds made by Coronado almost 400 years ago.

This volume actually had its beginning in 1889, when Vernon Bailey, field naturalist of the U. S. Biological Survey, began making observations and collections in New Mexico. Beginning in 1903, Mr. Bailey was detailed to make a biological survey of that state, and he with Mrs. Bailey and others devoted several field seasons to the work of collecting specimens and notes on the birds and other wild life of the state.

Later Wells W. Cooke was detailed to bring together for publication all available data on the bird life of New Mexico, which task when nearing completion was interrupted by the death of Professor Cooke.

For some time the work remained unfinished. Then Mrs. Bailey, whose extensive authoritative publications on western birds included important original contributions on the birds of New Mexico, was asked by Dr. E. W. Nelson, then Chief of the Biological Survey, to bring the report to date. The scope was materially enlarged, and the resulting book, characterized by Paul G. Redington, the present Chief of the Survey, "the first comprehensive report on the bird life of the southwest," is the result.

The unavoidable delays did not hurt the book in the least. To the contrary it was enriched, ripened and mellowed by the passing years; its contents clearly show the guiding hand of several masters.

Florence Merriam Bailey has a charming science of her own compounded of painstaking ornithology plus joy in the outdoors. Her ability and accomplishments as an ornithologist are so well known that further elaboration would be superfluous.

The art work is exceptional. The volume is splendidly illustrated with plates in full colors and black-and-white drawings by Major Allan Brooks, recognized as the outstanding bird artist in North America today. Many of the plates and text figures were made by the late Louis Agassiz Fuertes, the greatest bird artist of all time.

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Your Dog And Mine

By OZARK RIPLEY *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

Exercising Judgment

THERE is no doubt that the modern pointer or setter has a right to be classed as a specialist in the line of his particular endeavors, but, like all specialists, he must be developed and trained according to certain valuable routines. Due regard must be given, the same as with humans, to the fact that the temperament of man and master is an important factor. The man who is overwhelmingly afflicted by temperament only occasionally produces a good dog from a good prospect. The trouble is that his temperament makes him always view the operation of training from his own viewpoint, seldom taking the matter of differing temperament in dogs into consideration.

Some dogs have outstandingly better field performance ideas than their masters. The handler who has the least success with bird dogs invariably is the chap with an abounding faith in himself, and he seldom goes in for any amount of analyzing. In other words, he accepts all pupils in the same light, when he should realize, from the start, that dogs are the brainiest of all animals, and each dog with real class in his system should be handled accordingly, like a child or a growing boy.

The more intelligent a child is, as soon as it is old enough to do a bit of thinking on its own accord it puts at naught all the things set by its parents. Its mind tells it how to act in its own way, and how to react to the commands and advice of elders in authority. Those who rear a child well until it cuts loose from home are the ones who exercise judgment, for they reason out the cause of everything dominating the child's will, and thus avoid falling into a pit of errors which they otherwise would do, had their thoughts led them to accept all children as wholly alike in disposition and tendencies.

Comparing a child with a bird dog is far fetched in most minds, and still there is a kindred something in the outcome of the processes of education of both to bring all the best out of them, which must not be overlooked. What brings up the child well is applying the commands at the right time, when they are most receptive, at the psychological moment.

Badly applied corrections or untimely corrections invariably have a bad effect on dogs, though the average mortal fails to bestow, in such instances, the least discernment. We see it happen every fall. There is the marvelous youngster of six to twelve months, class outstanding in his every act, coupled with the development of the pointing instinct at an early age. The young master refuses to exercise judgment. He sees only the pointing instinct and the abounding love for hunting; whereupon, to show what a great pup he has and to please himself, he works it all day every day of the hunting season and is astonished, the following year, to discover that the young dog has slowed up very considerably and has lost all of its style and has nothing left to it, perhaps, but staunch pointing ability.

The young handler will never admit that this throwback to the ordinary was entirely of his own creating from overworking a willing animal before it had reached its full growth and strength.

At a recent field trial in the East one of the Deans of the professional handling fraternity was running a bold-going, young setter in a puppy stake. The dog was overflowing with hunt and at every stride exhibiting an apparently unconquerable amount of wire edge. He made a wide cast off to the left and beat it straight through to a patch of timber somewhat off the course. For a little while he was not in sight and, during that time, a part of the gallery of spectators following were audibly criticising the old handler for not using his whistle and turning the dog as he came to the timber.

Pointing under difficult conditions.

The old chap, however, was right. He knew his dog and what might happen, and, accordingly, listened to the oral criticism with a smile on his lips. The dog had a tendency to bolt, if followed into timber, especially while he was warmed up to speeding. If he was not followed, when he came out of the timber invariably he looked for his handler and signals, and directions. When he came out of the timber he swung back to the trainer's whistle and signal down in the right place where he wished him against wind. He pointed birds in a locality which had been neglected by all the dogs that had so far run but had been turned too quickly for fear of getting off in the timber and thereby lost the most birdy opportunity of the event.

When I was much younger I worked in conjunction with one of the veteran handlers. He was a kindly old chap, and studied individual dogs as very few men do. He never promised an enthusiast a winner and, when he had the most likely prospect going right, all the enthusiasm he would disclose was in the words: "It will take a little bit better dog to beat him."

At one time we had in our care a tremendously big going son of California Bell Boy. How that dog could run! And, best of all, when he was running he was always hunting. Not once did I see him, even in his widest casts, run aimlessly. He was a very sensitive dog, a bundle of high strung nerves, for, if he had not been he could not have carried on, as, physically, he was a very frail dog, and only his own amazing fighting heart and abiding love for hunting made him carry on.

His owner wanted shooting dogs as close to field trial caliber as possible. Furthermore, he was extremely exacting in all his demands how his work ought to be done. He spared no money, nor his temper, when affairs did not ensue to suit him. Unfortunately, while this man had such a great fondness for dogs and hunting, he was one of the poorest quail shots I ever saw.

During the particular day of my reminiscence the slim, wiry setter went as fast as any National Champion ever did. He certainly found bevy after bevy, too. But his owner was in the throes of the worst missing streak he ever experienced and, as was his custom, in a bad humor. I think he missed opportunities at twenty-three covies, which his dog found and pointed staunchly. Just as the sun set, the big, lean, black, white and tan made a long cast against wind and nailed a bevy of birds in the far end of the ragweed field nearly an eighth of a mile away. He held his point, high headed.

"I'm going alone to those birds," his master quickly advised, "and see if I can't kill at least one without you fellows

Phil Essig, Jr., 100% Llewellyn and 100% Bird dog, owned by Henry Willaert, Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Drawing by Fergus Retrum

"The more I see of some men, the more I like dogs!" Mark Twain.

being around, for it's getting so dark it will be the last chance today."

Whereupon, he ran with all his might up to the sloping field toward the pointing dog. Then, to our amazement, the instant he got almost within gun range, the setter deliberately broke the point and chased the birds to the four winds, barking like a beagle after a rabbit.

The angry explosions of the owner sounded in our ears even where we stood. And they did not diminish when we reached him, nor when the veteran caught the dog and caressed him in a fine display of affection.

On seeing this, the owner became more irate than ever. "I'm not paying you to train my dogs to chase birds! I'm paying you to make them point and hold point!" he exploded.

The veteran for a time made no answer but continued on in the darkness, still showing great sympathy for the dog. After his client had cooled down somewhat he turned to him and mildly remarked: "It would have been a case of wrong judgment then to punish that dog. I know his disposition well. He is plumb high strung, strung higher today than I ever saw him. It was simply over-taut nerves, a real case of nerves, that caused him to break in on those birds and chase 'em. If I had whipped him, knowing him as I do, it would have taken the very heart out of him. Keeping him on the lead and not letting him hunt all the way home will do him more good than anything else. He is realizing his fault more than you."

Just then I could not think exactly as the old trainer. Later, when the dog came into my hands and he was under my care, I recalled the truth of the old trainer's remarks. A very great dog would have been ruined in the making had the trainer not exercised good judgment at the time.

This lack of judgment certainly ruins many dogs. It is principally exercised in obdurately maintaining that every pupil ought to be treated alike. One chap had success, perhaps, in stopping one hard-headed, strong dog from breaking his point, by touching his hind quarters with a load of No. 8 shot. This one success makes many believe it is an infallible correction. They become convinced that no other cure for flushing or breaking to wing equals it, or ought to be considered. Comes the third dog with the same canine frailty. Yet shooting him does not cause the same reaction. Instead, it immediately makes a gunshy animal. And, often, such a pupil just happens to turn its head toward the master when the gun is discharged. One pellet alone causes the loss of an eye of a very valuable animal.

In the recent past a gentleman brought me his dog for the purpose of having it cured of gunshyness. It was quite a big, bold, classy individual. I admired the animal the moment I saw it. He told me he had shot over it an entire season without its having exhibited the slightest fear at the sound of the discharge of a gun. Then, suddenly, for no good reason, it became gunshy and would refuse to hunt after a gun was fired. I could not help laughing when he informed me, in unmingled seriousness, about the affliction, for I was stroking my hand along the big pointer's hindquarters and felt the tell-tale pellets under his skin and, also, in the hind part of his right ear.

After a while, when he was telling of the rare qualities of the big dog, he added that he had trained him himself, and he had never been out of his charge. And, again, he related the inexplicable seizure of gunshyness. Whereupon, I took the owner's hand and drew it against the imbedded pellets and told him they were the cause. He dropped his head on his chest for a minute in sheepish embarrassment and then deliberately, without trying to rid himself of culpability, confessed his guilt. In a moment of poor judgment he had shot the dog when it had broken a point on some prairie chickens.

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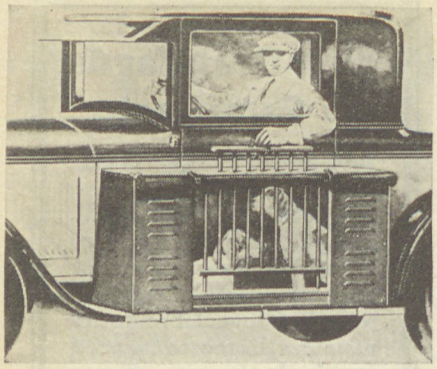

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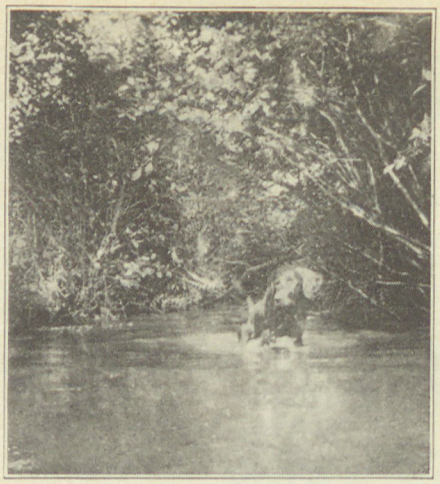


Red Irish Setter, Jo Jo, pointing quail in the water. Owned by J. B. McCoy, North Wilkesboro, N. C.

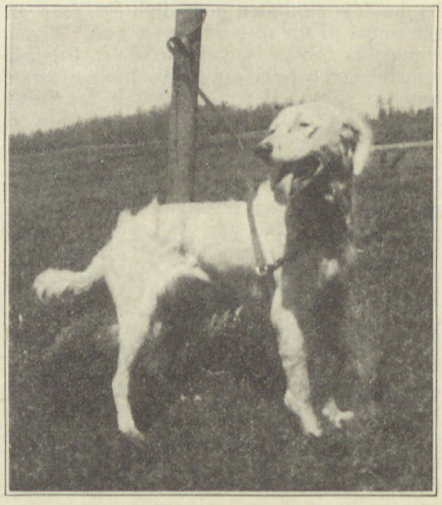
This thing of trying to exercise good judgment is something for the young trainer to have in mind all the time. It will sharpen judgment and promptly cultivate love for observation every day of his experience. There is nothing that militates against a young dog's progress, or an old one's, for that matter, like acting wrongly at the psychological moment when your thinking faculties ought to be working best.

The tantalizing part of a young dog's career is the pointing period. It is not only tantalizing but vastly exasperating to the man, especially, who will not exercise good judgment. The country is full of books on training, and the magazines abound with articles on training, some by men of rare ability, but too many of these writers have had experience only with a dozen dogs or so, perhaps two dozen, and then they decide they have passed through the right amount of education to teach the others. They do teach their own methods, but not the vital thing of exercising good judgment. I believe this is one reason that there are so many valuable dogs pointing falsely. One course must be followed by all, whether the best period of the pointing instinct has developed or not. This is the very reason that so many shooting dogs are inferior in their point work, pointing to foot-scent and falsely, because they are made to point before they are ready.

When you see a trainer control his anger and actually smile at a young dog breaking in on game birds, in fact, at times encouraging him to do so, give him credit for using good judgment. First, he is indulging in the greatest faculty of training, controlling himself, and then exercising good judgment in not letting the dog point until the right time.

This year, at one of the field trials, an Irish setter in an all-age stake, one in which I was quite interested because I had seen him at the owner's home afield, and had the temerity to tell him frankly that, while the dog had the qualities, if developed, which would make a good shooting dog, he had no field trial class in his system to compete successfully with big goers. Furthermore, on one thing I presume I was a bit over-insistent. The dog had just been taught to obey commands and the instructions had been too well overdone before the animal was ready for it. You could see him mentally practicing indecision. He was not decisive and was inclined to road carefully, ever so carefully, stop and repeat, before he finally stopped on making game. That dog, with his natural equipment, ought to have come boldly right up to his birds, and have them staunchly lying only a few feet from him. My advice was to encourage him to hunt wildly and let him chase birds until he learned what body scent was, and only body scent.

But the owner of the red fellow was not to be turned from the dictation of his favorite book of instructions, the orthodox variety. Furthermore, he was so enthused at the prospects of his pupil as a trailer that he put him down in fair competition, and drew for a brace mate a Llewellyn setter that was the real thing. If, instead, he had exercised good judgment, he would have saved himself a lot of humiliation from his animal's inferior exhibition, as well as having its confidence in its own going qualities thoroughly shaken out of it, after it had been trying to trail the speedy Llewellyn for twenty minutes.



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Ask Ozark Ripley He Knows

THE TIP OF HIS TAIL

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I own a fine rabbit dog that when I am hunting him hard he beats the brush so hard with his tail that the tip gets so raw and sore that he quits running and devotes himself to licking the sore member.

What can I do to toughen the tip of his tail?

MATT J. HOFFMANN,
Wausau, Wis.

Dear Mr. Hoffmann:

Soak your dog's tail in a saturated solution of alum and sulphate of iron. When dry clip off hair as close to skin as possible and apply adhesive tape. Most dogs in time toughen their tails by hard work and never seem to feel the punishment they undergo while whipping it raw.

OZARK RIPLEY.

FOR DUCKS AND QUAIL

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I am about to purchase a Retriever to work most exclusively on ducks in this country. At present there is a strain of very fine Irish Spaniels being raised here which are about the finest duck dogs I have ever seen. I have watched one of these dogs bring fifty-three mallards out of the river when chunks of ice six feet were floating down it, and have seen him cross fifty yards over to the bank of fifty or seventy-five yards on other side and bring in cripples. Mexican quail and duck are about the only game we have in this country, and you know how the Mexican quail is when he is crippled, and

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unless you have a good dog with a mighty good nose, you lose him, and our Irish Spaniels don't seem to care much about working out the quail.

What I am trying to find is a Retriever that is primarily a duck dog big enough to stand the ice water and at the same time, with a good enough nose to work out the dead and crippled quail. For this purpose, would you think a Springer Spaniel, Chesapeake, Labrador or one of our Irish Spaniels with a little better training, would be the best dog?

LANGFORD KEITH,
Roswell, N. M.

Dear Mr. Keith:

I would still pin my faith on a pure bred water spaniel, but I would work him considerably on quail before your duck season. Of course the springer will work out the birds best, but few equal the Irishman for the type of duck retrieving to which you refer.

OZARK RIPLEY.

WORK TWO TOGETHER?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Would you consider it good policy to take two puppies into the field together, age 4½ months?

If so, would you advise continuing the training of them together?

H. C. MILZ,
Carbondale, Ill.

Dear Mr. Milz:

It will not hurt in the least to work your two puppies together. The instant you see one depending entirely upon the other, begin working them separately until they begin again to hunt independently.

OZARK RIPLEY.

MANGE TREATMENT

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have three Rat Terrier female pups, badly afflicted with mange, contracted from the mother dog. I shall appreciate your help and advice.

R. E. SPEECE,
Lewistown, Pa.

Dear Mr. Speece:

Wash dog in warm water well saturated with baking soda. Dry well then apply over three days the following ointment. Destroy all old bedding and disinfect old or recent quarters. Avoid all heating food.

Cotton seed oil one quart, sulphur four ounces, alum four ounces, boracic acid four ounces, tablespoonful of iodine.

OZARK RIPLEY.

TIME TO WORM?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a pointer bitch nearly seven years old, to whelp about April 4th, in good general physical condition, having been hunted the past season. She has not been wormed for six years.

Can she be wormed at this time with satisfactory results and without danger to the pups?

R. A. ROZIER,
Laurel Hill, Fla.

Dear Mr. Rozier:

At this stage of your bitch's pregnancy it would be very risky to give her any kind of vermifuge. All you can do is to wait until she weans the pups and worm both her and the youngsters.

OZARK RIPLEY.

SETTER OR POINTER?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

As a member of Greater Boston Chapter, I. W. L. A., I have been much interested in your column about dogs, in "Outdoor America." I have never had a bird dog, and know absolutely nothing about training one. What breed of dog would you recommend to use, especially on pheasants?

EDWARD C. BUTLER,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Butler:

A pointer or setter, according to which you favor most, will suit you best for pheasants.

OZARK RIPLEY.

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FILM OVER EYES

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have a splendid fox hound, but have gotten very little good of him, as his eyes are in bad shape.
About two or three times each year they are covered with a film, and he cannot see. In warm weather they usually clear up and become almost normal.
This matter-like film covers both eyes, and every fall they are particularly bad just before and during the hunting season.
The dog is healthy otherwise and anxious to hunt.
This disease has bothered him off and on for two or three years, but not so badly as recently.

WILLIAM KESSLING,
Granville, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Kessling:
Wash your dog's eyes when they are in the condition you report, with a saturated solution of boracic acid. If this does not help clear them, get your druggist to put you up a solution of argyrol and drop a few drops in the eyes. This ought to clear them unless it is some local affection about which I know nothing.

OZARK RIPLEY.

A LLEWELLYN ON DUCKS?

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have long been a reader of your articles in Outdoor America. What do you know about setters working in water? I am undecided whether to get a Llewellyn or a German (pointer or setter). I feel confident I can train a Llewellyn to suit me on land, but I also want a dog that will go into water for ducks.
I want a good game finder, but especially do I want a reliable retriever. I much prefer to come home empty handed than to lose any killed or wounded game.
I should appreciate your opinion.

F. W. TROST,
Chariton, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Trost:
A Llewellyn may make you a great quail dog, but you cannot be assured of one developing into a great duck dog, though I have seen many that were. But it is not the bred in characteristic of the breed. Spaniels and Chesapeakes will suit you better for this. The Griffons are hardy, make good duck dogs, but are usually only fair on upland game, except individuals. Their greatest fault is lack of speed, footscenting, and lack of range. Where big range is not required you may get a good one for quail and grouse, and they are hardy and can be taught to retrieve from water. I have seen some of them range nicely and point nicely. I have seen them in this country and in Europe, but when they are worked on fur, they are bound to footscent. There can be really no all purpose dog, if we make the standards the highest ideal dog on all game. Your Llewellyn may make good on ducks, as some love the water. The best thing is to buy one on approval and try to estimate its future.

OZARK RIPLEY.

WON'T "FETCH"

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have a well bred English Setter, a little over two years old, but as the hunting of grouse in this State of New York, is prohibited at the present time, the dog gets very little experience hunting birds, with the exceptions of three or four days' pheasant shooting. On this account he is a little fast, but minds well, and hunts within bounds and points fairly well, but he never would "fetch" anything, so of course will not retrieve. What shall I do to teach him this?

B. G. LAWRENCE,
Waterville, N. J.

Dear Mr. Lawrence:
As your dog is not a natural retriever he will have to be taught force system of retrieving. An article from the pen of the writer appeared in the March issue of this magazine. Also I will be glad to send you a list of books on training that will readily teach this system.

OZARK RIPLEY.

Ask Ozark Ripley
He Knows

Brownies—Darn 'Em

(Continued from page 9)

debated whether to give it up altogether, or to walk around the formidable rough water above me and rejoin my friends, the drizzle of rain suddenly changed to a downpour and a heavier gust of wind than usual almost blew me off my feet. It cut through fishing coat, sweater and flannel shirt so savagely that in half a minute my teeth were playing the accompaniment to a regular Gilda Gray exhibition of shivering. 'Twas too much! Back to the shelter of camp for mine.

I took a careful step toward the left bank and at the instant something fluttered against a lens of my spectacles, while something else, which didn't seem wet enough or cold enough for a rain-drop, landed under my left ear. Bothered by the blur on my vision, I pivoted to the right to bring my back against the wind so that I might remove my glasses and clear them in the shelter of my body. But the sight that greeted me drove all concern for blurred vision from my mind.

Between me and the far back, trout were rising furiously, feeding on a ginger-hued insect that matched my Light Cahill to a "t"!

Now, there are occasions, as most of us know who have fished much for brown trout in the Catskills, when a feast of feeding means nothing to the angler's creel, however skilful he may be, however faithfully his pattern of artificial matches the live insect. I remember, for instance, being with two exceptionally expert anglers at a pool on the Esopus, in 1915—before tons of trout were killed by a chemical dumped into that stream by water officials—when for more than an hour trout that ranged up to twenty inches and more in length fed voraciously, yet none of us hooked one of them. And I recall many an evening on that and other good streams when the brownies indulged in a regular Bacchanalian feast of naturals, but declined unanimously even to look at an artificial which matched the live insect so closely that the angler himself was deceived if he took his eye off the lure for a second.

But there was nothing like that today. These trout that had risen to the beckoning of a Northeaster wanted my little Light Cahill and wanted it bad. They actually seemed to fight for it; the way they went after it made me think of the class rushes of schooldays. The sport began to get tiresome, it was so easy.

In the very act of shooting the fly over a promising rise, thought of the big boulder popped into my mind. Here was the chance! If its mystery was to be solved, this would be the time!

Hastily I retrieved the fly, floundered to shore and pushed through the bushes as fast as I could make it. No feeding fish showed as I got into the most favorable position from which to cast, but that didn't seem important. In the lee of my bent body I blew vigorously to dry the hackle of the fly and sprayed it thoroughly with oil before I sent it out on its mission.

The little fly alighted, its wings nattily cocked, a foot or so above the rock, settled in the current and swept evenly down, close in. A third of the boulder's length slipped by—a half—two-thirds. And then, just as it was about to pass entirely, the flash of an orange-hued leviathan showed in the dark water. A swirl, a tremendous tug as my wrist jerked up and—a sickening sense of nothing. Frayed by encounters below, the leader had parted half-way up the first strand of gut.

I don't know how big he was and I don't care very much—now! The important thing is that he was there—undoubtedly had been there right along—just where he ought to have been, ready to take the fly when it suited him to take it, and not before.

And that, incidentally, is the characteristic of the brownie that maintains his tribe in plenty when his less shrewd brethren have passed on, victims of an insatiable and unwise appetite.

Long may Salmo prosper—dog-gone him!

About Our Contributors

(Continued from page 25)

Hon. Henry O'Malley, *Fish for Everybody,* is U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries and has before given our readers the pleasure and profit of reading in Outdoor America his entertaining and instructive articles.

Lafe Hoskins, *The Sunshine Special Comes North,* is the nom-de-plume of Elmer Burgess of "the Palm Beaches." He is an ardent Waltonian and as refreshing in his breezy originality as are the blue, fish filled waters around his loved Florida.

Will J. Tucker, Ray Hoefler, V. L. Vasbinder and "Brad" are respectively Game Commissioner of Texas; Chairman, Elk Committee, Ely, Minnesota, Chapter, I.W.L.A.; President, Orange Belt Council, I.W.L.A. and Extension and Publicity Director, I.W.L.A.

Just as we go to press we hear the shocking news of the death of Fred H. Doellner who wrote the editorial on page 28 of this issue.

It is significant that only a few hours before his death he should have written these words, entitled "LIVING," in which he voiced his convictions as to the real motive, meaning and inspiration of life.

The article epitomizes Fred Doellner's conception of the creed of Waltonism as the surest guide to the highest good. Especially was he certain of the value of this creed for America's youth. He often spoke with appealing eloquence of their need of the influence and inspiration of the outdoors and the plans he had outlined for the practical accomplishment of his ideas could only have been conceived by a very fine and unselfish nature.

The story, *Outdoor Medicine,* which ran in the June issue of this magazine over the name of **Abner Orcutt** was written by Fred Doellner and definitely proves his ardent devotion to the cause of those children who are deprived of wholesome and happy outdoor recreation.

May his plans be carried out by the interest of each one of us in the outdoor future of our boys and girls.—Editor.

Read
OUTDOOR AMERICA—
the best conservation and
outdoor magazine in
America.

A Story Out of the Hills

(Continued from page 13)

right. Then a third shot and a fourth and a fifth. There was a shell left in the gun. I emptied it into the ground to witness the effect. I was satisfied I was shooting lead and not cotton.

I retraced my steps down the ancient road to the foot of the hill, where three hours before I had started so hopefully on my quest. Weary and disheartened I pulled up at the lodge, bringing home to Shelley a hunting coat empty of game and shells.

There may have been something to Slim's story. The birds certainly are empowered with some strange force which has allowed them to survive lead and powder. They are remarkable birds.

Bus and I went elsewhere that afternoon and bagged a variety of game, but never again did I go up on the ridge for a crack at quail which may or may not have been phantoms.

I had encountered visible proof of at least one of those tales of Slim and the natives woven under the light of the stars. And I was convinced. I know now that an Indian maiden did leap from the bluff into the James, that big-mouth bass may be too strong for a 16 pound line, and that whole fortunes were lost on poker games in beautiful but hard-boiled country of the hills.

My Boy and I

Don't Forget This Contest

Each photograph must show the father and son, or daughter, on an out-of-door trip. The accompanying article of not over 300 words should tell the ages of father and boy or girl and how long they have made these trips together.

First prize $15.00, second $10.00, third $5.00.

YOU can see no woods around us, but in our hearts and minds the wilderness is about us just the same. I am 46, a fish culturist by training, and a regular Murdo Gibson sort of man. But sleeping sickness left me unable to walk, though normal otherwise. Seated on the kitchen woodbox, Mark, aged 3, and I take daily trips into camping-land. Here we are traveling through OUTDOOR AMERICA, the only kind of trip we can ever take together, but often in fancy we pitch our tent by the Deerfield River, in my old camping ground.

Walter E. Burnham,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.

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Wm. J. Mackensen, Yardley, Pa.

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

Classified for the Convenience of OUTDOOR AMERICA Readers

JULY, 1929, ISSUE

Help Waltonism! Patronize the Advertisers Who Help Support Your League!
Mention OUTDOOR AMERICA in Writing to Advertisers!

ARMS, AMMUNITION AND ACCESSORIES

Black Products Company 67
Hoppe, Inc., Frank A 69
Ithaca Gun Co 67
Lefever Arms Co 69
Remington Arms Company, Inc .. 65
Stoeger, Inc., A. F 69
United States Cartridge Co 66
Western Cartridge Company .. II Cov.
Winchester Repeating Arms Co. IV Cov.

AUTO TRAILERS

Auto-Kamp Trailer Co 58
Bower Mfg. Co 60

BINOCULARS, TELESCOPES AND COMPASSES

Benner & Co 52
Wollensak Optical Co 53

BOATS AND CANOES

Acme Boat Co 50
Haskell Boat Co 50
Hofinger Folding Boat Co 53
Kidney & Sons, Inc., Dan 51
Old Town Canoe Co 50
Thompson Bros. Boat Mfg. Co ... 50

CAMPING (Tents, Stoves, Furniture, Etc.)

Burlington Basket Company 58
Carpenter & Co., Geo. B 57
Close-To-Nature Co 60
Coleman Lamp & Stove Co., The. 59
Dail Steel Products Co 60
Filson Co., C. C 67
Kari-Keen Mfg. Co., Inc 57
LeRoy Tent Company 57
Marble Arms & Mfg. Co 58
New York Rubber Corp 62
Tip-Top Manufacturing Company 59
Trebing Co., G. Ed 62

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

See Pages 77, 78, 79, 80.

DECOYS AND CALLS

Tuveson Mfg. Co 67

FISHING TACKLE

American Fork & Hoe Company, The 41
Creek Chub Bait Company 44

FISHING TACKLE (Cont'd)

Enterprise Mfg. Co 1
Eppinger, Lou J 47
Foss, Al 43
Grant & Co., W. G 44
Heddon's Sons, James 45
Hildebrandt Co., John J 45
Huntington, L. B 46
Jamison Co., The W. J 46
Meisselbach, A. F 45
Min-Nix 42
Peckinpaugh Company, E. H 46
Pflueger Fishing Tackle 1
Prescott Spinner Mfg. Co 45
Seibold & Seibold 46
South Bend Bait Company 42
Strong, Geo. O 45
Three-In-One Oil Co 44
vom Hofe & Co., Edward 42

KENNELS, LIVE STOCK AND SUPPLIES

American National Fox Breeders' Ass'n 73
Battle Creek Dog Food Company. 72
Chappel Bros., Inc 71
Cleary Bros., Fox Farms 73
Cobb, Harry Wood 75
Comrade Farm Kennels 72
Cooper & Nephews, Wm 73
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay 71
Grousehaven Game Farms 75
Hooton, Henry 73
Houck & Co., Jas. W 75
Mackensen, Wm. J 75
McBride Company, The Dwight .. 72
Montcalm Game Farm 75
Outdoor Enterprise Co 75
Perfection Foods Company 72
Plymouth Rock Squab Company. 75
Q-W Laboratories 71
Riverview Kennels 72
Severns, Horace 72
Sinclair, Mr 75
Summit Rabbitry 75
Superior Door Catch Company ... 75
Tarnedge Foxes 73
Terrell's Aquatic Farm 75
Wisconsin Aquatic Nurseries 73

MEDICAL SUPPLIES AND REMEDIES

D. D. D. Laboratories 45
Zemo 52

MISCELLANEOUS

Audubon Bird Cards 52
Buescher Band Instrument Co. (Musical Instruments) 69
Keeley Institute, The (Tobacco Cure) 62
Luzar-Smith Mfg. Co. (Sta-Put Turf Tacks) 60
Pathfinder Auto Map Co., Inc. ... 59
Pillsbury Flour Mills (Pancake Flour) 61
Sterno Corp. (Canned Heat) 63
Stilwell, L. W. (Arrow Points) 51
Warner Mfg. Company (Boat Seat Back Rest) 57

OUTBOARD MOTORS AND ENGINES

Elto Division, Outboard Motors Corp 51
Evinrude Division, Outboard Motors Corp 53
Johnson Motor Company 49

PUBLISHERS

Hounds & Hunting 72
Ripley, Ozark 75

RAILWAYS

Canadian Pacific Ry 62
Chicago & North Western Railway 63

RESORTS, CAMPS, HOTELS, GUIDES, PROPERTY

See Pages 55, 56.

TAXIDERMY

Aard-Vark Shop 67
Jonas Bros 56

WEARING APPAREL

Alward-Anderson-Southard Co ... 67

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70 POLICE Puppies, papers to register, imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. Females $12.50, males $20.00. White pups $40.00. Bred females $60.00. References furnished. Shipped C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, N. Dak. (3-9)

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Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

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LIVE bait, guaranteed to arrive alive, angle worms, night crawlers, helgramites, soft crawfish, leeches, frogs. For prices write R & R Bait Store, 44 E. Rich St., Columbus, Ohio. (3-8)

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Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

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130 ACRES heavily timbered white and Norway pine, 3500 feet frontage on beautiful lake. On Federal Highway 51 near Tomahawk, Wisconsin. $13,000. Fitzgerald, 69 East New York Avenue, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

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ONE of Minnesota's finest muskrat farms being offered for sale by owner. Large acreage and well stocked. Oak Fur Farm, 202 Lbr. Exch., Minneapolis, Minn. (3-9)

THIRTY acres imp. Some frontage on beautiful Lake Owen. Half cultivated, bal. timber. Mostly white pine. Three miles from Cable. $4000.00. Clyde Klippel, Cable, Wis.

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Real Estate and Lake Shore Property—Continued

CASH for your property, farm, business or residence. No matter where located. Free information. International Realty Co., Ford Bldg., Detroit.

MUSKRAT and Beaver farm, also: State licensed Muskrat farm, private fishing lakes, trout streams, Northern Wisconsin. Albert Notbohm, Abbotsford, Wis. (3-7)

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FOR Sale: Mounted big game heads, buffalo, deer, peccary, mountain lion, etc. Also rugs. L. E. Drawver, Taxidermist, 306 West Noble, Oklahoma City, Okla. (3-9)

Wanted

WANTED: Snakes, lizards, newts, frogs, waterdogs, hellbender, garpike, shovelnose, catfish, minnows and turtles. Weinberg, 120 North Gates, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-8)

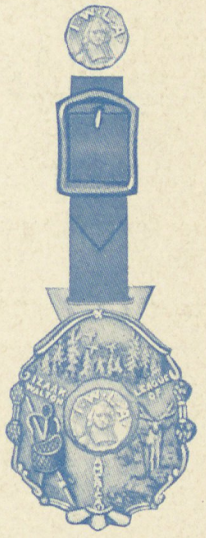
CASH paid for Butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 75. (7-7)

Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

A Duty *and a* Privilege

'NEATH Flanders Fields and poppies red rest thousands of boys who gave their all for you and America. What are you, who are enjoying that for which they died, doing or giving to maintain America as a land of Beauty, Opportunity and Plenty? Are you helping Waltonism in its great work to save and restore Nature's treasures?



Save Nature's Gifts

To save them for you is Waltonism's aim. It is protecting Public Health, increasing Happiness, Contentment and Prosperity for you. It is literally serving God, Man and Country, as its platform proves.

As an American you want Waltonism strong enough to consummate those objectives for they mean Health, Happiness, Sport, Prosperity and children clean in bodies, minds and souls, of whom you, as a parent, may be proud and as a neighbor you may look upon as fit companions for your own youngsters.

Let that red blood, that real Americanism which is your heritage, answer the call of the League, for in helping you are making a better America and better Americans. If you know how you can help —or if you want to know how you can help

Tear off and mail the blank below. Don't wait—Now is the time before it is too late.

Waltonism's Platform

1. Reforestation and forest extension.
2. Elimination of pollution from all waters.
3. Restoration of unwisely drained areas.
4. More game and fish refuges and public recreation areas.
5. More fish hatcheries and game farms.
6. Scientific supervision of all wild life propagation.
7. Opposition to sale of game and game fish.
8. Scientific regulation of salt water fishing.
9. Encouragement of bird and wild flower appreciation.
10. Character building of boys and girls through outdoor recreation.
11. True sportsmanship, and opposition to unfair and illegal methods.
12. Nature study and conservation in all schools.
13. Cooperation with similar agencies, and with state and government.
14. Militant education to the needs and benefits of League objects.

Izaak Walton League of America,
549 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Date..... 19...

Tell me how I can help the League save Nature's gifts.

☐ I want to become a member.

☐ Send me application cards to make my friends members and reserve fob for me.

☐ Send necessary materials and instructions for organizing a chapter.

Occupation..... Signed.....

Age.....Years (Must be over 21) Address.....

Are you a member? Yes.....No..... City and State.....

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WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.